

— THE —  
PAPER CAP

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• AMELIA • E • BARR •



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**By AMELIA E. BARR**

**The Paper Cap  
An Orkney Maid  
Christine  
Joan  
Profit and Loss  
Three Score and Ten  
The Measure of a Man  
The Winning of Lucia  
Playing with Fire  
All the Days of My Life**

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**D. APPLETON AND COMPANY**  
**Publishers** **New York**



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"Harry, looms are wonderful creatures."

[PAGE 105]

# THE PAPER CAP

A STORY OF LOVE AND LABOR

BY

AMELIA E. BARR

AUTHOR OF "AN ORKNEY MAID," "CHRISTINE," ETC.

*"A king may wear a golden crown,  
A Paper Cap is lighter ;  
And when the crown comes tumbling down  
The Paper Cap sits tighter."*



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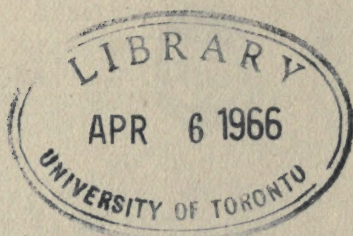
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TO  
SAMUEL GOMPERS  
THE WORKER'S FRIEND  
THIS STORY OF  
LABOR'S FORTY YEARS' STRUGGLE  
FOR THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



This is the Gospel of Labor,  
Ring it, ye bells of the Kirk,  
The Lord of Love came down from above  
To live with the people who work.

—*Henry Van Dyke*





## IN ADVANCE

THE headdress of nationalities, and of public and private societies, has been in all ages a remarkable point of interest. Religion, Poetry, Politics, superstitions, and so forth, have all found expression by the way they dressed or covered their heads. Priests, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, traders, professions of all kinds are known by some peculiar covering of the head which they assume. None of these symbols are without interest, and most of them typify the character or intents of their wearers.

The Paper Cap has added to its evident story a certain amount of mystery, favorable in so far as it permits us to exercise our ingenuity in devising a probable reason for its selection as the symbol of Labor. A very industrious search has not yet positively revealed it. No public or private collection of old prints of the seventeenth century that I have seen or heard from has any representation of an English working man wearing a Paper Cap. There is nothing of the kind in any *Hone's* four large volumes of curious matters; nor does *Notes and Queries* mention it. Not until the agitation and the political disturbance attending the Reform Bill, is it seen or mentioned. Then it may be found in the rude woodcuts and chap books of the time while in every town and village it soon became as familiar as the men who wore it.

Now, if the working man was looking for a symbol, there are many reasons why the Paper Cap would appeal to him. It is square, straight, upright; it has no brim. It permits the wearer to have full sight for whatever he

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## IN ADVANCE

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is doing. It adds five inches or more to his height. It is cool, light and clean, and it is made of a small square of brown paper, and costs nothing. Every man makes his own paper cap, generally while he smokes his first morning pipe. It was also capable of assuming all the expressions of more pretentious head coverings—worn straight over the brows, it imparted a steady, business-like appearance. Tilted to one side, it showed the wearer to be interested in his own appearance. If it was pushed backward he was worried or uncertain about his work. On the heads of large masterful men it had a very “hands off” look. Employers readily understood its language.

I do not remember ever seeing anyone but working men wear a Paper Cap and they generally wore it with an “air” no pretender could assume. In the days of the Reform Bill a large company of Paper-Capped men were a company to be respected.

The man whose clever fingers first folded into such admirable shape a piece of brown paper seems to be unknown. I was once told he was a Guiseley man, again he was located at Burnley, or Idle. No one pretended to know his name. It was perhaps some tired weaver or carpenter whose head was throbbing in the sultry room and who feared to expose it to the full draught from some open window near his loom or bench. No other affiliation ever assumed or copied this cap in any way and for a century it has stood bravely out as the symbol of Labor; and has been respected and recognized as the badge of a courageous and intelligent class.

Now, if we do not positively know the facts about a certain matter, we can consider the circumstances surrounding it and deduct from them a likelihood of the truth; and I cannot avoid a strong belief that the Paper Cap was



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## IN ADVANCE

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invented early in the agitation for the Reform Bill of A. D. 1832 and very likely directly after the immense public meeting at New Hall, where thousands of English working men took bareheaded and with a Puritan solemnity, a solemn oath to stand by the Reform Bill until it was passed. It was not fully passed until 1884, and during that interval the Paper Cap was everywhere in evidence. Might it not be the symbol of that oath and a quiet recognition of brotherhood and comradeship in the wearing of it?

It is certain that after this date, 1884, its use gradually declined, yet it is very far from being abandoned. In Nova Scotia and Canada it is still common, and we all know how slowly any personal or household habit dies in England. I am very sure that if I went to-morrow to any weaving town in the West Riding, I would see plenty of Paper Caps round the great centers of Industry. Last week only, I received half-a-dozen from a large building firm in Bradford.

As a symbol of a sacred obligation between men, it is fitting and unique. It has never been imitated or copied, and if the habit of making a clean one every day is observed, then whatever it promises will be kept clean and clear in the memory. Long live the Paper Cap!

My theory that the Paper Cap is associated with the Reform Bill, may, or may not be correct, but the union seems to be a very natural one—the Bill deserved the friendship and long adherence of the Cap, and the Cap deserved the freedom and strength of the Bill.



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# THE PAPER CAP

## CHAPTER I

### THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

"The turning point in life arrives for all of us."

"A land of just and old renown,  
Where Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent."

**N**EARLY ninety years ago, there was among the hills and wolds of the West Riding of Yorkshire a lovely village called Annis. It had grown slowly around the lords of the manor of Annis and consisted at the beginning of the nineteenth century of men and women whose time was employed in spinning and weaving. The looms were among their household treasures. They had a special apartment in every home, and were worthily and cheerfully worked by their owners. There were no mills in Annis then, and no masters, and no Trade Unions. They made their own work-hours and the Leeds Cloth Hall settled the worth of their work.



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Squire Antony Annis owned the greater part of the village. The pretty white stone cottages, each in its own finely cared-for garden, were, generally speaking, parts of his estate and he took a fatherly, masterly care of them. It was the squire who bought their work, and who had to settle with the Leeds Cloth Hall. It was the squire who found the wool for the women to spin and who supplied the men with the necessary yarns.

He lived close to them. His own ancient Hall stood on a high hill just outside the village—a many-gabled building that had existed for nearly three hundred years. On this same hilly plateau was the church of Annis, still more ancient, and also the Rectory, a handsome residence that had once been a monastery. Both were in fine preservation and both were influential in the village life, though the ancient church looked down with grave disapproval on the big plain Wesleyan Chapel that had stolen from it the lawful allegiance it had claimed for nearly five centuries. Yet its melodious chimes still called at all canonical hours to worship, and its grand old clock struck in clarion tones the hours of their labor and their rest.

They were handsome men in this locality, strong and powerful, with a passion for horses and racing that not even Methodism could control. Their women were worthy of them, tall and fine-looking,

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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with splendid coloring, abundant hair, and not unfrequently eyes like their Lancashire neighbors; gray and large, with long dark lashes, and that "look" in them which the English language has not yet been able to find a word for. They were busy wives, they spun the wool for their husbands' looms and they reared large families of good sons and daughters.

The majority of the people were Methodists—after their kind. The shepherds on the mountains around took as naturally to Methodism as a babe to its mother's milk. They lived with their flocks of Merino sheep half their lives in the night and its aërial mysteries. The doctrine of "Assurance" was their own spiritual confidence, and John Wesley's Communion with the other world they certified by their own experience. As to the weavers, they approved of a religion that was between God and themselves only. They had a kind of feudal respect for Squire Annis. He made their pleasant independent lives possible and they would take a word or two of advice or reproof from him; and also the squire knew what it was to take a glass of strong ale when he had been to a race and seen the horse he had backed, win it—but the curate! The curate knew nothing about horses.

If they saw the curate approaching them they got out of his way; if they saw the squire coming they

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waited for him. He might call them idle lads, but he would walk to their looms with them and frankly admire the excellence of their work, and perhaps say: "I wonder at a fine lad like thee leaving a bit of work like that. If I could do it I would keep at it daylight through."

And the weaver would look him bravely in the face and answer—"Not thou, squire! It wouldn't be a bit like thee. I see thee on t' grandstand, at ivery race I go to. I like a race mysen, it is a varry democratic meeting."

Then the squire would give the child at the spinning wheel a shilling and go off with a laugh. He knew that in any verbal contest with Jimmy Riggs, he would not be the victor.

Also if the squire met any mother of the village he would touch his hat and listen to what she wished to say. And if one of her lads was in trouble for "catching a rabbit on the common"—though he suspected the animal was far more likely from his own woods—he always promised to help him and he always did so.

"Our women have such compelling eyes," he would remark in excuse, "and when they would look at you through a mist of tears a man that can say 'no' to them isn't much of a man."

Naturally proud, the squire was nevertheless broadly affable. He could not resist the lifted paper

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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cap of the humblest man and his lofty stature and dignified carriage won everyone's notice. His face was handsome, and generally wore a kind thoughtful expression, constantly breaking into broad smiles. And all these advantages were seconded and emphasized by his scrupulous dress, always fit and proper for every occasion.

He was riding slowly through the village one morning when he met a neighbor with whom he had once been on intimate friendly terms. It was John Thomas Bradley, who had just built a large mill within three miles of Annis village and under the protecting power of the government had filled it with the latest power-looms and spinning jennies.

"Good morning, Annis!" he said cheerfully. "How dost tha do?"

"I do none the better for thy late doings. I can tell thee that!"

"Is tha meaning my new building?"

"Is tha ashamed to speak its proper name? It's a factory, call it that. And I wouldn't wonder, if tha hes been all through Annis, trying to get some o' my men to help thee run it."

"Nay, then. I wouldn't hev a man that hes been in thy employ, unless it were maybe Jonathan Hartley. They are all petted and spoiled to death."

"Ask Jonathan to come to thy machine shop. He wouldn't listen to thee."



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"Well, then, I wouldn't listen to his Chartist talk. I would want to cut the tongue out o' his head. I would that! O Annis, we two hev been friends for forty years, and our fathers were hand and glove before us."

"I know, Bradley, I know! But now thou art putting bricks and iron before old friendship and before all humanity; for our workers are men, first-rate men, too—and thou knows it."

"Suppose they are, what by that?"

"Just this; thou can't drive men by machines of iron tethered to steam! It is an awful mastership, that it is! It is the drive of the devil. The slaves we are going to set free in the West Indies are better off, far better off than factory slaves. They hed at any rate human masters, that like as not, hev a heart somewhere about them. Machines hev no heart, and no sympathy and no weakness of any make. They are regular, untiring, inexorable, and——"

"They do more work and better work than men can do."

"Mebbe they do, and so men to keep up wi' them, hev to work longer, and harder, and wi' constantly increasing peril o' their lives. Yes, for the iron master, the man must work, work, work, till he falls dead at its iron feet. It is a cruel bad do! A bad do! Bradley, how can thou fashion to do such

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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things? Oh, it isn't fair and right, and thou knows it!"

"Well, Annis, thou may come to see things a good deal different and tha knows well I can't quarrel wi' thee. Does ta think I can iver forget March 21, 1823, when thou saved me and mine, from ruin?"

"Let that pass, Bradley. It went into God's memory—into God's memory only. Good morning to thee!" And the men parted with a feeling of kindness between them, though neither were able to put it into words.

Still the interview made the squire unhappy and he instantly thought of going home and telling his wife about it. "I can talk the fret away with Annie," he thought, and he turned Annisward.

At this time Madam Annis was sitting in the morning sunshine, with her finest set of English laces in her hand. She was going carefully over them, lifting a stitch here and there, but frequently letting them fall to her lap while she rested her eyes upon the wealth of spring flowers in the garden which at this point came close up to the windows.

Madam Annis was fifty years old but still a beautiful woman, full of life, and of all life's sweetest and bravest sympathies. She wore an Indian calico—for Manchester's printed calicoes were then far from the perfection they have since arrived at—and its bizarre pattern, and wonderfully brilliant colors,

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## THE PAPER CAP

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suited well her fine proportions and regal manner. A small black silk apron with lace pockets and trimmings of lace, and black silk bows of ribbon—a silver chatelaine, and a little lace cap with scarlet ribbons on it, were the most noticeable items of her dress though it would hardly do to omit the scarlet morocco slippers, sandaled and trimmed with scarlet ribbon and a small silver buckle on the instep.

Suddenly she heard rapid footsteps descending the great stairway, and in the same moment she erected her position, and looked with kind but steady eyes at the door. It opened with a swift noiseless motion and a girl of eighteen years entered; a girl tall and slender, with masses of bright brown hair, a beautiful mouth and star-like eyes.

“Mother,” she said, “how am I to go to London this spring?”

“I am not yet in thy father’s intentions about the journey, Katherine. He promised to take thee when he went up to the House. If he forswears his promise, why then, child, I know not. Ask him when he is going.”

“I did so this morning and he said I must excuse him at present.”

“Then he will take thee, later.”

“That’s a bit different, mother; and it isn’t what he promised me. It is my wish to go now.”

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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"There is no way for thee to go now. Let London wait for its proper time."

"Alura Percival, and Lady Capel, and Agatha Wickham, are already on their way there. Captain Chandos told me so an hour ago."

"Indeed! Has he learned how to speak the truth?"

"Like other people, he speaks as much of it as is profitable to him. If father is not going just yet cannot you go, dear mother? You know Jane will expect us to keep our promise."

"Jane knows enough of the times to understand why people are now often prevented from keeping their promises. Is Jane going much out?"

"A great deal and she says Lord Leyland wishes her to keep open house for the rest of the season. Of course, I ought to be with her."

"I see no 'ought' in the matter."

"She is my sister and can introduce me to noblemen and distinguished people. She desires me to come at once. I have just had a letter from her. And what about my frocks, mother? If father is not ready to go you could go with me, dear mother! That would be just as well, perhaps better!" And she said these flattering words from the very summit of her splendid eyes.

"There are people here in Annis who are wanting bread and——"



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"It is their own fault, mother, and you know it. The Annis weavers are a lot of stubborn old fogies."

"They have only taken this world as they found it. Isn't that right?"

"No. It is all wrong. Every generation ought to make it better. You said that to father last night, I heard you."

"I doan't always talk to thy father as I do to thee. It wouldn't be a bit suitable. Whatever were thou talking to Captain Chandos for—if he is a captain—I doubt it."

"His uncle bought him a commission in The Scotch Greys. His mother is Scotch. I suppose he has as much right there, as the rest of the Hanover fools."

"And if thou are going to indulge thyself in describing people in the army and the court thou wilt get thy father into trouble."

"I saw father talking to Squire Bradley for a long time this morning."

"In what mood? I hope they were not—quarreling."

"They were disputing rather earnestly, father looked troubled, and so did Bradley."

"They were talking of the perishing poor and the dreadful state of England no doubt. It's enough to trouble anybody, I'm sure of that."

"So it is, but then father has a bad way of making

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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things look worse than they are. And he isn't friendly with Bradley now. That seems wrong, mother, after being friends all their live-long lives."

"It is wrong. It is a bit of silent treason to each other. It is that! And how did thou happen to see them talking this morning?"

"They met on the village green. I think Bradley spoke first."

"I'll warrant it. Bradley is varry good-natured, and he thought a deal o' thy father. How did thou happen to be on the green so early in the day?"

"I was sitting with Faith Foster, and her parlor window faces the Green."

"Faith Foster! And pray what took thee to her house?"

"I was helping her to sew for a lot of Annis babies that are nearly naked, and perishing with cold."

"That was a varry queer thing for thee to do."

"I thought so myself even while I was doing it—but Faith works as she likes with everyone. You can't say 'No' to anything she wants."

"Such nonsense! I'm fairly astonished at thee."

"Have you ever seen Faith, mother?"

"Not I! It is none o' my place to visit a Methodist preacher's daughter."

"Everybody visits her—rich and poor. If you

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once meet her she can bring you back to her as often as she wishes."

"Such women are very dangerous people to know. I'd give her a wide border. Keep thyself to thyself."

"I am going to London. Maybe, mother, I ought to tell you that our Dick is in love with Faith Foster. I am sure he is. I do not see how he can help it."

"Dick and his father will hev that matter to settle, and there is enough on hand at present—what with mills, and steam, and working men, not to speak of rebellion, and hunger, and sore poverty. Dick's love affairs can wait awhile. He hes been in love with one and twenty perfect beauties already. Some of them were suitable fine girls, of good family, and Lucy Todd and Amy Schofield hed a bit of money of their awn. Father and I would hev been satisfied with either o' them, but Dick shied off from both and went silly about that French governess that was teaching the Saville girls."

"I do not think Dick will shy off from Faith Foster. I am sure that he has never yet dared to say a word of love to her."

"Dared! What nonsense! Dick wasn't born in Yorkshire to take a dare from any man or woman living."

"Well, mother, I have made you wise about Faith Foster. A word is all you want."

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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"I thi girl pretty?"

"Pretty She is adorable."

"You mean that she is a fine looking girl?"

"I mean that she is a little angel. You think of violets if she comes where you are. Her presence is above a charm and every door flies open to her. She is very small. Mary Saville, speaking after her French governess, calls her *petite*. She is, however, beautifully fashioned and has heavenly blue, deep eyes."

"Tell me nothing more about her. I should never get along with such a daughter-in-law. How could thou imagine it?"

"Now, mother, I have told you all my news, what have you to say to me about London?"

"I will speak to thy father some time to-day. I shall hev to choose both a proper way and a proper time; thou knows that. Get thy frocks ready and I will see what can be done."

"If father will not take me, I shall write to Aunt Josepha."

"Thou will do nothing of that kind. Thy Aunt Josepha is a very peculiar woman. We heard from the Wilsons that she hed fairly joined the radicals and was heart and soul with the Cobden set. In her rough, broad way she said to Mrs. Wilson, that steam and iron and red brick had come to take possession of England and that men and women who



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could not see that were blind fools and that a pinch of hunger would do them good. She even scolded father in her letter two weeks ago, and father her *eldest brother*. Think of that! I was shocked, and father felt it far more than I can tell thee. *Why!*—he wouldn't hev a mouthful of lunch, and that day we were heving hare soup; and him so fond of hare soup."

"I remember. Did father answer that letter?"

"I should think he did. He told Josepha Temple a little of her duty; he reminded her, in clear strong words, that he stood in the place of her father, and the head of the Annis family, and that he had a right to her respect and sympathy."

"What did Aunt Josepha say to that?"

"She wrote a laughable, foolish letter back and said: 'As she was two years older than Antony Annis she could not frame her mouth to 'father' him, but that she was, and always would be, his loving sister.' You see Josepha Temple was the eldest child of the late squire, your father came two years after her."

"Did you know that Dick had been staying with her for a week?"

"Yes. Dick wrote us while there. Father is troubled about it. He says Dick will come home with a factory on his brain."

"You must stand by Dick, mother. We are getting so pinched for money you know, and Lydia

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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Wilson told me that everyone was saying: 'Father was paying the men's shortage out of his estate.' They were sorry for father, and I don't like people being sorry for him."

"And pray what has Lydia Wilson to do with thy father's money and business? Thou ought to have asked her that question. Whether thou understands thy father or not, whatever he does ought to be right in thy eyes. Men don't like explaining their affairs to anyone; especially to women, and I doan't believe they iver tell the bottom facts, even to themselves."

"Mother, if things come to the worst, would it do for me to ask Jane for money?"

"I wonder at thee. Jane niver gives or lends anything to anybody, but to Jane."

"She says she is going to entertain many great people this winter and she wishes me to meet them so I think she might help me to make a good appearance."

"I wouldn't wonder if she asked thy father to pay her for introducing thee into the titled set. She writes about them and talks about them and I dare warrant dreams about them."

"Oh, mother!"

"Does she ever forget that she has managed to become Lady Leyland? She thinks that two syllables before her name makes her better than her own family. *Chut!* Katherine! Leyland is only

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the third of the line. It was an official favor, too—what merit there is in it has not yet been discovered. We have lived in this old house three hundred years, and three hundred before that in old Britain.”

“Old Britain?”

“To be sure—in Glamorganshire, I believe. Ask thy father. He knows his genealogy by heart. I see him coming. Go and meet him.”

“Yes, mother, but I think I will write a short note to Aunt Josepha. I will not name business, nor money, nor even my desire to make a visit to London.”

“Write such a letter if thou wishes but take the result—whatever it is—in a good humor. Remember that thy aunt’s temper, and her words also, are entirely without frill.”

“That, of course. It is the Annis temper.”

“It is the English temper.”

“Well, mother, things seem to be ordered in a very unhappy fashion but I suppose we might as well take to them at once. Indeed, we shall be compelled to do it, if so be, it pleases them above.”

“Just so,” answered Madam. “But, Katherine, The Hands of Compulsion generally turn out to be The Hands of Compassion.”

Katherine smiled happily, the door opened, and the next moment she gave the smile in a kiss to her father, as he clasped her fondly in his arms, crying,

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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"Eh, my joy! I am glad to see thee!" Then the two women made that charming fuss over his "tired look," which is so consoling to men fresh from the slings and arrows of an outrageous world that will not do as they want it to do.

In his family life the squire still retained many old-fashioned customs, and his dinner at one o'clock was a settled ceremony. This day, in the very middle of it, Katherine said, "I saw you, father, this morning when you were talking to Mr. Bradley on the Green—about ten o'clock."

"And I saw thee trailing through the low meadows with Bradley's son."

"Yes, he came home last night."

"And went out t' varry next morning, to meet thee in t' low meadow."

"If you say, he happened to meet me in the low meadow, it would be better."

"Whatever hed the lad to do in my meadow so early in the morning?"

"Do you call half-past ten early, dad?"

"I call it too early for thee to be traipsing through t' wet grass with Henry Bradley."

"Let us keep to facts, dear father. The grass was quite dry—too dry. Joel was wishing for rain; he said, 'Master so pampered his cattle, that they perfectly thought scorn of half-cured grass.'"

"Thou art trying to slip by my question and I'm



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not going to let thee do it. What was John Henry Bradley doing wi' thee in the low meadow this morning?"

"He brought me a letter from my brother Dick. Dick and Harry have been in London togther, and they stayed four days with Aunt Josepha. They liked her very much. They took her to the opera and the play and she snubbed O'Connell and some other famous men and told them to let her alone, that she had two innocent lads in her care—and so on. You know."

"Was he making love to thee?"

"You should not ask me a question of that kind, dad."

"Thou need not tell me, what I should, or should not do. I hed learned all that, before thou wer born. And I'll tell thee plainly that I will not hev any lovemaking between thee and Harry Bradley."

"Very well, father. If you are going to the stable will you tell someone to have my saddle horse at the door in half-an-hour?"

"To be sure, I will. If tha wants a ride and will go to Yoden Bridge, I'll go with thee."

"I would like that but I promised to help Faith Foster, who is making clothing for the naked, shivering babies in Annis village. When Oddy's little girl died a week ago, there wasn't a night-gown in the house to bury it in. Its mother tore a breadth

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## THE SQUIRE OF ANNIS

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out of her one petticoat and folded her baby in it."

"Oh, Katherine Annis! Surely that tale is not true!" cried Madam.

"Alas, it is too true! The baby's one little gown was not fit even for the grave."

The Squire sat down and covered his face with his hands and when Katherine left the room he looked up pitifully at his wife. And she stooped and kissed him and as she did so comforted him with broken words of affection and assurances that it was not his fault—"thou hast pinched us all a bit to keep the cottage looms busy," she said, "thou couldn't do more than that, could thou, Antony?"

"I thought I was doing right. Is there any other way?"

"Thou could build—like the rest."

He did not answer the remark but stood up hurriedly, saying, "I must go and order Katherine's mount and she will expect me to put her up. After that I may go to Yoden Bridge."

Madam sighed and turned hopelessly away. "When will he listen to reason?" she whispered, but there was no answer.

## CHAPTER II

### THE PROSPECT OF LONDON LIFE

"Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain."

"The blind mole casts  
Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression and the poor worm doth die for 't."

IT is during the hungry years of the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century that the great body of Englishmen and Englishwomen reveal themselves most nobly and clearly in their national character. They were years of hunger and strife but it is good to see with what ceaseless, persistent bravery they fought for their ideals year after year, generation after generation, never losing hope or courage but steadily working and waiting for the passage of that great Reform Bill, which would open the door for their recognition at least as members of the body politic.

Yet this Reform Bill terrified the aristocracy and great land holders and they were sure that its passage would sweep away both the monarchy and the House of Lords. What else could be looked for if

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the franchise was given to the laborer and the mechanic? The Bill had been well received by the House of Commons, but rejected by the House of Lords on the twentieth day of the previous October; and the condition of the country was truly alarming.

Madam Annis reminded her daughter of this fact but Katherine was not to be frightened. "Your father," she said, "has just told us about the riot and outrages at Derby and the burning of Nottingham Castle by a frantic mob and the press says—'the people in London are restless and full of passion.' Still more to be wondered at is the letter which Thomas Attwood, the great banker, has just sent to the Duke of Wellington. In this letter he dared to threaten the government, to tell them he would march on London with a hundred thousand men, in order to inquire why the Reform Bill was hindered and delayed. This morning's paper comments on this threat and says, The Duke of Wellington is not afraid of this visit, but would rather it was not paid.' All the way up to London there is rioting. It is not a fit journey for thee to take. Mind what I say."

"Oh, mother, only think! I might have been in the Ladies' Gallery, in the House. I might have heard Mr. Macaulay's answer to the Lord's denial, with his grand question to the Commons, 'Ought we to abandon the Reform Bill because the Lords have rejected it? No! We must respect the law-



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ful privileges of their House, but we ought also to assert our own.' No wonder the Commons cheered, and cheered, and cheered him. Oh, how gladly I would have helped them!"

"You are going too far and too fast, Katherine."

"Father ought to have been in the House on the third of February and it is now the seventh of March: Is that right?"

"A great many landed men will not go to this session. The Reform Bill, re-written by Lord Russell, is to come up again and father does not want to vote either for, or against it."

"Why?"

"He hes his reasons. I doan't know that his reasons are any business of thine."

"Harry Bradley was explaining things to me this morning, and I am for the Reform Bill. I am sure the people are right."

"I wouldn't say as much on thy opinion. Wisdom wasn't born wi' thee and I doan't expect she will die wi' thee. I think if thou went to London this spring thou would make more enemies than thou could manage. Father is following my advice in staying home, and London isn't a fit place for a young girl like thee and the way there is full of rioters. Thy father is a landed man and he doesn't believe in giving every weaver and hedger and ditcher a voice in the government of England."

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"Harry Bradley says, some of their leaders and speakers are very clever eloquent men."

"I wouldn't talk nonsense after Harry Bradley. Who's Harry Bradley?"

"He is my friend, mother. We have been friends nearly twenty years."

"Not you! It is not yet eighteen years since thou showed thy face in this world."

"I was speaking generally, mother."

"Eh, but there's something wrong in that way! A lot o' bother can come out of it. I wouldn't mind anything Harry Bradley says, thy father won't hev any nonsense about him. I can tell thee that!"

"Father is so set in his own way. No one suits him lately. We met Captain Chandos last Monday, and he would hardly notice him."

"Well, then, there are plenty of folk no one can suit, and varry often they can't suit themselves."

"Oh, I don't care about Chandos, mother; but I feel angry when Harry is slighted. You see, mother, I might come to marry Harry Bradley."

"I do hope thou won't be so far left to thysen, as that would mean."

"Then you would be wise to let me go to London. A girl must have a lover, or she feels out in the cold, and Harry is the best specimen of a man round about Annis."

"All right. Let me tell thee that I hev noticed

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that the girls who never throw a line into the sea of marriage, do a deal better than them that are allays fishing."

"Perhaps so, but then there is the pleasure of throwing the line."

"And perhaps the pleasure of being caught by some varry undesireable fisherman for tha needn't think that women are the only fishers. The men go reg'lar about that business and they will soon find out that thou hes a bit o' money o' thy awn and are well worth catching. See if they doan't."

"Mother, I want to go to London and see the passing of the great Reform Bill. I am in love with those brave men Earl Grey and Lord Russell and Mr. Macaulay, who dared to speak up for the poor, before all England."

"I rather think they are all married men, Katherine, and marrying for love is an unwise and generally an unprofitable bit of business."

"Business and Love have nothing to do with each other."

"Eh, but they hev!"

"I shall marry for love."

"Well, then, marry for love, but love wisely."

"Money is only one thing, mother."

"To be sure, but it is a rayther important thing."

"You might persuade father that he had better take me to London out of Harry's way. Dear

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mammy, do this for your little girl, won't you? You can always get round father in some way or other."

"I will ask thy father again but I shall take no roundabout way. Straightforrard is the best. And I am above a bit astonished at thee, a Yorkshire lass, thinking of any crooked road to what thou wants! If tha can't get thy way openly and fairly make up thy mind any other way isn't worth while, for it will be full of ups and downs, and lonely bits, and stony bits, and all sorts and kinds of botherations. Keep these words in thy mind."

"I will."

"Then I'll ask thy father again, to take thee with him to London—if he goes himsen—if he does not go at all, then——"

"I must find out some other way, and really the most straightforward way would be to marry Harry Bradley, and go to London with him as a wedding trip."

"Thou must stop talking nonsense or else it will stop my talking one word for thy wish."

"I was just joking, mother."

"Always keep everything straight between thysen and thy mother. The first deception between me and thee opens the gates of Danger."

"I will never forget that, mother. And if I should go away I ask you to take my place with



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Faith Foster, who is making clothing for the poor in the village."

"Well, Katherine, what with one thing and what with another, I doan't know what tha wants. Does tha know thysen?"

"Well, I think it would look better if the Hall should trouble itself a little about the suffering in the village. Faith Foster is the only person doing anything. I was helping her, but——"

"I should think thou would have told thysen that it was varry forrard in a young person putting herself in my place without even a word to me on the matter. She ought to hev come and told me what was needed and offered her help to me. Thy father is Lord of the Manor of Annis, and it is his business to see the naked clothed. I wonder at thee letting any one take my place and then asking me to help and do service for them. That is a bit beyond civility, I think."

"It was very thoughtless. I am sorry I did it. I was so touched by Faith's description of the hunger and nakedness in Abram Oddy's family, that I thought of nothing but how to relieve it."

"Well, well! It is all right, someway or other. I see father coming towards the house. I wonder what he is wanting."

"And he is walking so rapidly and looks so happy, something must have pleased him. I will go away,

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mother. This may be a good hour for our request."

"Why *our*?"

Katherine had disappeared. She left the room by one door as the squire entered by the other. Madam rose to meet him but before she could speak the squire had kissed her and was saying in glad eager tones, "I hev hurried a bit, my Joy, to tell thee that both thysen and Katherine can go wi' me to London. I had a lump of good fortune this afternoon. Mark Clitheroe sent me the thousand pounds he owed, when he broke up five years ago. He told me he wouldn't die till he had paid it; and I believed him. The money came to-day and it came with a letter that does us both credit."

"However has Clitheroe made a thousand pounds to spare since his smash-up? Thou said, it wer a varry complete ruin."

"It was all of that, yet he tells me, he will be able to pay the last farthing he owes to anyone, during this year some time."

"It caps me! How hes he made the money?"

"Why, Annie, his father built a factory for him and filled it with the finest power-looms and he says he hes been doing a grand business. Old Clitheroe hed allays told him he was wasting time and good brass in hand weaving but Mark would hev his awn way, and somehow his awn way took him to ruin in three years. I was his main creditor. Well, well!

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I am both astonished and pleased, I am that! Now get thysen and Katherine ready for London."

"I doan't really want to go, Antony."

"But I cannot do without thee. Thou wilt hev to go, and there is Katherine, too! Ten to one, she will need a bit of looking after."

"When art thou going to start?"

"Not for a month. I must see to the sowing of the land—the land feeds us. I thought, though, it would be right to give thee the bit o' change and pleasure to think about and talk about."

"Where does thou intend to stay while in London?"

"I am thinking of the Clarendon Hotel for thee and mysen. I suppose Katherine can be comfortable and welcome at her sister's."

"Certainly she can. Jane isn't anything but kind at heart. It is just her *you-shallness* that makes her one-sided to live with. But Katherine can hold her own side, without help, she can that! And if thou art bound for London, then London is the place where my heart will be and we will go together."

"Thou art a good wife to me, Annie."

"Well, then, I promised thee to be a good wife, and I'm Yorkshire enough to keep a promise—good or bad. I am glad thou art going to the Clarendon. It is a pleasant house but thy sister Josepha is a bit overbearing, isn't she, Antony?"

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"She does not overbear me. I am her eldest brother. I make her remember that. However, I shall hev to listen to such a lot o' strong language in the House that I must hev only thee about me when I can get away from committees, and divisions, taking of votes, and the like."

By this time the squire had filled his pipe, and seated himself in his favorite corner on that side of the hearth, that had no draughts whichever way the wind blew. Then Madam said: "I'll leave thee a few minutes, Antony. I am going to tell Katherine that thou art going to take her to London."

"Varry well. I'll give thee five minutes, then thou must come back here, for I hev something important to tell thee."

"Katherine will want to come back here with me. She will be impatient to thank thee for thy goodness and to coax some sovereigns in advance for a new dress and the few traveling things women need when they are on the road."

"Then thou hed better advise her to wait until supper time. When the day's work is all done I can stand a bit of cuddling and petting and I doan't mind waring a few sovereigns for things necessary. Of course, I know the little wench will be happy and full o' what she is going to see, and to do, and to hear. Yet, Annie, I hev some important thoughts



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in my mind now and I want thy help in coming to their settlement."

"Antony Annis! I *am* astonished at thee, I am that! When did thou ever need or take advice about thy awn business? Thou hes sense for all that can be put up against thy opinion, without asking advice from man or woman—'specially woman."

"That may be so, Annie, perhaps it *is* so, but thou art different. Thou art like mysen and it's only prudent and kind to talk changes over together. For thou hes to share the good or the bad o' them, so it is only right thou should hev time to prepare for whatever they promise. Sit thee down beside me. Now, then, this is what happened just as soon as I hed gotten my money—and I can assure thee, that a thousand pounds in a man's pocket is a big set up—I felt all my six feet four inches and a bit more, too—well, as I was going past the Green to hev a talk wi' Jonathan Hartley, I saw Mr. Foster come to his door and stand there. As he was bare-headed, I knew he was waiting to speak to me. I hev liked the man's face and ways iver since he came to the village, and when he offered his hand and asked me to come in I couldn't resist the kindness and goodness of it."

"Thou went into the preacher's house?"

"I surely did, and I am glad of it. I think a deal o' good may come from the visit."

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"Did thou see his daughter?"

"I did and I tell thee she is summat to see."

"Then she is really beautiful?"

"Yes, and more than that. She was sitting sewing in a plain, small parlor but she seemed to be sitting in a circle of wonderful peace. All round her the air looked clearer than in the rest of the room and something sweet and still and heavenly happy came into my soul. Then she told me all about the misery in the cottages and said it had now got beyond individual help and she was sure if thou knew it, and the curate knew it, some proper general relief could be carried out. She had began, she said, 'with the chapel people,' but even they were now beyond her care; and she hoped thou would organize some society and guide all with thy long and intimate knowledge of the people."

"What did thou say to this?"

"I said I knew thou would do iverything that it was possible to do. And I promised that thou would send her word when to come and talk the ways and means over with thee and a few others."

"That was right."

"I knew it would be right wi' thee."

"Katherine says that our Dick is in love wi' the preacher's daughter."

"I wouldn't wonder, and if a man hedn't already got the only perfect woman in the world for his awn

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you could not blame him. No, you could not blame him!"

"Thou must hev stayed awhile there for it is swinging close to five o'clock."

"Ay, but I wasn't at the preacher's long. I went from his house to Jonathan Hartley's, and I smoked a pipe with him, and we hed a long talk on the situation of our weavers. Many o' them are speaking of giving-in, and going to Bradley's factory, and I felt badly, and I said to Jonathan, 'I suppose thou is thinking of t' same thing.' And he looked at me, Annie, and I was hot wi' shame, and I was going to tell him so, but he looked at me again, and said:

" 'Nay, nay, squire, thou didn't mean them words, and we'll say nothing about them'; so we nodded to each other, and I wouldn't be sure whether or not we wer' not both nearer tears than we'd show. Anyway, he went on as if nothing had happened, telling me about the failing spirit of the workers and saying a deal to excuse them. 'Ezra Dixon's eldest and youngest child died yesterday and they are gathering a bit of money among the chapel folk to bury them.' Then I said: 'Wait a minute, Jonathan,' and I took out of my purse a five pound note and made him go with it to the mother and so put her heart at ease on that score. You know our poor think a parish funeral a pitiful disgrace."

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"Well, Antony, if that was what kept thee, thou wert well kept. Faith Foster is right. I ought to be told of such sorrow."

"To be sure we both ought to know, but tha sees, Annie, my dearie, we hev been so much better off than the rest of weaving villages that the workers hev not suffered as long and as much as others. But what's the use of making excuses? I am going to a big meeting of weavers on Saturday night. It is to be held in t' Methodist Chapel."

"Antony! Whatever art thou saying? What will the curate say? What will all thy old friends say?"

"Annie, I hev got to a place where I don't care a button what they say. I hev some privileges, I hope, and taking my awn way is one o' them. The curate hes been asked to lend his sanction to the meeting, and the men are betting as to whether he'll do so or not. If I was a betting man I would say 'No'!"

"Why?"

"His bishop. The bishops to a man were against the Reform Bill. Only one is said to have signed for it. That is not sure."

"Then do you blame him?"

"Nay, I'm sorry for any man, that hesn't the gumption to please his awn conscience, and take his awn way. However, his career is in the bishop's



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hand, and he's varry much in love with Lucy Landborde."

"Lucy Landborde! That handsome girl! How can he fashion himself to make up to Lucy?"

"She thinks he is dying of love for her, so she pities him. Women are a soft lot!"

"It is mebbe a good thing for men that women are a soft lot. Go on with thy story. It's fair wonderful."

"Mr. Foster will preside, and they'll ask the curate to record proceedings. St. George Norris and Squire Charington and the Vicar of Harrowgate will be on the platform, I hear. The vicar is going to marry Geraldine Norris next week to a captain in the Guards."

"I declare, Antony, thou finds out iverything going on."

"To be sure. That is part o' my business as Lord of the Manor. Well tha sees now, that it is going to be a big meeting, especially when they add to it a Member of Parliament, a Magistrate, and a Yorkshire Squire."

"Who art thou talking about now?"

"Mysen! Antony Annis! Member of Parliament, Squire of Annis and Deeping Wold, and Magistrate of the same district."

"Upon my word, I had forgotten I was such a big lady. And I am to go to London with thee. I

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am as set up about that as a child would be. I think I ought to go and tell Katherine."

"Mebbe it would be the kind thing. Sharing a pleasure doubles it;" and as the squire uttered the words, Katherine rather impetuously opened the parlor door.

"O daddy!" she cried as she pulled a chair to his side. "What are you talking about? I know it is about London; are you going to take me there with you? Say yes. Say it surely."

"Give me a kiss and I will take both thee and thy mother there with me."

"How soon, daddy? How soon?"

"As soon as possible. We must look after the poor and the land and then we can go with a good heart."

"Let us talk it all over. Where are you going to stay?"

"Nay, my dear lass. I am talking to thy mother now and she is on a different level to thee. Run away to thy room and make up thy mind about thy new dress and the other little tricks thou wants."

"Such as a necklace and a full set of amber combs for my hair."

"Nay, nay! I hev no money for jewelry, while little childer and women all round us are wanting bread. Thou wouldn't suit it and it wouldn't be

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lucky to thee. Run away now, I'll talk all thou wants to-morrow."

"Verry well, dear daddy. Thy word is enough to build on. I can sit quiet and arrange my London plans, for a promise from thee is as sure as the thing itself."

Then the squire laughed and took a letter out of his pocketbook. "It is good for a thousand pounds, honey," he said, "and that is a bit of security for my promise, isn't it?"

"Not a penny's worth. Thy promise needs no security. It stands alone as it ought to do."

She rose as she spoke and the squire rose and opened the door for her and then stood and watched her mount the darkening stairway. At the first reach, she turned and bent her lovely face and form towards him. The joyful anticipations in her heart transfigured her. She was radiant. Her face shone and smiled; her white throat, and her white shoulders, and her exquisite arms, and her firm quick feet seemed to have some new sense given them. You would have said that her body thought and that her very voice had a caress in it as she bridged the space between them with a "Thank you, dear, dear daddy! You are the very kindest father in all the world!"

"And thou art his pet and his darling!" With these words he went back to his wife. "She is just

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tip-on-top," he said. "There's no girl I know like her. She sits in the sunlight of my heart. Why, Annie, she ought to make a better marriage than Jane, and Jane did middling well."

"Would thou think Harry Bradley a good match?"

"I wouldn't put him even in a passing thought with Katherine. Harry Bradley, indeed! I am fairly astonished at thee naming the middle class fellow!"

"Katherine thinks him all a man should be."

"She will change her mind in London."

"I doubt that."

"Thou lets her hev opinions and ideas of her awn. Thou shouldn't do it. Jane will alter that. Jane will tell her how to rate men and women. Jane is varry clever."

"Jane is no match for Katherine. Dost thou think Antony Annis will be?"

"I wouldn't doubt it."

"Then don't try conclusions with her about Harry Bradley, and happen then thou may keep thy illusion. Katherine's fault is a grave one, though it often looks like a virtue."

"I doan't see what thou means. Faults are faults, and virtues are virtues. I hev niver seen a fault of any kind in her, unless it be wanting more guineas than I can spare her just now, but that is the original sin o' women as far as I can make



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out. Whativer is this fault that can look like a virtue?"

"She overdoes everything. She says too little, or too much; she does too little, or too much; she gives too little, or too much. In everything she exceeds. If she likes anyone, she is unreasonable about them; if she dislikes them, she is unjust."

"I doan't call that much of a fault—if thou knew anything about farming thou would make little of it. Thou would know that it is the richest land that hes the most weeds in its crop. The plow and the harrow will clear it of weeds and the experience of life will teach Katherine to be less generous with both her feelings and her opinions. Let her overdo, it is a fault that will cure itself."

"And in the meantime it makes her too positive and insisting. She thinks she is right and she wants others to be right. She is even a bit forceable——"

"And I can tell thee that women as well as men need some force of character, if they mean to do anything with their lives. *Why-a!* Force is in daily life all that powder is to shot. If our weavers' wives hed more force in their characters, they wouldn't watch their children dying of hunger upon their knees and their hearths, they would make their stubborn men go to any kind of a loom. They wouldn't be bothering themselves about any Bill in Parliament, they would be crying out for bread for

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their children. We must see about the women and children to-morrow or we shall not be ready for Faith Foster's visit."

"To be sure, but we need not think of it to-night. I'm heart weary, Antony. Nobody can give sympathy long unless they turn kind words into kind actions."

"Then just call Katherine and order a bit of supper in. And I'd like a tankard of home-brewed, and a slice or two of cold mutton. My word, but the mutton bred in our rich meadows is worth eating! Such a fine color, so tender and juicy and full of rich red gravy."

"I think thou would be better without the tankard. Our ale is four years old, and tha knows what it is at that age. It will give thee a rattling headache. The cask on now is very strong."

"To be sure it is. A man could look a lion in the face after a couple of glasses of it."

"I advise thee to take a glass of water, with thy mutton to-night."

"No, I won't. I'll hev a glass of sherry wine, and thou can be my butler. And tell Katherine not to talk about London to-night. I hev'n't got my intentions ready. I'd be making promises it would not be right to keep. Tha knows——!"

"Yes, I know."

Katherine had not yet been promoted to a seat

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at the late supper table, and only came to it when specially asked. So Madam found her ungowned, and with loosened hair, in a dressing-sacque of blue flannel. She was writing a letter to a school friend, but she understood her mother's visit and asked with a smile—

"Am I to come to supper, mother? Oh, I am so glad."

"Then, dearie, do not speak of London, nor the poor children, nor the selfish weavers."

"Not selfish, mother. They believe they are fighting for their rights. You know that."

"I doan't know it. I doan't believe it. Their wives and children ought to be more to them than their awn way which is what they really want. Doan't say a word about them."

"I will not. I am going to tell father about the Arkroyds, who owned Scar Top House so long."

"Father will like to hear anything good about Colonel Arkroyd. He is the last of a fine Yorkshire family. Who told thee anything about him?"

"Before I came to my room I went to give Polly some sugar I had in my pocket for her, and I met Britton, who had just come from the stable. He turned and went with me and he was full of the story and so I had to listen to it."

"Well, then, we will listen to it when thou comes

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down. Father is hungry, so don't keep him waiting, or he will be put out of his way."

"I will be down in five minutes, and father is never cross with me."

Indeed, when Madam went back to the parlor, a servant was bringing in the cold mutton and Madam had the bottle of sherry in her hand. A few minutes later Katherine had joined her parents, and they were sitting cozily round a small table, set in the very warmth and light of the hearthstone. Then Madam, fearing some unlucky word or allusion, said as quickly as possible—

"Whatever was it thou heard about Colonel Arkroyd, Katherine?"

"Ay! Ay! Colonel Arkroyd! Who has anything to say about him?" asked the squire. "One of the finest men alive to-day."

"I heard a strange thing about his old house, an hour ago."

"But he sold Scar Top House, and went to live in Kendal. A man from Bradford bought it, eh?"

"Yes, a man with a factory and six hundred looms, they say. Father, have you noticed how crowded our rookery is with the birds' nests this spring?"

"I doan't know that I hev noticed the number of the nests, but nobody can help hearing their noisy chattering all over Annis."

"Do you remember the rookery at Scar Top?"



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"Yes. I often hed a friendly threep with Arkroyd about it. He would insist, that his rookery hed the largest congregation. I let him think so—he's twenty years older than I am—and I did hear that the Bradford man had bought the place because of the rookery."

"So he did. And now, father, every bird has left it. There was not one nest built there this spring. Not one!"

"I never heard the like. Whoever told thee such a story?"

"The whole village knows it. One morning very early every rook in Scar Top went away. They went altogether, just before daybreak. They went to Saville Court and settled in a long row of elm trees in the home meadow. They are building there now and the Bradford man——"

"Give him his name. It is John Denby. He was born in Annis—in my manor—and he worked for the colonel, near twenty years."

"Very well. John Denby and Colonel Arkroyd have quarreled about the birds, and there is likely to be a law suit over them."

"Upon my word! That will be a varry interesting quarrel. What could make birds act in such a queer way? I niver knew them to do such a thing before."

"Well, father, rooks are very aristocratic birds.

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Denby could not get a *caw* out of the whole flock. They would not notice Denby, and they used to talk to Arkroyd, whenever he came out of the house. Denby used to work for Colonel Arkroyd, and the rooks knew it. They did not consider him a gentleman, and they would not accept his hospitality."

"That is going a bit too far, Katherine."

"Oh, no! Old Britton told me so, and the Yorkshire bird does not live who has not told Britton all about itself. He said further, that rooks are very vain and particularly so about their feathers. He declared they would go far out of their way in order to face the wind and so prevent ruffling their feathers."

"Rooks are at least a very human bird," said Madam; "our rooks make quite a distinction between thee and myself. I can easily notice it. The male birds are in a flutter when thou walks through the rookery, they moderate their satisfaction when I pay them a call and it is the female birds who do the honors then."

"That reminds me, mother, that Britton told me rooks intermarried generation after generation, and that if a rook brought home a strange bride, he was forced to build in a tree the community selected, at some distance from the rookery. If he did not do this, his nest was relentlessly torn down."

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"Well, my Joy, I am glad to learn so much from thee. How do the rooks treat thee?"

"With but moderate notice, father, unless I am at Britton's side. Then they 'caw' respectfully, as I take my way through their colony. Britton taught me to lift my hat now and then, as father does."

The squire laughed, and was a bit confused. "Nay, nay!" he said. "Britton hes been making up that story, though I vow, I would rayther take off my hat to gentlemanly rooks than to some humans I know; I would that! There is one thing I can tell thee about rooks, Britton seems to have forgot; they can't make a bit of sunshine for themselves. If t' weather is rainy, no bird in the world is more miserable. They sit with puffed out feathers in uncontrollable melancholy, and they hev'n't a caw for anybody. Yet I hev a great respect for rooks."

"And I hev a great liking for rook pies," said Madam. "There is not a pie in all the records of cookery, to come near it. *Par excellence* is its name. I shall miss my rook pies, if we go away this summer."

"But we shall have something better in their place, dear mother."

"Who can tell? In the meantime, sleep will be the best thing for all. To-morrow is a new day. Sleep will make us ready for it."

## CHAPTER III

### THE REALIZATION OF TROUBLE

"Beneath this starry arch,  
Naught resteth, or is still;  
And all things have their march,  
As if by one great will.  
Move on! Move all!  
Hark to the footfall!  
On, on! forever!"

**T**HE next morning Katherine came to her mother full of enthusiasm. She had some letters in her hand and she said: "I have written these letters all alike, mother, and they are ready to send away, if you will give me the names of the ladies you wish them to go to."

"How many letters hast thou written?"

"Seven. I can write as many as you wish."

"Thou hes written too many already."

"Too many!"

"Yes, tha must not forget, that this famine and distress is over all Yorkshire—over all England. Every town and village hes its awn sick and starving, and hes all it can do to look after them. Thy



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father told me last night he hed been giving to all the villages round us for a year back but until Mr. Foster told him yesterday he hed no idea that there was any serious trouble in Annis. Tha knows, dearie, that Yorkshire and Lancashire folk won't beg. No, not if they die for want of begging. The preacher found out their need first and he told father at once. Then Jonathan Hartley admitted they were all suffering and that something must be done to help. That is the reason for the meeting this afternoon."

"Oh, dear me!"

"Jonathan hes been preparing for it for a week but he did not tell father until yesterday. I will give thee the names of four ladies that may assist in the way of sending food—there is Mrs. Benson, the doctor's wife—her husband is giving his time to the sick and if she hedn't a bit of money of her awn, Benson's family would be badly off, I fear. She may hev the heart to *do* as well as to pinch and suffer, but if she hesn't, we can't find her to blame. Send her an invitation. Send another to Mistress Craven. Colonel Craven is with his regiment somewhere, but she is wealthy, and for anything I know, good-hearted. Give her an opportunity. Lady Brierley can be counted on in some way or other and perhaps Mrs. Courtney. I can think of no others because everyone is likely to be looking for

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assistance just as we are. What day hev you named for the meeting?"

"Monday. Is that too soon?"

"About a week too soon. None of these ladies will treat the invitation as a desirable one. They doubtless hev many engagements already made. Say, next Saturday. It is not reasonable to expect them to drop iverything else and hurry to Annis, to sew for the hungry and naked."

"O mother! Little children! Who would not hurry to them with food and clothing?"

"Hes thou been with Faith Foster to see any children hungry and naked?"

"No, mother; but I do not need to *see* in order to *feel*. And I have certainly noticed how few children are on the street lately."

"Well, Katherine, girls of eighteen shouldn't need to *see* in order to *feel*. Thank God for thy fresh young feelings and keep them fresh as long as thou can. It will be a pity when thou begins to reason about them. Send letters to Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Craven, Lady Brierley, and Mrs. Courtney, and then we shall see what comes from them. After all, we are mere mortals!"

"But you are friendly with all these four ladies?"

"Good friends to come and go upon. By rights they ought to stand by Annis—but 'ought' stands for nothing."

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"Why *ought*, mother?"

"Thy father hes done ivery one o' them a good turn of one kind or the other but it isn't his way to speak of the same. Now send off thy letters and let things slide until we see what road they are going to take. I'm afraid I'll hev to put mysen about more than I like to in this matter."

"That goes without saying but you don't mind it, do you, mother?"

"Well, your father took me on a sudden. I hedn't time to think before I spoke and when my heart gets busy, good-by to my head."

"Mrs. Courtney has not been here for a long time."

"She is a good deal away but I saw her in London last year every now and then. She is a careless woman; she goes it blind about everything, and yet she wants to be at the bottom of all county affairs."

"Mother, could we not do a little shopping to-day?"

"At the fag end of the week? What are you talking about? Certainly not. Besides, thy father is worried about the meeting this afternoon. He says more may come of it than we can dream of."

"How is that?"

"Why, Katherine, it might end in a factory here, or it might end in the weavers heving to leave Annis and go elsewhere."

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"Cannot they get work of some other kind, in, or near by Annis?"

"Nay, tha surely knows, that a weaver hes to keep his fingers soft, and his hands supple. Hard manual work would spoil his hands forever for the loom, and our men are born weavers. They doan't fashion to any other work, and to be sure England hes to hev her weavers."

"Mother, would it not be far better to have a factory? Lately, when I have taken a walk with father he always goes to the wold and looks all round considering just like a man who was wondering about a site for a building. It would be a good thing for us, mother, would it not?"

"It seems so, but father does not want it. He says it will turn Annis into a rough village, full of strangers, with bad ways, and also that it will spoil the whole country-side with its smoke and dirt."

"But if it makes money?"

"Money isn't iverything."

"The want of it is dreadful."

"Thy father got a thousand pounds this morning. If he does not put most of it into a factory, he will put it into bread, which will be eaten to-day and wanted again to-morrow. That would make short work of a thousand pounds."

"Have you reminded father of that?"

"I doan't need to. Father seems an easy-going



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man but he thinks of iverything; and when he *hes* to act no one strikes the iron quicker and harder. If thou saw him in London, if thou heard him in the House, brow-beating the Whigs and standing up for Peel and Wellington and others, thou would wonder however thou dared to tease, and contradict, and coax him in Annis. Thou would that! Now I am going to the lower summer house for an hour. Send away thy letters, and let me alone a bit."

"I know. I saw father going down the garden. He is going to the summer house also; he intends to tell you, mother, what he is going to say to-night. He always reads, or recites his speeches to you. I have heard him sometimes."

"Then thou ought to be ashamed to speak of it! I am astonished at thy want of honor! If by chance, thou found out some reserved way of thy father it should have been held by thee as a sacred, inviolable secret. Not even to me, should thou have dared to speak of it. I am sorry, indeed, to hev to teach thee this point of childhood's honor. I thought it would be natural to the daughter of Antony and Annie Annis!"

"Mother! Forgive me! I am ashamed and sorry and oh, do not, for my sake, tell father! My dear, dear father! You have made it look like mocking him—I never thought how shameful it

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could look—oh, I never thought about it! I never spoke of it before! I never did!”

“Well, then, see thou never again listens to what was not intended for thee to hear. It would be a pretty state of things, if thy father hed to go somewhere out of the way of listeners to get a bit of private talk with me.”

“Mother, don’t be so cruel to me.”

“Was thou trying to compliment me or was thou scorning a bit about thy father’s ways? If thou thought I would feel complimented by being set above him that thought was as far wrong as it could possibly get.”

“Mother! Mother! You will break my heart! You never before spoke this way to me—*Oh, dear! Oh, dear!*”

For a few minutes Madam let her weep, then she bent over the crouching, sobbing girl, and said, “There now! There now!”

“I am so sorry! So sorry!”

“Well, dearie, sorrow is good for sin. It is the only thing sorrow is good for. Dry thy eyes, and we will niver name the miserable subject again.”

“Was it really a sin, mother?”

“Hes thou forgotten the fifth commandment? That little laugh at thy father’s saying his speeches to me first was more than a bit scornful. It was far enough from the commandment ‘Honor thy father

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and thy mother.' It wasn't honoring either of us."

"I can never forgive myself."

"Nay! nay! Give me a kiss and go and look after thy letters; also tell Yates dinner must be on the table at one o'clock no matter what his watch says." Then Katherine walked silently away and Madam went to the lower summer house, and the dinner was on the table at one o'clock. It was an exceedingly quiet meal, and immediately after it, the squire's horse was brought to the door.

"So thou art going to ride, Antony!" said Mistress Annis, and the squire answered, "Ay, I hev a purpose in riding, Annie."

"Thou art quite right," was the reply, for she thought she divined his purpose and the shadow of a smile passed between them. Then he looked at his watch, mounted his horse and rode swiftly away. His wife watched him out of sight and, as she turned into the house, she told herself with a proud and happy smile, "He is the best and the handsomest man in the West Riding, and the horse suits him! He rides to perfection! God bless him!"

It was a point with the squire to be rigidly punctual. He was never either too soon, or too late. He knew that one fault was as bad as the other, though he considered the early mistake as the worst. It began to strike two as he reached the door of the Methodist Chapel, and saw Jonathan Hartley wait-

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ing there for him; and they walked at once to a rude platform that had been prepared for the speakers. There were several gentlemen standing there in a group, and the Chapel was crowded with anxious hungry-looking men.

It was the first time that Squire Annis had ever stepped inside a Methodist Chapel. The thought was like the crack of a whip in his conscience but at that moment he would not listen to any claim or reproof; for either through liking or disliking, he was sensitive at once to Bradley's tall, burly predominance; and could not have said, whether it was pleasant or unpleasant to him. However, the moment he appeared, there was loud handclapping, and cries of "Squire Annis! Squire Annis! Put him in the chair! He's our man!"

Then into the squire's heart his good angel put a good thought, and he walked to the front of the platform and said, "My men, and my friends, I'll do something better for you. I'll put the Reverend Samuel Foster in the chair. God's servant stands above all others, and Mr. Foster knows all about your poverty and affliction. I am a bit ashamed to say, I do not." This personal accusation was cut short by cries of "No! No! No! Thou hes done a great deal," and then a cheer, that had in it all the Yorkshire spirit, though not its strength. The men were actually weak with hunger.



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Mr. Foster took the chair to which the squire led him without any affectations of demur, and he was gladly welcomed. Indeed there were few things that would have pleased the audience more. They were nearly all Methodists, and their preacher alone had searched out their misery, and helped them to bear it with patience and with hope. He now stretched out his hands to them and said—"Friends, just give us four lines, and we will go at once to business"; and in a sweet, ringing voice, he began Newman's exquisite hymn—

"Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him whate'er betide,  
Thoul't find Him in the evil days,  
An all sufficient Strength and Guide."

The words came fresh and wet with tears from every heart, and it was a five minutes' interlude of that complete surrender, which God loves and accepts.

After a moment of intense silence, the preacher said, "We are met to-day to try and find out if hand-loom weaving must go, or if both hand-loom weaving and power-loom weaving have a chance for the weaver in them. There are many hand-loom weavers here present. They know all its good points and all points wherein it fails but they do not know either the good or bad points of power-loom weaving, and Mr. John Thomas Bradley has come to tell

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you something about this tremendous rival of your household loom. I will now introduce Mr. John."

He got no further in his introduction, for Bradley stepped forward, and with a buoyant good-nature said, "No need, sir, of any fine mastering or mistering between the Annis lads and mysen. We hev thrashed each ither at football, and chated each ither in all kinds of swapping odds too often, to hev forgotten what names were given us at our christening. There's Israel Swale, he hes a bigger mill than I hev now-a-days, but he's owing me three pence half-penny and eleven marbles, yet whenever I ask him for my brass and my marbles he says—'I'll pay thee, John Thomas, when we play our next game.' Now listen, lads, next Whitsunday holidays I'll ask him to come and see me, and I'll propose before a house full of company—and all ready for a bit of fun—that we hev our game of marbles in the bowling alley, and I'll get Jonathan Hartley to give you all an invitation to come and see fair play between us. Will you come?"

Noisy laughing acceptances followed and one big Guisely weaver said, "He'd come too, and see that Israel played a straight game for once in his life."

"I'm obliged to thee, Guisely," answered Bradley, "I hope thou'lt come. Now then, lads, I hev to speak to you about business, and if you think what I say is right, go and do what I say, do it boldly;

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and if you aren't sure, then let it alone—till you are driven to it. I am told that varry few of the men here present iver saw a power loom. And yet you mostly think ill o' it. That isn't a bit Yorkshire. You treat a man as you find him, you ought to do the same to a machine, that is almost a man in intelligence—that is the most perfect bit of beauty and contrivance that man iver made since man himsen was fitted wi' fingers and thumbs by the Great Machinist of heaven and earth."

"What is it fashioned like, Bradley?"

"It is an exceedingly compact machine and takes up little room. It is easily worked and it performs every weaving operation with neatness and perfection. It makes one hundred and seventy picks a minute or six pieces of goods in a week—you know it was full work and hard work to make one piece a week with the home loom, even for a strong man. It is made mostly of shining metal, and it is a perfect darling. *Why-a!* the lads and lassies in Bradley mill call their looms after their sweethearts, or husbands, or wives, and I wouldn't wonder if they said many a sweet or snappy word to the looms that would niver be ventured on with the real Bessie or the real Joe.

"Think of your old cumbersome wooden looms, so hard and heavy and dreary to work, that it wasn't fit or right to put a woman down to one. Then go

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and try a power loom, and when you hev done a day's work on it, praise God and be thankful! I tell you God saw the millions coming whom Yorkshire and Lancashire would hev to clothe, and He gave His servant the grave, gentle, middle-aged preacher Edmund Cartwright, the model of a loom fit for God's working men and women to use. I tell you men the power loom is one of God's latest Gospels. We are spelling yet, with some difficulty, its first good news, but the whole world will yet thank God for the power loom!"

Here the preacher on the platform said a fervent "Thank God!" But the audience was not yet sure enough for what they were to thank God, and the few echoes to the preacher's invitation were strangely uncertain for a Yorkshire congregation. A few of the Annis weavers compromised on a solemn "Amen!" All, however, noticed that the squire remained silent, and they were "not going"—as Lot Clarke said afterwards—"to push themsens before t' squire."

Then Jonathan Hartley stepped into the interval, and addressing Bradley said, "Tha calls this wonderful loom a power-loom. I'll warrant the power comes from a steam engine."

"Thou art right, Jonathan. I wish tha could see the wonderful engine at Dalby's Mill in Pine Hollow. The marvelous creature stands in its big stone



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stable like a huge image of Destiny. It is never still, but never restless, nothing rough; calm and steady like the waves of the full sea at Scarboro'. It is the nervous center, the life, I might say, of all going on in that big building above it. It moves all the machinery, it gives life to the devil,<sup>1</sup> and speeds every shuttle in every loom."

"It isn't looms and engines we are worrying about, Bradley," said a man pallid and fretful with hunger. "It is flesh and blood, that can't stand hunger much longer. It's our lile lads and lasses, and the babies at the mother's breast, where there isn't a drop o' milk for their thin, white lips! O God! And you talk o' looms and engines"—and the man sat down with a sob, unable to say another word.

Squire Annis could hardly sit still, but the preacher looked at him and he obeyed the silent wish, as in the meantime Jonathan Hartley had asked Bradley a question, to partly answer the request made.

"If you want to know about the workers, all their rooms are large and cheerful, with plenty of fresh air in them. The weaving rooms are as light and airy as a bird cage. The looms are mostly managed by women, from seventeen to thirty, wi' a sprinkling o' married men and women. A solid

<sup>1</sup> The devil, a machine containing a revolving cylinder armed with knives or spikes for tearing, cutting, or opening raw materials.

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trade principle governs t' weaving room—so much work, for so much money—but I hev girls of eighteen in my mill, who are fit and able to thread the shuttles, and manage two looms, keeping up the pieces to mark, without oversight or help."

Here he was interrupted by a man with long hair parted in the middle of the forehead, and dressed in a suit of fashionable cut, but cheap tailoring. "I hev come to this meeting," he cried out, "to ask your parliamentary representative if he intends to vote for the Reform Bill, and to urge the better education of the lower classes."

"Who bid thee come to this meeting?" asked Jonathan Hartley. "Thou has no business here. Not thou. And we weren't born in Yorkshire to be fooled by thee."

"I was told by friends of the people, that your member would likely vote against Reform."

"Put him out! Put him out!" resounded from every quarter of the building, and for the first time since the meeting opened, there was a touch of enthusiasm. Then the squire stepped with great dignity to the front of the platform.

"Young men," he said with an air of reproof, "this is not a political meeting. It is not even a public meeting. It is a gathering of friends to consider how best to relieve the poverty and idleness

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for which our weavers are not to blame—and we do not wish to be interrupted.”

“The blame is all wi’ you rich landowners,” he answered; “ivery one o’ you stand by a government that robs the poor man and protects the rich. I am a representative of the Bradford Socialists.”

“Git out! Git out! Will tha? If tha doesn’t, I’ll fling thee out like any other rubbish;” and as the man made no attempt to obey the command given, Hartley took him by the shoulder, and in spite of his protestations—received with general jeers and contempt—put him outside the chapel.

Squire Annis heartily approved the word, act and manner of Hartley’s little speech. The temperature of his blood rose to fighting heat, and he wanted to shout with the men in the body of the chapel. Yet his countenance was calm and placid, for Antony Annis was *Master at Home*, and could instantly silence or subdue whatever his Inner Man prompted that was improper or inconvenient.

He thought, however, that it was now a fit time for him to withdraw, and he was going to say the few words he had so well considered, when a very old man rose, and leaning on his staff, called out, “Squire Annis, my friend, I want thee to let me speak five minutes. It will varry likely be t’ last time I’ll hev the chance to say a word to so many lads altogether in this life.” And the squire smiled

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pleasantly as he replied, "Speak, Matthew, we shall all be glad to listen to you."

"I'll be ninety-five years old next month, Squire, and I hev been busy wi' spinning and weaving eighty-eight o' them. I was winding bobbins when I was seven years old, and I was carding, or combing, or working among wool until I was twenty. Then I got married, and bought from t' squire, on easy terms, my cottage and garden plot, and I kept a pig and some chickens, and a hutch full o' rabbits, which I fed on the waste vegetables from my garden. I also had three or four bee skeps, that gave us honey for our bread, with a few pounds over to sell; t' squire allays bought the overbit, and so I was well paid for a pretty bed of flowers round about the house. I was early at my loom, but when I was tired I went into my garden, and I smoked a pipe and talked to the bees, who knew me well enough, ivery one o' them. If it was raining, I went into t' kitchen, and smoked and hed a chat wi' Polly about our awn concerns. I hev had four handsome lassies, and four good, steady lads. Two o' the lads went to America, to a place called Lowell, but they are now well-to-do men, wi' big families. My daughters live near me, and they keep my cottage as bright as their mother kept it for over fifty years. I worked more or less till I was ninety years old, and then Squire Annis persuaded me to stop my loom,



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and just potter about among my bees and flowers. Now then, lads, thousands hev done for years and years as much, even more than I hev done and I hev never met but varry few Home-loom weavers who were dissatisfied. They all o' them made their awn hours and if there was a good race anywhere near-by they shut off and went to it. Then they did extra work the next day to put their 'piece' straight for Saturday. If their 'piece' was right, the rest was nobody's business."

"Well, Matthew," said the squire, "for many a year you seldom missed a race."

"Not if t' horses were good, and well matched. I knew the names then of a' the racers that wer' worth going to see. I love a fine horse yet. I do that! And the Yorkshire roar when the victor came to mark! You could hear it a mile away! O squire, I can hear it yet!

"Well, lads, I hev hed a happy, busy life, and I hev been a good Methodist iver sin' I was converted, when I was twelve years old. And I bear testimony this day to the goodness and the faithfulness of God. He hes niver broken a promise He made me. Niver one!

"Thousands of Home-loom spinners can live, and have lived, as I did and they know all about t' life. I know nothing about power-loom weaving. I dare say a man can make good or bad o' it, just as he

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feels inclined; but I will say, it brings men down to a level God Almighty niver intended. It is like this—when a man works in his awn home, and makes his awn hours, all the world, if he be good and honest, calls him *A Man*; when he works in a factory he's nobbut '*one o' the hands.*' ”

At these words Matthew sat down amid a little subdued inexpressible mixture of tense feeling and the squire said—“In three weeks or less, men, I am going to London, and I give you my word, that I shall always be found on the side of Reform and Free Trade. When I return you will surely have made up your minds and formed some sort of decision; then I will try and forward your plans to my last shilling.” With these words he bowed to the gentlemen on the platform, and the audience before him, and went rapidly away. His servant was at the Chapel door with his horse; he sprang into the saddle, and before anyone could interrupt his exit, he was beyond detention.

A great disturbance was in his soul. He could not define it. The condition of his people, the changing character of his workers and weavers, the very village seemed altered, and then the presence of Bradley! He had found it impossible to satisfy both his offense with the man and his still vital affection for him. He had often told himself that “Bradley was dead and buried as far as he was con-

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cerned"; but some affections are buried alive, and have a distressing habit of being restless in their coffins. It was with the feeling of a fugitive flying for a place of rest that he went home. But, oh, how refreshing was his wife's welcome! What comfort in her happy smile! What music in her tender words! He leaped to the ground like a young man and, clasping her hand, went gratefully with her to his own fireside.

## CHAPTER IV

### LONDON AND AUNT JOSEPHA

"Still in Immortal Youth we dream of Love."

London—"Together let us beat this ample field  
Try what the open and the covert yield."

KATHERINE'S letters bore little fruit. Lady Brierley sent fifty pounds to buy food, but said "she was going to Bourmouth for the spring months, being unable to bear the winds of the Yorkshire wolds at that time." Mrs. Craven and Mrs. Courtney were on their way to London, and Mrs. Benson said her own large family required every hour of her time, especially as she was now only able to keep one servant. So the village troubles were confided to the charge of Faith Foster and her father. The squire put a liberal sum of money with the preacher, and its application was left entirely to his judgment.

Nor did Annis now feel himself able to delay his journey until April. He was urged constantly by the leaders of the Reform Bill to hasten his visit to the House. Letters from Lord Russell, Sir James



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Grahame and Lord Grey told him that among the landlords of the West Riding his example would have a great influence, and that at this "important crisis they looked with anxiety, yet certainty, for his support."

He could not withhold it. After his enlightenment by Mr. Foster, he hardly needed any further appeal. His heart and his conscience gave him no rest, and in ten days he had made suitable arrangements, both for the care of his estate, and the relief of the village. In this business he had been greatly hurried and pressed, and the Hall was also full of unrest and confusion, for all Madam's domestic treasures were to pack away and to put in strict and competent care. For, then, there really were women who enjoyed household rackets and homes turned up and over from top to bottom. It was their relief from the hysteria of monotony and the temper that usually attends monotony. They knew nothing of the constant changes and pleasures of the women of to-day—of little chatty lunches and theater parties; of their endless societies and games, and clubs of every description; of fantastic dressing and undressing from every age and nation; beside the appropriation of all the habits and pursuits and pleasures of men that seemed good in their eyes, or their imaginations.

So to the woman of one hundred years ago—and

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of much less time—a thorough house-cleaning, or a putting away of things for a visit or a journey was an exciting event. There was even a kind of pleasure in the discomfort and disorder it caused. The unhappy looks of the men of the house were rather agreeable to them. For a few days they had legitimate authority to make everyone miserable, and in doing so experienced a very actual nervous relief.

Madam Annis was in some measure influenced by similar conditions, for it takes a strong and powerfully constituted woman to resist the spirit and influence of the time and locality in which she lives. So the Hall was full of unrest, and the peaceful routine of life was all broken up. Ladies' hide-covered trunks—such little baby trunks to those of the present day—and leather bags and portmanteaus littered the halls; and the very furniture had the neglected plaintive look of whatever is to be left behind.

At length, however, on the twenty-third of March, all was ready for the journey, and the squire was impatient to begin it. He was also continually worrying about his son. "Wherever is Dick, I wonder? He ought to be here helping us, ought he not, mother?" he asked Madam reproachfully, as if he held her responsible for Dick's absence and Madam answered sharply—"Indeed, Antony, thou ought to know best. Thou told Dick to stay in London and watch the ways of that wearisome Reform

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Bill and send thee daily word about its carryings on. The lad can't be in two places at once, can he?"

"I hed forgotten mysen, Annie. How near art thou and Katherine ready to start?"

"Katherine and I are now waiting on your will and readiness."

"Nay, then, Annie, if ta hes got to thy London English already, I'll be quiet, I will."

"I doan't like thee to be unjust to Dick. He is doing, and doing well, just what thou told him to do. I should think thou couldn't ask more than that—if thou was in thy right mind."

"Dick is the best lad in Yorkshire, he is all that! Doan't thee care if I seem a bit cross, Annie. I've been that worrited all morning as niver was. Doan't mind it!"

"I doan't, not in the least, Antony."

"Well, then, can thou start to-morrow morning?"

"I can start, with an hour's notice, any time."

"I wouldn't be too good, Annie. I'm not worth it."

"Thou art worth all I can do for thee."

"Varry good, dearie! Then we'll start at seven to-morrow morning. We will drive to Leeds, and then tak t' mail-coach for London there. If t' roads don't happen to be varry bad we may hev time enough in Leeds to go to the Queen's Hotel and hev a plate o' soup and a chop. I hev a bit o' business

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at the bank there but it won't keep me ten minutes. I hope we may hev a fairish journey, but the preacher tells me the whole country is in a varry alarming condition."

"Antony, I am a little tired of the preacher's alarm bell. He is always prophesying evil. Doan't thee let him get too much influence over thee. Before thou knows what thou art doing thou wilt be going to a class meeting. What does the curate say? He has been fifty miles south, if not more."

"He told me the roads were full of hungry, angry men, who were varry disrespectful to any of the Quality they met."

Here Katherine entered the room. "Mother dear," she said in an excited voice, "mother dear! My new traveling dress came home a little while ago, and I have put it on, to let you admire it. Is it not pretty? Is it not stylish? Is it not everything a girl would like? O Daddy! I didn't see you."

"I couldn't expect thee to see me when tha hed a new dress on. I'll tell thee, howiver, I doan't like it as well as I liked thy last suit."

"The little shepherd plaid? Oh, that has become quite common! This is the thing now. What do you say, mother?"

"I think it is all right. Put it on in the morning. We leave at seven o'clock."



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"Oh, delightful! I am so glad! Life is all in a mess here and I hate a tossed-up house."

At this point the Reverend Mr. Yates entered. He had called to bid the squire and his family good-bye, but the ladies quickly left the room. They knew some apology was due the curate for placing the money intended for relieving the suffering in the village in the preacher's care, and at his disposal. But the curate was reasonable, and readily acknowledged that "nearly all needing help were members of Mr. Foster's church, and would naturally take relief better from him than from a stranger."

The journey as far as Leeds was a very sad one, for the squire stopped frequently to speak to groups of despairing, desperate men and women:—"Hev courage, friends!" he said cheerfully to a gathering of about forty or more on the Green of a large village, only fourteen miles south of Annis. "Hev courage a little longer! I am Antony Annis, and I am on my way to London, with many more gentlemen, to see that the Reform Bill goes through the Lords, this time. If it does not then it will be the duty of Englishmen to know the reason why. God knows you hev borne up bravely. Try it a bit longer."

"Squire," said a big fellow, white with hunger, "Squire, I hev'n't touched food of any kind for forty

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hours. You count hours when you are hungry, squire."

"We're all o' us," said his companion, "faint and clemmed. We hev'n't strength to be men any longer. Look at me! I'm wanting to cry like a bairn."

"I'm ready to fight, squire," added a man standing near by; "I hev a bit o' manhood yet, and I'd fight for my rights, I would that!—if I nobbnd hed a slice or two o' bread."

At the same time a young woman, little more than a child, came tottering forward, and stood at the side of Mistress Annis. She had a little baby in her arms, she did not speak, she only looked in the elder woman's face then cast her eyes down upon the child. It was tugging at an empty breast with little sharp cries of hungry impatience. Then she said, "I hev no milk for him! The lile lad is sucking my blood!" Her voice was weak and trembling, but she had no tears left.

Madam covered her face, she was weeping, and the next moment Katherine emptied her mother's purse into the starving woman's hand. She took it with a great cry, lifting her face to heaven—"Oh God, it is money! Oh God, it is milk and bread!" Then looking at Katherine she said, "Thou hes saved two lives. God sent thee to do it"—and with the words, she found a sudden strength to run with her

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child to a shop across the street, where bread and milk were sold.

"It's little Dinas Sykes," said a man whose voice was weak with hunger. "Eh! but I'm glad, God hes hed mercy on her!" and all watched Dinas running for milk and bread with a grateful sympathy. The squire was profoundly touched, his heart melted within him, and he said to the little company with the voice of a companion, not of a master, "Men, how many of you are present?"

"About forty-four men—and a few half grown lads. They need food worse than men do—they suffer more—poor lile fellows!"

"And you all hev women at home? Wives and daughters?"

"Ay, squire, and mothers, too! Old and gray and hungry—some varry patient, and just dying on their feet, some so weak they are crying like t' childer of two or four years old. My God! Squire, t' men's suffering isn't worth counting, against that of t' women and children."

"Friends, I hev no words to put against your suffering and a ten pound note will be better than all the words I could give you. It will at least get all of you a loaf of bread and a bit of beef and a mug of ale. Who shall I give it to?"

"Ben Shuttleworth," was the unanimous answer, and Ben stepped forward. He was a noble-looking

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old man just a little crippled by long usage of the hand loom. "Squire Annis," he said, "I'll gladly take the gift God hes sent us by thy hands and I'll divide it equally, penny for penny, and may God bless thee and prosper thy journey! We're none of us men used to saying 'thank'ee' to any man but we say it to thee. Yes, we say it to thee."

Kindred scenes occurred in every village and they did not reach Leeds in time for the mail coach they intended to take. The squire was not troubled at the delay. He said, "he hed a bit of his awn business to look after, and he was sure Katherine hed forgotten one or two varry necessary things, that she could buy in Leeds."

Katherine acknowledged that she had forgotten her thimble and her hand glass, and said she had "been worrying about her back hair, which she could not dress without one."

Madam was tired and glad to rest. "But Antony," she said, "Dick will meet this coach and when we do not come by it, he will have wonders and worries about us."

"Not he! Dick knows something about women, and also, I told him we might sleep a night or two at some town on the way, if you were tired."

The next day they began the journey again, half-purposing to stop and rest at some half-way town. The squire said Dick understood them. He would



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be on hand if they loitered a week. And Madam was satisfied; she thought it likely Dick had instructions fitting his father's uncertainty.

Yet though the coach prevented actual contact with the miserable famine sufferers, it could not prevent them witnessing the silent misery sitting on every door step, and looking with such longing eyes for help from God or man. Upon the whole it was a journey to break a pitiful heart, and the squire and his family were glad when the coach drew up with the rattle of wheels and the blowing of the guard's horn at its old stand of Charing Cross.

The magic of London was already around them, and the first face they saw was the handsome beaming face of Dick Annis. He nodded and smiled to his father, who was sitting—where he had sat most of the journey—at the side of the driver. Dick would have liked to help him to the street, but he knew that his father needed no help and would likely be vexed at any offer of it, but Dick's mother and sister came out of the coach in his arms, and the lad kissed them and called them all the fond names he could think of. Noticing at the same time his father's clever descent, he put out his left hand to him, for he had his mother guarded with his right arm. "You did that jump, dad, better than I could have done it. Are you tired?"

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"We are all tired to death, Dick. Hev you a cab here?"

"To be sure, I have! Your rooms at the Clarendon are in order, and there will be a good dinner waiting when you are ready for it."

In something less than an hour they were all ready for a good dinner; their faces had been washed, Katherine's hair smoothed and Madam's cap properly adjusted. The squire was standing on the hearthrug in high spirits. The sight of his son, the touch of the town, the pleasant light and comfort of his surroundings, the prospect of dinner, made him forget for a few minutes the suffering he had passed through, until his son asked,

"And did you have a pleasant journey, father?"

"A journey, Dick, to break a man's heart. It hes turned me from a Tory into a Radical. This government must feed the people or—we will kick them back——"

"Dear father, we will talk of that subject by ourselves. It isn't fit for two tired women, now is it?"

"Mebbe not; but I hev seen and I hev heard these last two or three days, Dick, what I can niver forget. Things hev got to be altered. They hev that, or——"

"We will talk that over after mother and Kitty have gone to sleep. We won't worry them to-night. I have ordered mother's favorite Cabinet pudding

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for her, and some raspberry cream for Kitty. It wouldn't be right to talk of unhappy things with good things in our mouths, now would it?"

"They are coming. I can hear Kitty's laugh, when I can hear nothing else. Ring the bell, Dick, we can hev dinner now."

There were a few pleasant moments spent in choosing their seats, and as soon as they were taken, a dish of those small delicious oysters for which England has been famous since the days of the Roman Emperors were placed before them. "I had some scalloped for mother and Kitty," Dick said. "Men can eat them raw, alive if they choose, but women—Oh no! It isn't womanlike! Mother and Kitty wouldn't do it! Not they!"

"And what else hes ta got for us, Dick?" asked the squire. "I'm mortal hungry."

The last word shocked him anew. He wished he had not said it. What made him do it? Hungry! He had never been really hungry in all his life; and those pallid men and women, with that look of suffering on their faces, and in their dry, anxious eyes, how could he ever forget them?

He was suddenly silent, and Katherine said: "Father is tired. He would drive so much. I wonder the coachman let him."

"Father paid for the privilege of doing the driver's work for him. I have no doubt of that, my

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dears," said Madam. "Well, Dick, when did you see Jane?"

"Do you not observe, mother, that I am in evening dress? Jane has a dance and supper to-night. Members from the government side will be dropping in there after midnight, for refreshment. Both Houses are in all-night sittings now."

"How does Leyland vote?"

"He is tremendously royal and loyal. You will have to mind your p's and q's with him now, father."

"Not I! I take my awn way. Leyland's way and mine are far apart. How is your Aunt Josepha?"

"She is all right. She is never anything else but all right. Certainly she is vexed that Katherine is not to stay with her. Jane has been making a little brag about it, I suppose."

"Katherine could stay part of the time with her," said the squire.

"She had better be with Jane. Aunt will ask O'Connell to her dinners, and others whom Katherine would not like."

"Why does she do it? She knows better."

"I suspect we all know better than we do. She says, 'O'Connell keeps the dinner table lively.' So he does. The men quarrel all the time they eat and the women really admire them for it. They say '*Oh!*' at a very strong word, but they would love to



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see them really fighting. Women affect tenderness and fearfulness; they are actually cruel creatures. Aunt says, 'that was what her dear departed told her, and she had no doubt he had had experiences.' Jane sent her love to all of you, and she purposes coming for Katherine about two o'clock to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Madam, in a rather indifferent way, "Katherine and I can find plenty to do, and to see, in London. Jane told me recently, she had a new carriage."

"One of the finest turn-outs Long Acre could offer her. The team is good also. Leyland is a judge of horses, and he has chosen a new livery with his new honors—gray with silver trimmings. It looks handsome and stylish."

"And will spoil quickly," said Madam. "Jane asked me about the livery, and I told her to avoid light colors."

"Then you should have told her to choose light colors. Jane lives and votes with the opposition."

In pleasant domestic conversation the hours slipped happily away, but after the ladies had retired, Dick did not stay long. The squire was really weary, though he "*pooh-poohed*" the idea. "A drive from Leeds to London, with a rest between, what is that to tire a man?" he asked, adding, "I hev trotted a Norfolk cob the distance easy in less time, and I could do it again, if I wanted to."

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"Of course you could, father. Oh, I wish to ask you if you know anything of the M.P. from Appleby?"

"A little."

"What can you say about him?"

"He made a masterly speech last session, in favor of Peel's ministry. I liked it then. I hev'n't one good word for it now."

"He is a very fine looking man. I suppose he is wealthy. He lives in good style here."

"I know nothing about his money. The De Burgs are a fine family—among the oldest in England—Cumberland, I believe, down Furness way. Why art thou bothering thysen about him?"

"He is one of Jane's favorites. He goes to Leyland's house a deal. I was thinking of Katherine."

"What about Katherine? What about Katherine?" the squire asked sharply.

"You know Katherine is beautiful, and this De Burg is very handsome—in his way."

"What way?"

"Well, the De Burgs are of Norman descent and Stephen De Burg shows it. He has indeed the large, gray eyes of our own North Country, but his hair is black—very black—and his complexion is swarthy. However, he is tall and well-built, and remarkably graceful in speech and action—quite the young man to steal a girl's heart away."

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"Hes he stolen any girl's heart from thee?"

"Not he, indeed! I am Annis enough to keep what I win; but I was wondering if our little Kitty was a match for Stephen De Burg."

"Tha needn't worry thyself about Kitty Annis. I'll warrant her a match for any man. Her mother says she hes a fancy for Harry Bradley, but I——"

"Harry is a fine fellow."

"Nobody said he wasn't a fine fellow, and there is not any need for thee to interrupt thy father in order to tell him that! Harry Bradley, indeed! I wouldn't spoil any plan of De Burg's to please or help Harry Bradley! Not I! Now I hope tha understands that! To-morrow thou can tell me about thy last goddess, and if she be worthy to sit after thy mother in Annis Court, I'll help thee to get wedded to her gladly. For I'm getting anxious, Dick, about my grandsons and their sisters. I'd like to see them that are to come after me."

Then Dick went away with a laugh, but as the father and son stood a moment hand-clasped, their resemblance was fitting and beautiful; and no one noticing this fact could wonder at the Englishman's intense affection and anxious care for the preservation of his family type.

The squire then put out the candles and covered the fire just as he would have done at Annis and while he did so he pondered what Dick had told him

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and resolved to say nothing at all about it. "Then," he reflected, "I shall get Katherine's real opinions about De Burg. Women are so queer, they won't ever tell you the truth about men unless they believe you don't care what they think:—and I won't tell Annie either. Annie would take to warning and watching, and, for anything I know, advising her to be faithful and true to her first love. Such simplicity! Such nonsense!"

Then he went to his room and found Mistress Annis sitting with her feet on the fender, sipping a glass of wine negus, and as she dipped her little strips of dry toast into it, she said, "I am so glad to see thee, Antony. I am too excited to sleep and I wanted a few words with thee and thee only. For three days I hev missed our quiet talks with each other. I heard Dick laughing; what about?"

"I told him I was getting varry anxious about my grandsons, eh?"

Then both laughed and the squire stooped and kissed his wife and in that moment he sat down by her side and frankly told her all he had heard about De Burg. They talked about it for half-an-hour and then the squire went calmly off to sleep without one qualm of conscience for his broken resolution. In fact he assured himself that "he had done right. Katherine's mother was Katherine's proper guardian and he was only doing his duty in giving her



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points that might help her to do her duty." That reflection was a comfortable one on which to sleep and he took all the rest it gave him.

Madam lay awake worrying about Katherine's wardrobe. After hearing of her sister's growing social importance she felt that it should have been attended to before they left Yorkshire. For in those days there were no such things as ready-made suits, and any dress or costume lacking had to be selected from the web, the goods bought, the dress-maker interviewed, and after several other visits for the purpose of "trying-on" the gown might be ready for use. These things troubled Madam. Katherine felt more confidence in her present belongings. "I have half a dozen white frocks with me, mother," she said, "and nothing could be prettier or richer than my two Dacca muslins. The goods are fine as spider webs, the embroidery on them is nearly priceless, and they are becoming every year more and more scarce. I have different colored silk skirts to wear under them, and sashes and beads, and bows, with which to adorn them."

There was a little happy pause, then Katherine said, "Let us go and see Aunt Josepha. I have not seen her for six years. I was counting the time as I lay in bed this morning. I was about twelve years old."

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"That is a good idea. We can shop better after we hev hed a talk with her."

"There, mother! You had two Yorkshireisms in that sentence. Father would laugh at you."

"Niver mind, when my heart talks, my tongue talks as my heart does, and Yorkshire is my heart's native tongue. When I talk to thee my tongue easily slips into Yorkshire."

Then a carriage was summoned, and Madam Annis and her daughter went to call on Madam Josepha Temple. They had to ride into the city and through St. James Park to a once very fashionable little street leading from the park to the river. Madam Temple could have put a fortune in her pocket for a strip of this land bordering the river, but no money could induce her to sell it. Even the city's offer had been refused.

"Had not Admiral Temple," she asked, "found land enough for England, and fought for land enough for England, for his widow to be allowed to keep in peace the strip of land at the foot of the garden he planted and where he had also erected a Watergate so beautiful that it had become one of the sights of London?" And her claim had been politely allowed and she had been assured that it would be respected.

The house itself was not remarkable outwardly. It was only one of those square brick mansions in-

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troduced in the Georgian era, full of large square rooms and wide corridors and, in Madam Temple's case, of numerous cupboards and closets; for in her directions to the Admiral she had said with emphasis:

"Admiral, you may as well live in a canvas tent without a convenience of any kind as in a house without closets for your dresses and mantuas; and cupboards for your china and other things you must have under lock and key:" and the Admiral had seen to the closet and cupboard subject with such strict attention that even his widow sometimes grew testy over their number.

Whatever faults the house might have, the furnishing had been done with great judgment. It was solid and magnificent and only the best tapestries and carpets found a place there. To Madam Temple had been left the choice of silver, china, linen and damask, and the wisdom and good taste of her selection had a kind of official approbation. Artists and silversmiths asked her to permit them to copy the shapes of her old silver and she possessed many pieces of Wedgwood's finest china of which only a very small number had been made ere the mold was broken.

After the house was finished the Admiral lived but five years and Madam never allowed anything to be changed or renewed. If told that anything

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was fading or wearing, she replied—"I am fading also, just wearing away. They will last my time." However the house yet had an air of comfortable antique grandeur and it was a favorite place of resort to all who had had the good fortune to win the favor of the Admiral's widow.

As they were nearing the Temple house, Madam said: "The old man who opens the door was the Admiral's body servant. He has great influence with your aunt; speak pleasantly to him." At these words the carriage stopped and the old man of whom Madam had spoken threw open the door and stood waiting their approach. He recognized Madam Annis and said with a pleasant respect—"Madam will take the right-hand parlor," but ere Madam could do so, Mistress Temple appeared. She came hastily forward, talking as she came and full of pleasure at the visit.

"You dear ones!" she cried. "How welcome you are! Where is Antony? Why didn't he come with you? How is he going to vote? Take off your cloaks and bonnets. So this is the little girl I left behind me! You are now a young lady, Kate. Who is the favored sweetheart?" These interjectory remarks were not twaddle, they were the overflow of the heart. Josepha Temple meant everything she said.

Physically she was a feminine portrait of her



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brother, but in all other respects she was herself, and only herself, the result of this world's training on one particular soul, for who can tell how many hundred years? She had brought from her last life most of her feelings and convictions and probably they had the strength and persistence of many reincarnations behind them. Later generations than Josepha do not produce such characters; alas! their affections for anyone and their beliefs in anything are too weak to reincarnate; so they do not come back from the grave with them. Josepha was different. Death had had no power over her higher self, she was the same passionate lover of Protestantism and the righteous freedom of the people that she had been in Cromwell's time; and she declared that she had loved her husband ever since he had fought with Drake and been Cromwell's greatest naval officer.

She was near sixty but still a very handsome woman, for she was alive from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet and disease of any kind had not yet found a corner in her body to assail. Her hair was untouched by Time, and the widow's cap—so disfiguring to any woman—she wore with an air that made it appear a very proper and becoming head covering. Her gowns were always black merino or cloth in the morning, silk or satin or velvet in the afternoon; but they were brightened

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by deep cuffs and long stomachers of white linen, or rich lace, and the skirts of all, though quite plain, were of regal length and amplitude.

"Off with your bonnets!" she cried joyfully as she kissed Katherine and began to untie the elaborate bow of pink satin ribbon under her chin. "Why, Kate, how lovely you have grown! I thought you would be just an ordinary Yorkshire girl—I find you extraordinary. Upon my word! You are a beauty!"

"Thank you, aunt. Mother never told me so."

"Annie, do you hear Kate?"

"I thought it wiser not to tell her such things."

"What trumpery nonsense! Do you say to your roses as they bloom, 'Do not imagine, Miss Rose, that you are lovely, and have a fine perfume. You are well enough and your smell isn't half-bad, but there are roses far handsomer and sweeter than you are'?"

"In their own way, Josepha, all roses are perfect."

"In their own way, Annie, all women are perfect. Have you had your breakfast?"

"An hour ago."

"Then let us talk. Where is Antony? What is he doing?"

"He is doing well. I think he went to see Lord John Russell."

"What can he have to say to Russell? He hasn't sense enough to be on Russell's side. Russell is an

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A. D. 1832 man, Antony dates back two or three hundred years."

"He does nothing of that kind. He has been wearing a pair o' seven leagued boots the past two weeks. Antony's now as far forward as Russell, or Grey, or any other noncontent. They'll find that out as soon as he opens his mouth in The House of Commons."

"We call it 't' Lower House' here, Annie."

"I don't see why. As good men are in it as sit in t' Upper House or any ither place."

"It may be because they speak better English there than thou art speaking right now, Annie."

Then Annie laughed. "I had forgot, Josepha," she said, "forgive me."

"Nay, there's nothing to forgive, Annie. I can talk Yorkshire as well as iver I did, if I want to. After all, it's the best and purest English going and if you want your awn way or to get your rights, or to make your servants do as they're told, a mouthful of Yorkshire will do it—or nothing will. And I was telling Dick only the other day, to try a bit o' Yorkshire on a little lass he is varry bad in love with—just at present."

Katherine had been standing at her aunt's embroidery frame admiring its exquisite work but as soon as she heard this remark, she came quickly to the fireside where the elder ladies had sat down to-

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gether. They had lifted the skirts of their dresses across their knees to prevent the fire from drawing the color and put their feet comfortably on the shining fender and Katherine did not find them indisposed to talk.

"Who is it, aunt?" she asked with some excitement. "What is her name? Is she Yorkshire?"

"Nay, I doan't think she hes any claim on Yorkshire. I think she comes Westmoreland way. She is a sister to a member of the Lower House called De Burg. He's a handsome lad to look at. I hev'n't hed time yet to go further."

"Have you seen this little girl, aunt?"

"Yes. She was here once with her brother. He says she has never been much from home before, and Dick says, that as far as he can make out, her home is a gray old castle among the bleak, desolate, Westmoreland Mountains. It might be a kindness for Katherine to go and see her."

"If you will go with me, aunt, I will do so."

"Not I. Take Dick with thee. He will fill the bill all round."

"Well, then, I will ask Dick;" and to these words the squire entered.

He appeared to be a little offended because no one had seen him coming and all three women assumed an air of contrition for having neglected to be on the lookout for him. "We were all so interested



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about Dick's new sweetheart," said Madam Annis, "and somehow, thou slipped out of mind for a few minutes. It *was* thoughtless, Antony, it was that."

"Have you had a good meal lately, Antony?" asked his sister.

"No, Josepha, I hev'n't. I came to ask thee to give me a bit of lunch. I hev an appointment at three o'clock for The House and I shall need a good substantial bite, for there's no saying when I'll get away from there. What can thou give me?"

"Oysters, hare soup, roast beef, and a custard pudding."

"All good enough. I suppose there'll be a Yorkshire pudding with thy beef; it would seem queer and half-done without it."

"Well, Antony, I suppose I do know how to roast beef before t' fire and put a pudding under it. I'd be badly educated, if I didn't."

"If Yorkshire pudding is to be the test, Josepha, then thou art one of the best educated women in England."

"Father, Dick's new love is Miss De Burg. What do you think of that?"

"He might do worse than marry a De Burg, and he might do better. I'm not in a mood to talk about anyone's marriage."

"Not even of mine, father?"

"Thine, least of all. And thou hes to get a de-

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cent lover before thou hes to ask me if he can be thy husband."

"I hev a very good lover, father."

"No, thou hes not. Not one that can hev a welcome in my family and home. Not one! No doubt thou wilt hev plenty before we leave London. Get thy mother to help thee choose the right one. *There now!* That's enough of such foolishness! My varry soul is full of matters of life or death to England. I hev not one thought for lovers and husbands at this time. Why, England is varry near rebellion, and I tell you three women there is no Oliver Cromwell living now to guide her over the bogs of misgovernment and anarchy. Russell said this morning, 'it was the Reform Bill or Revolution.'"

Then lunch was brought in and the subject was dropped until the squire lit his pipe for "a bit of a smoke." Katherine was, however, restless and anxious; she was watching for her sister's arrival and when the squire heard of the intended visit, he said:

"I doan't want to see Jane this afternoon. Tell her I'll see her at her home this evening and, Josepha, I'll smoke my pipe down the garden to the Watergate and take a boat there for Westminster. Then I can smoke all the way. I'm sure I can't tell what I would do without it."

And as they watched him down to the Watergate, they heard Jane's carriage stop at the street entrance.

## CHAPTER V

### THE DISORDER CALLED LOVE

"She was good as she was fair  
None on earth above her!  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her!"

THE three ladies had reached the open door in time to watch Lady Jane leave her carriage, a movement not easy to describe, for it was the result of an action practiced from early childhood, and combining with the unconscious grace and ease of habitual action, a certain decisive touch of personality, that made for distinction. She was dressed in the visiting costume of the period, a not more ungraceful one than the fashion of the present time. Its material was rich violet poplin and it appeared to be worn over a small hoop. It was long enough to touch the buckles on her sandaled shoes and its belt line was in the proper place. The bodice was cut low to the shoulders and the sleeves were large and full to the elbows, then tight to the wrists. A little cape not falling below the belt and handsomely trimmed with ermine, completed the

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costume. The bonnets of that time were large and very high and open, adorned with ostrich feathers much curled and standing fancifully upright. Jane's was of this shape and the open space across the head was filled with artificial flowers, but at the sides were loose, long curls of her own splendid hair, falling below her throat, and over the ermine trimmed cape. This bonnet was tied under the chin with a handsome bow of violet ribbon. All the smaller items of her dress were perfect in their way, not only with the mode, but also in strict propriety with her general appearance.

She was warmly welcomed and responded to it with hearty acquiescence, her attitude towards Katherine being specially lovely and affectionate. "My little sister is a beauty!" she said. "I am so proud of her. And now let us have a little talk about her gowns and bonnets! She must have some pretty ones, mother."

"She shall have all that is needful, Jane," said Mrs. Annis. "Their cost will not break her father, just yet."

"You must ask me to go with you to shop, mother. I think I can be of great use."

"Of course. We have calculated on your help. Will you come to the hotel for me?"

"Here! Hold on a bit!" cried Aunt Josepha. "Am I invited, or not?"



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"Certainly, Josepha," answered Mistress Annis very promptly. "We cannot do without you. You will go with us, of course."

"Well, as to-morrow is neither Wednesday, nor Friday, I may do so—but I leave myself free. I may not go."

"Why would Wednesday and Friday be objectionable, Josepha?"

"Well, Annie, if thou hed done as much business with the world as I hev done, thou'd know by this time of thy life that thou couldn't make a good bargain on either o' them days. There's some hope on a Friday because if Friday isn't the worst day in the week it's the very best. There is no perhaps about Wednesday. I allays let things bide as they are on Wednesday."

"Shall I come here for you, aunt?"

"No, no, Jane. If I go with you I will be at the Clarendon with Annie at half-past nine. If I'm not there at that time I will not be going—no, not for love or money."

"But you will go the next day—sure?"

"Not a bit of sureness in me. I doan't know how I'll be feeling the next day. Take off your bonnet and cape, Jane, and sit down. I want to see how you look. We'll hev our little talk and by and by a cup of tea, and then thou can run away as soon as tha likes."

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"I cannot stay very long. I have a dinner to-night, and my servants need overlooking."

"I hope that cynical De Burg is not going to eat with you. He'll niver break bread at my table."

"Why, aunt, he is a man of the highest culture and one of the best speakers in The House!"

"Let him talk as much as he likes in t' House; there's a few men to match him there."

"How has he offended you, aunt? He is quite a favorite with Leyland and myself."

"Whatever does tha see in his favor?"

"He has such a fine bearing and such graceful manners. Leyland says that in the most excited hubbubs of The House, he carries himself with all the serenity and aristocratic poise of an English gentleman—I should say, nobleman."

"There's no wonder tha forgets his nobility. It only counts to his grandfather. I'll tell thee something, Jane—a gentleman is allays a nobleman, a nobleman may be a gentleman, and he may be varry far from it; but there, now! I'll say no more, or I'll mebbe say too much! How many dresses does our beauty want?"

This question opened a discussion of such interest that a servant entered with the tea service and hot crumpets before they were thinking of the time; and half an hour afterwards Katherine was ready to accompany her sister to the Leyland home.

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During the first two weeks, the early part of Katherine's days were spent either in shopping, or in "trying on," and such events rarely need more than an allusion. Every woman has some, or all of the experiences incident to this trial; but though they may be of personal importance, they have no general interest. We may pass Katherine's dressmaking trials, by knowing that they were in the hands of four or five women capable of arranging them in the most satisfactory manner. Katherine herself left them as early as possible, and spent the most of her time in her father's company, and Lady Jane approved transiently of this arrangement. She did not wish Katherine to be seen and talked about until she was formally introduced and could make a proper grand entry into the society she wished her to enter. Of course there were suppositions floating about concerning the young lady seen so much with Lady Leyland; but as long as the talk remained indefinite, it was stimulating and working for a successful début.

This interval was in many ways very pleasant to Katherine for the squire took her to all those sights of London which people are expected to know all about—the Tower—the British Museum—St. Paul's Church and Westminster Abbey; and so forth. Sometimes the squire met an old acquaintance from his own neighborhood and they went somewhere and

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had a cup of tea together, the squire simply saying, "This is my little girl, Denby; my youngest." Such an introduction demanded nothing but a smile and a few courteous words, and these civilities Katherine managed with retiring modesty and simplicity.

Now, one morning, as they were walking down High Holborn, they met a near neighbor, a very shrewd, cheerful gentleman, called Samuel Wade, the squire of Everdeen. Annis and Katherine had turned into a pretty white dairy for a plate of Devonshire cream and Samuel Wade was slowly and thoughtfully partaking of the same dainty.

"Hello, Wade! Whatever hes brought thee away from thy hounds and kennels this fine spring weather?" asked Annis.

"I will tell thee, Annis, if tha' will give me a half-hour and I know no man I could be so glad to see as thysen. I'm in a quandary, squire, and I would be glad of a word or two with thee."

"Why, then, thou hes it! What does t'a want to say to me?"

"*Why-a*, Annis, I want to tell thee I am building a mill."

"*Niver! Niver!* Thee building a mill! I niver thought of such a to-do as that."

"Nor I, either, till I was forced to do it, but when that hour arrived, my weavers and I came to the conclusion that we weren't bound to starve to save



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anybody's trade feelings. So I agreed to put up a factory and they hev got work here and there just to learn the ways of this new-fangled loom, so that when I hev t' factory ready they'll be ready for it and glad enough to come home."

"I'm not the man to blame thee, Samuel; I hev hed some such thoughts mysen."

"It was our preacher that put it into my mind. He said to us one night when the men had been complaining of machine labor—'Brothers, when God is on the side of civilization and the power-loom, how are you going to use the hand loom? The hand loom is dead and buried,' he said, 'and what is the use of keeping up a constant burying of this same old Defuncter. It'll cost you all the brass you hev and you'll die poor and good for nothing. The world is moving and you can't hold it back. It will just kick you off as cumberers of the ground.' And after that talk three men went out of t' chapel and began to build factories; and I was one of t' three and I'm none sorry for it—*yet*."

"And where is tha building?"

"Down t' Otley road a few miles from my awn house, but my three lads are good riders and it would be hard to beat me unless it was with better stock than I hev; and I niver let anyone best me in that way if I can help it. So the few miles does not bother us."

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"What made you build so far from Wade House?"

"*Why-a*, squire, I didn't want to hev the sight of the blamed thing before my eyes, morning, noon and night, and t' land I bought was varry cheap and hed plenty of water-power on it."

"To be sure. I hed forgot. Well then what brought thee to London? It is a rayther dangerous place now, I can tell thee that; or it will be, if Parliament doesn't heed the warnings given and shown."

"Well, Annis, I came on my awn business and I'm not thinking of bothering Parliament at present. A factory is enough for all the brains I hev, for tha knows well that my brains run after horses—but I'll tell thee what, factories hev a wonderful way of getting into your pocket."

"That is nothing out of the way with thee. Thy pocket is too full, but I should think a factory might be built in Yorkshire without coming to London about it."

"Annis, tha knows that if I meddle wi' anything, I'll do what I do, tip-top or not at all. I hed the best of factory architects Leeds could give me and I hev ordered the best of power looms and of ivery other bit of machinery; but t' ither day a man from Manchester went through Wade Mill and he asked me how many Jacquard looms I was going to run. I hed niver heard of that kind of a loom, but I felt

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I must hev some. Varry soon I found out that none of the weavers round Otley way knew anything about Jacquard looms and they didn't seem to want to know either, but my eldest lad, Sam, said he would like to hev some and to know all about them. So I made good inquiry and I found out the best of all the Jacquard weavers in England lived in a bit of London called Spitalfields. He is a Frenchman, I suppose, for his name is Pierre Delaney."

"And did you send your son to him?"

"I did that and now Sam knows all about Jacquard looms, for he sent me word he was coming home after a week in London just to look about him and then I thought I would like to see the machine at work and get the name of the best maker of it. So I came at once and I'm stopping at the hotel where t' mail coach stopped, but I'm fairly bewildered. Sam has left his stopping place and I rayther think is on his way home. I was varry glad to see thy face among so many strange ones. I can tell thee that!"

"How can I help thee, Wade?"

"Why, thou can go with me to see this Jacquard loom and give me thy opinion."

"I hev niver seen a Jacquard loom mysen and I would like to see one; but I could not go now, for as tha sees I hev my little lass with me."

"Father, I want to see this loom at this place

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called Spitalfields. Let me go with you. Please, father, let me go with you; do!"

"There's nothing to hinder," said Squire Wade. "I should think, Annis, that thou and mysen could take care of t' little lass."

"Let me go, father!"

"Well, then, we will go at once. The day is yet early and bright, but no one can tell what it will be in an hour or two."

So Wade called a coach and they drove to London's famous manufacturing district noted for the excellence of its brocaded silks and velvet, and the beauty and variety of its ribbons, satins and lute-strings. The ride there was full of interest to Katherine and she needed no explanation concerning the groups of silent men standing at street corners sullen and desperate-looking, or else listening to some passionate speaker. Annis and Wade looked at each other and slightly shook their heads but did not make any remark. The locality was not a pleasant one; it spoke only of labor that was too urgent to have time for "dressing up," as Pierre Delaney—the man they were visiting—explained to them.

They found Delaney in his weaving shop, a large many-windowed room full of strange looking looms and of men silent and intensely pre-occupied. No one looked round when they entered, and as Wade and Annis talked to the proprietor, Katherine



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cast her eyes curiously over the room. She saw that it was full of looms, large ponderous looms, with much slower and heavier movements than the usual one; and she could not help feeling that the long, dangling, yellow harness which hung about each loom fettered and in some way impeded its motion. The faces of all the workers were turned from the door and they appeared to be working slowly and with such strict attention that not one man hesitated, or looked round, though they must have known that strangers had entered the room.

In a few minutes Katherine's curiosity was intense. She wanted to go close to the looms, and watch the men at what seemed to be difficult work. However, she had scarcely felt the thrill of this strong desire ere her father took her hand and they went with Delaney to a loom at the head of the room. He said "he was going to show them the work of one of his pupils, who had great abilities for patterns requiring unwavering attention and great patience; but in fact," he added, "every weaver in this room has as much as he can manage, if he keeps his loom going."

The man whose work they were going to examine must have heard them approaching, but he made no sign of such intelligence until they stood at his side. Then he lifted his head, and as he did so, Katherine cried out—"Father! Father! It is

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Harry! It is Harry Bradley! Oh Harry! Harry! Whatever are you doing here?" And then her voice broke down in a cry that was full both of laughter and tears.

Yes, it was really Harry Bradley, and with a wondering happy look he leaped from his seat, threw off his cap and so in a laughing hurry he stood before them. Squire Annis was so amazed he forgot that he was no longer friends with Harry's father and he gave an honest expression of his surprise.

"*Why-a*, Harry! Harry! Whativer is tha up to? Does thy father know the kind of game thou art playing now, lad?"

"Squire, dear! It is business, not play, that I am up to. I am happy beyond words to see you, squire! I have often walked the road you take to The House, hoping I might do so." And the young man put out his hand, and without thinking, the squire took it. Acting on impulse, he could not help taking it. Harry was too charming, too delightful to resist. He wore his working apron without any consciousness of it and his handsome face and joyful voice and manner made those few moments all his own. The squire was taken captive by a happy surprise and eagerly seconded Katherine's desire to see him at such absorbing work as his loom appeared to require.

Harry took his seat again without parleying or

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excuse. He was laughing as he did so, but as soon as he faced the wonderful design before him, he appeared to be unconscious of everything else. His watchers were quickly lost in an all absorbing interest as they saw an exquisite design of leaves and flowers growing with every motion of the shuttle, while the different threads of the harness rose and fell as if to some perfectly measured tune.

And as he worked his face changed, the boyish, laughing expression disappeared, and it was a man's face full of watchful purpose, alert and carefully bent on one object and one end. The squire noticed the change and he admired it. He wished secretly that he could see the same manly look on Dick's face, forgetting that he had never seen Dick under the same mental strain.

But this reflection was only a thread running through his immense pleasure in the result of Harry's wonderful manipulation of the forces at his command and his first impulse was to ask Harry to take dinner with him and Wade, at the Clarendon. He checked himself as regarded dinner, but he asked Harry:

"Where art thou staying, Harry? I shouldn't think Spitalfields quite the place for thy health."

"I am only here for working hours, squire. I have a good room at the Yorkshire Club and I have

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a room when I want it at Mistress Temple's. I often stay there when Dick is in London."

"My word!" ejaculated the squire. He felt at once that the young man had no need of his kindness, and his interest in him received a sudden chill.

This conversation occurred as Wade and Delaney were walking down the room together talking about Jacquard looms and their best maker. Katherine had been hitherto silent as far as words were concerned, but she had slipped her hand into Harry's hand when he had finished his exhibition at the loom. It was her way of praising him and Harry had held the little hand fast and was still doing so when the squire said:

"Harry, looms are wonderful creatures—ay, and I'll call them 'creatures.' They hev sense or they know how to use the sense of men that handle them properly. I hev seen plenty of farm laborers that didn't know that much; but those patterns you worked from, they are beyond my making out."

"Well, squire, many designs are very elaborate, requiring from twenty thousand to sixty thousand cards for a single design. Weaving like that is a fine art, I think."

"Thou art right. Is tha going to stay here any longer to-day or will tha ride back with us?"

"Oh, sir, if I only might go back with you! In five minutes, I will be ready."



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The squire turned hastily away with three short words, "Make haste, then." He was put out by the manner in which Harry had taken his civil offer. He had only meant to give him a lift back to his club but Harry appeared to have understood it as an invitation to dinner. He was wondering how he could get out of the dilemma and so did not notice that Harry kissed Katherine's hand as he turned away. Harry had found few opportunities to address her, none at all for private speech, yet both Katherine and Harry were satisfied. For every pair of lovers have a code of their own and no one else has the key to it.

In a short time Harry reappeared in a very dudsish walking suit, but Wade and Delaney were not ready to separate and the squire was hard set to hide his irritability. Harry also looked too happy, and too handsome, for the gentlemen's dress of A. D. 1833 was manly and becoming, with its high hat, pointed white vest, frock coat, and long thin cane, always carried in the left hand. However, conversation even about money comes to an end and at length Wade was satisfied, and they turned city-ward in order to leave Wade at his hotel. On arriving there, Annis was again detained by Wade's anxieties and fears, but Harry had a five minutes' heavenly interlude. He was holding Katherine's hand and looking into her eyes and saying little tender, foolish

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words, which had no more meaning than a baby's prattle, but Katherine's heart was their interpreter and every syllable was sweet as the dropping of the honey-comb.

Through all this broken conversation, however, Harry was wondering how he could manage to leave the coach with Katherine. If he could only see Lady Jane, he knew she would ask him to remain, but how was he to see Lady Jane and what excuse could he make for asking to see her? It never struck the young man that the squire was desirous to get rid of him. He was only conscious of the fact that he did not particularly desire an evening with Katherine's father and mother and that he did wish very ardently to spend an evening with Katherine and Lady Jane; and the coach went so quick, and his thoughts were all in confusion, and they were at the Leyland mansion before he had decided what to say, or do. Then the affair that seemed so difficult, straightened itself out in a perfectly natural, commonplace manner. For when Katherine rose, as a matter of course, Harry also rose; and without effort, or consideration, said—

"I will make way for you, squire, or if you wish no further delay, I will see Katherine into Lady Leyland's care."

"I shall be obliged to you, Harry, if you will do so," was the answer. "I am a bit tired and a bit

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late, and Mistress Annis will be worrying hersen about me, no doubt. I was just thinking of asking you to do me this favor." Then the squire left a message for his eldest daughter and drove rapidly away, but if he had turned his head for a moment he might have seen how happily the lovers were slowly climbing the white marble steps leading them to Lady Leyland's door. Hand in hand they went, laughing a little as they talked, because Harry was telling Katherine how he had been racking his brains for some excuse to leave the coach with her and how the very words had come at the moment they were wanted.

At the very same time the squire was telling himself "how cleverly he had got rid of the young fellow. He would hev bothered Annie above a bit," he reflected, "and it was a varry thoughtless thing for me to do—asking a man to dinner, when I know so well that Annie likes me best when I am all by mysen. Well, I got out of that silly affair cleverly. It is a good thing to hev a faculty for readiness and I'm glad to say that readiness is one thing that Annie thinks Antony Annis hes on call. Well, well, the lad was glad to leave me and I was enough pleased to get rid of him." And if any good fellow should read this last paragraph he will not require me to tell him how the little incident of "getting rid of Harry" brightened the squire's dinner, nor how

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sweetly Annie told her husband that he was "the kindest-hearted of men and could do a disagreeable thing in such an agreeable manner, as no other man, she had ever met, would think of."

Then he told Annie about the Jacquard loom and Harry's mastery of it, and when this subject was worn out, Annie told her husband that Jane was going to introduce Katherine to London society on the following Tuesday evening. She wanted to make it Wednesday evening, but "Josepha would not hear of it"—she said, with an air of injury, "and Josepha always gets what she desires."

"Why shouldn't Josepha get all she desires? When a woman hes a million pounds to give away beside property worth a fortune the world hes no more to give her but her awn way. I should think Josepha is one of the richest women in England."

"However did the Admiral get so much money?"

"All prize money, Annie. Good, honest, prize money! The Admiral's money was the price of his courage. He threshed England's enemies for every pound of it; and when we were fighting Spain, Spanish galleons, loaded with Brazilian gold, were varry good paymasters even though Temple was both just and generous to his crews."

"No wonder then, if Josepha be one of the richest women in England. Who is the richest man, Antony?"



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"I am, Annie! I am! Thou art my wife and there is not gold enough in England to measure thy worth nor yet to have made me happy if I had missed thee." What else could a wise and loving husband say?

In the meantime Katherine and Harry had been gladly received by Lady Jane, who at once asked Harry to stay and dine with them.

"What about my street suit?" asked Harry.

"We have a family dinner this evening and expect no one to join us. De Burg may probably call and he may bring his sister with him. However, Harry, you know your old room on the third floor. I will send Leyland's valet there and he will manage to make you presentable."

These instructions Harry readily obeyed, and soon as he had left the room Lady Jane asked—"Where did you pick him up, Kitty? He is quite a detrimental in father's opinion, you know."

"I picked him up in a weaving room in the locality called Spitalfields. He was working there on a Jacquard loom."

"What nonsense you are talking!"

"I am telling you facts, Jane. I will explain them later. Now I must go and dress for dinner, if you are expecting the De Burgs."

"They will only pay an evening call, but make yourself as pretty as is proper for the occasion. If

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De Burg does not bring his sister you will not be expected to converse."

"Oh, Jane dear! I am not thinking, or caring, about the De Burgs. My mind was on Harry and of course I shall dress a little for Harry. I have always done that."

"You will take your own way, Kitty, that also you have always done."

"Well, then, is there any reason why I should not take my own way now?"

She asked this question in a pleasant, laughing manner that required no answer; and with it disappeared not returning to the parlor, until the dinner hour was imminent. She found Harry and Lady Jane already there, and she fancied they were talking rather seriously. In fact, Harry had eagerly seized this opportunity to try and enlist Jane's sympathy in his love for Katherine. He had passionately urged their long devotion to each other and entreated her to give him some opportunities to retain his hold on her affection.

Jane had in no way compromised her own position. She was kind-hearted and she had an old liking for Harry, but she was ambitious, and she was resolved that Katherine should make an undeniably good alliance. De Burg was not equal to her expectations but she judged he would be a good auxiliary to them. "My beautiful sister," she thought, "must

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have a splendid following of lovers and De Burg will make a prominent member of it."

So she was not sorry to see Katherine enter in a pretty, simple frock of flowered silk, pale blue in color, and further softened by a good deal of Valenciennes lace and a belt and long sash of white ribbon. Her hair was dressed in the mode, lifted high and loosely, and confined by an exquisite comb of carved ivory; the frontal curls were pushed behind the ears, but fell in bright luxuriance almost to her belt. So fair was she, so fresh and sweet and lovely, that Leyland—who was both sentimental and poetic, within practical limits—thought instantly of Ben Jonson's exquisite lines, and applied them to his beautiful sister-in-law:

Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you smelt of the bud of the brier,  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or tasted the bag of the bee,  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

And then he felt a decided obligation to his own good judgment, for inducing him to marry into so handsome a family.

It was a comfortable mood in which to sit down

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to dinner and Harry's presence also added to his pleasure, for it promised him some conversation not altogether feminine. Indeed, though the dinner was a simple family one, it was a very delightful meal. Leyland quoted some of his shortest and finest lines, Lady Jane merrily recalled childish episodes in which Harry and herself played the principal rôles, and Katherine made funny little corrections and additions to her sister's picturesque childish adventures; also, being healthily hungry, she ate a second supply of her favorite pudding and thus made everyone comfortably sure that for all her charm and loveliness, she was yet a creature

Not too bright and good,  
For human nature's daily food.

They lingered long at the happy table and were still laughing and cracking nuts round it when De Burg was announced. He was accompanied by a new member of Parliament from Carlisle and the conversation drifted quickly to politics. De Burg wanted to know if Leyland was going to The House. He thought there would be a late sitting and said there was a tremendous crowd round the parliament buildings, "but," he added, "my friend was amazed at the dead silence which pervaded it, and, indeed, if you compare this voiceless manifestation of popular



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feeling with the passionate turbulence of the same crowd, it is very remarkable."

"And it is much more dangerous," answered Leyland. "The voiceless anger of an English crowd is very like the deathly politeness of the man who brings you a challenge. As soon as they become quiet they are ready for action. We are apt to call them uneducated, but in politics they have been well taught by their leaders who are generally remarkably clever men, and it is said also that one man in seventeen among our weavers can read and perhaps even sign his name."

"That one is too many," replied De Burg. "It makes them dangerous. Yet men like Lord Brougham are always writing and talking about it being our duty to educate them."

"Why, Sir Brougham formed a society for 'The Diffusion of Useful Knowledge' four or five years ago—an entirely new sort of knowledge for working men—knowledge relating to this world, personal and municipal. That is how he actually described his little sixpenny books. Then some Scotchman called Chambers began to publish a cheap magazine. I take it. It is not bad at all—but things like these are going to make literature cheap and common."

"And I heard my own clergyman say that he considered secular teaching of the poor classes to be hostile to Christianity."

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Then Lady Jane remarked—as if to herself—  
“How dangerous to good society the Apostles must  
have been!”

Leyland smiled at his wife and answered, “They  
were. They changed it altogether.”

“The outlook is very bad,” continued De Burg.  
“The tide of democracy is setting in. It will sweep  
us all away and break down every barrier raised by  
civilization. And we may play at Canute, if we like,  
but—” and De Burg shook his head and was silent in  
that hopeless fashion that represents circumstances  
perfectly desperate.

Leyland took De Burg’s prophetic gloom quite  
cheerfully. He had a verse ready for it and he gave  
it with apparent pleasure—

“Yet men will still be ruled by men,  
And talk will have its day,  
And other men will come again  
To chase the rogues away.

That seems to be the way things are ordered, sir.”

After Leyland’s poetic interval, Lady Jane  
glanced at her husband and said: “Let us forget  
politics awhile. If we go to the drawing-room,  
perhaps Miss Annis or Mr. Bradley will give us a  
song.”

Everyone gladly accepted the proposal and fol-  
lowed Lady Jane to the beautiful, light warm room.

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It was so gay with flowers and color, it was so softly lit by wax candles and the glow of the fire, it was so comfortably warmed by the little blaze on the white marble hearth, that the spirits of all experienced a sudden happy uplift. De Burg went at once to the fireside. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "how good is the fire! How cheerful, how homelike! Every day in the year, I have fires in some rooms in the castle."

"Well, De Burg, how is that?"

"You know, Leyland, my home is surrounded by mountains and I may say I am in the clouds most of the time. We are far north from here and I am so much alone I have made a friend of the fire."

"I thought, sir, your mother lived with you."

"I am unhappy in her long and frequent absences. My cousin Agatha cannot bear the climate. She is very delicate and my mother takes her southward for the winters. They are now in the Isle of Wight but they will be in London within a week. For a short time they will remain with me then they return to De Burg Castle until the cold drives them south again."

Lady Jane offered some polite sympathies and De Burg from his vantage ground of the hearth-rug surveyed the room. Its beauty and fitness delighted him and he at once began to consider how the De Burg drawing-room would look if arranged after its fashion. He could not help this method of look-

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ing at whatever was beautiful and appropriate; he had to place the thing, whatever it was, in a position which related itself either to De Burg, or the De Burg possessions. So when he had placed the Leyland drawing-room in the gloomy De Burg Castle, he took into his consideration Katherine Annis as the mistress of it.

Katherine was sitting with Harry near the piano and her sister was standing before her with some music in her hand. "You are now going to sing for us, Katherine," she said, "and you will help Katherine, dear Harry, for you know all her songs."

"No, dear lady, I cannot on any account sing to-night."

No entreaties could alter Harry's determination and it was during this little episode De Burg approached. Hearing the positive refusal, he offered his services with that air of certain satisfaction which insured its acceptance. Then the songs he could sing were to be selected, and this gave him a good opportunity of talking freely with the girl whom he might possibly choose for the wife of a De Burg and the mistress of his ancient castle. He found her sweet and obliging and ready to sing whatever he thought most suitable to the compass and quality of his voice, and as Lord and Lady Leyland assisted in this choice, Harry was left alone; but when the singing began Harry was quickly at Katherine's side,



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making the turning of the music sheets his excuse for interference. It appeared quite proper to De Burg that someone should turn the leaves for him and he acknowledged the courtesy by a bend of his head and afterwards thanked Harry for the civility, saying, "it enabled him to do justice to his own voice and also to the rather difficult singing of the fair songstress." He put himself first, because at the moment he was really feeling that his voice and personality had been the dominating quality in the two songs they sang together.

But though De Burg did his best and the Leylands expressed their pleasure charmingly and Harry bowed and smiled, no one was enthusiastic; and Leyland could not find any quotation to cap the presumed pleasure the music had given them. Then Harry seized the opportunity that came with the rise of Katherine to offer his arm and lead her to their former seat on the sofa leaving De Burg to the society of Leyland and his wife. He had come, however, to the conclusion that Katherine was worthy of further attentions, but he did not make on her young and tender heart any fixed or favorable impression. For this man with all his considerations had not yet learned that the selfish lover never really succeeds; that the woman he attempts to woo just looks at him and then turns to something more interesting.

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After all, the music had not united the small gathering, indeed it had more certainly divided them. Lord Leyland remained at De Burg's side and Lady Jane through some natural inclination joined them. For she had no intention in the matter, it merely pleased her to do it, and it certainly pleased Katherine and Harry that she had left them at liberty to please each other.

Katherine had felt a little hurt by her lover's refusal to sing but he had promised to explain his reason for doing so to Jane and herself when they were alone; and she had accepted this put-off apology in a manner so sweet and confiding that it would have satisfied even De Burg's idea of a wife's subordination to her husband's feelings or caprices.

De Burg did not remain much longer; he made some remark about his duty being now at The House, as it was likely to be a very late sitting but he did not forget in taking leave to speak of Katherine's début on the following Tuesday and to ask Lady Leyland's permission to bring with him his cousin Agatha De Burg if she was fortunate enough to arrive in time; and this permission being readily granted he made what he told himself was a very properly timed and elegant exit. This he really accomplished for he was satisfied with his evening and somehow both his countenance and manners expressed his content.

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Leyland laughed a little about De Burg's sense of duty to The House, and made his usual quotation for the over-zealous—about new brooms sweeping clean—and Lady Jane praised his fine manner, and his correct singing, but Katherine and Harry made no remark. Leyland, however, was not altogether pleased with the self-complacent, faithful member of parliament. "Jane," he asked, "what did the man mean by saying, 'his political honesty must not be found wanting'?"

"Oh, I think, Frederick, that was a very honorable feeling!"

"To be sure, but members of parliament do not usually make their political honesty an excuse for cutting short a social call. I wish our good father Antony Annis had heard him. He would have given him a mouthful of Yorkshire, that he would never have been able to forget. How does the man reckon himself? I believe he thinks he is honoring *us* by his presence. No doubt, he thinks it only fit that you call your social year after him."

"The De Burg Year? Eh, Fred!"

"Yes, the happy year in which you made the De Burg acquaintance. My dear, should that acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?"

Then they all laughed merrily, and Leyland asked: "Why did you refuse to sing, Harry? It was so unlike you that I would not urge your compliance.

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I knew you must have a good reason for the refusal."

"I had the best of reasons, sir, a solemn promise that I made my father. I will tell you all about it. We gave our factory hands a dinner and dance last Christmas and I went with father to give them a Christmas greeting. A large number were already present and were passing the time in singing and story-telling until dinner was served. One of the men asked—'if Master Harry would give them a song,'—and I did so. I thought a comic song would be the most suitable and I sang 'The Yorkshire Man.' I had sung it at the Mill Owners' quarterly dinner, amid shouts of laughter, and I was sure it was just the thing for the present occasion. Certainly, I was not disappointed by its reception. Men and women both went wild over it but I could see that my father was annoyed and displeased, and after I had finished he hardly spoke until the dinner was served. Then he only said grace over the food and wished all a good New Year, and so speedily went away. It wasn't like father a bit, and I was troubled about it. As soon as we were outside, I said, 'Whatever is the matter, father? Who, or what, has vexed you?' And he said, 'Thou, thyself, Harry, has put me out above a bit. I thought thou would hev hed more sense than to sing that fool song among t' weavers. It was bad enough when tha sung it at t' Master dinner but it were a deal



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worse among t' crowd we have just left.' I said I did not understand and he answered—'Well, then, lad, I'll try and make thee understand. It is just this way—if ta iver means to be a man of weight in business circles, if ta iver means to be respected and looked up to, if ta iver thinks of a seat i' parliament, or of wearing a Lord Mayor's gold chain, then don't thee sing a note when there's anybody present but thy awn family. It lets a man down at once to sing outside his awn house. It does that! If ta iver means to stand a bit above the ordinary, or to rule men in any capacity, don't sing to them, or iver try in any way to amuse them. Praise them, or scold them, advise them, or even laugh at them, but don't thee sing to them, or make them laugh. The moment tha does that, they hev the right to laugh at thee, or mimic thee, or criticise thee. Tha then loses for a song the respect due thy family, thy money, or thy real talents. Singing men aren't money men. Mind what I say! It is true as can be, dear lad.'

"That is the way father spoke to me and I promised him I would never sing again except for my family and nearest friends. De Burg was not my friend and I felt at once that if I sang for him I would give him opportunities to say something unpleasant about me."

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Leyland laughed very understandingly. "You have given me a powerful weapon, Harry," he said. "How did you feel when De Burg sang?"

"I felt glad. I thought he looked very silly. I wondered if he had ever practiced before a looking-glass. O Leyland, I felt a great many scornful and unkind things; and I felt above all how right and proper my father's judgment was—that men who condescend to amuse and especially to provoke laughter or buffoonery will never be the men who rule or lead other men. Even more strongly than this, I felt that the social reputation of being a fine singer would add no good thing to my business reputation."

"You are right, Harry. It is not the song singers of England who are building factories and making railroads and who are seeking and finding out new ways to make steam their servant. Your father gave you excellent advice, my own feelings and experience warrant him."

"My father is a wise, brave-hearted man," said Harry proudly, and Katherine clasped his hand in sweet accord, as he said it.

That night Harry occupied his little room on the third floor in Leyland's house and the happy sleeping place was full of dreams of Katherine. He awakened from them as we do from fortunate

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dreams, buoyant with courage and hope, and sure of love's and life's final victory and happiness:

Then it does not seem miles,  
Out to the emerald isles,  
Set in the shining smiles,  
Of Love's blue sea.

Happy are the good sleepers and dreamers! Say that they spend nearly a third part of their lives in sleep, their sleeping hours *are not dead hours*. Their intellects are awake, their unconscious self is busy. In reality we always dream, but many do not remember their dreams any more than they remember the thoughts that have passed through their minds during the day. Real dreams are rare. They come of design. They are never forgotten. They are always helpful because the incompleteness of this life asks for a larger theory than the material needs—

A deep below the deep,  
And a height beyond the height;  
For our hearing is not hearing,  
And our seeing is not sight.

Harry had been wonderfully helped by his dreamful sleep. If he had been at home he would have sung all the time he dressed himself. He remembered that his father often did so but he did not connect that fact with one that was equally evident

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—that his father was a great dreamer. It is so easy to be forgetful and even ungrateful for favors that minister to the spiritual rather than the material side of life.

Yet he went downstairs softly humming to himself some joyous melody, he knew not what it was. Katherine was in the breakfast room and heard him coming, timing his footsteps to the music his heart was almost whispering on his lips. So when he opened the door he saw her standing expectant of his entrance and he uttered an untranslatable cry of joy. She was standing by the breakfast table making coffee and she said, "Good morning, Harry! Jane is not down yet. Shall I serve you until she comes?"

"Darling!" he said, "I shall walk all day in the clouds if you serve me. Nothing could be more delightful."

So it fell out that they breakfasted at once, and Love sat down between them. And all that day, Harry ate, and talked, and walked, and did his daily work to the happy, happy song in his heart—the song he had brought back from the Land of Dreams.



## CHAPTER VI

### FASHION AND FAMINE

"Lord of Light why so much darkness? Bread of Life why so much hunger?"

"The great fight, the long fight, the fight that must be won, without any further delay."

IT is not necessary for me to describe the formal introduction of Katherine to London society. A large number of my readers may have a personal experience of that uncertain step, which Longfellow says, the brook takes into the river, affirming also that it is taken "with reluctant feet"; but Longfellow must be accepted with reservations. Most girls have all the pluck and courage necessary for that leap into the dark and Katherine belonged to this larger class. She felt the constraints of the upper social life. She was ready for the event and wished it over.

The squire also wished it over. He could not help an uneasy regret about the days and the money spent in preparing for its few hours of what seemed to him unnecessary entertaining; not even free from the possibility of being rudely broken up—the illu-

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minated house, the adjoining streets filled with vehicles, the glimpses of jewelry and of rich clothing as the guests left their carriages; the sounds of music—the very odors of cooking from the open windows of the kitchens—the calls of footmen—all the stir of revelry and all the paraphernalia of luxury. How would the hungry, angry, starving men gathering all over London take this spectacle? The squire feared there would be some demonstration and if it should be made against his family's unfeeling extravagance how could he bear it? He knew that Englishmen usually,

Through good and evil stand,  
By the laws of their own land.

But he knew also, that Hunger knows no law, and that men too poor to have where to lay their heads do not have much care regarding the heads of more fortunate men.

Squire Annis was a thoroughly informed man on all historical and political subjects and he knew well that the English people had not been so much in earnest since the time of Oliver Cromwell as they then were; and when he called to remembrance the events between the rejection of the first Reform Bill and its present struggle, he was really amazed that people could think or talk of any other thing. Continually he was arranging in his mind the salient

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points of moral dispute, as he had known them, and it may not be amiss for two or three minutes to follow his thoughts.

They generally went back to the dramatic rejection of the first Reform Bill, on the sixteenth of August, A. D. 1831. Parliament met again on the sixth of December, and on the twelfth of December Lord John Russell brought in a second Reform Bill. It was slightly changed but in all important matters the same as the first Bill. On the eighteenth of December, Parliament adjourned for the Christmas holidays but met again on January the seventeenth, A. D. 1832. This Parliament passed The Bill ready for the House of Lords on March the twenty-sixth, just two days after his own arrival in London. He had made a point of seeing this ceremony, for a very large attendance of peeresses and strangers of mark were expected to be present. He found the space allotted to strangers crowded, but he also found a good standing place and from it saw the Lord Chancellor Brougham take his seat at the Woolsack and the Deputy usher of the Black Rod announce—"A message from the Commons." Then he saw the doors thrown open and Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell, bearing the Reform Bill in their hands, appeared at the head of one hundred members of Parliament, and Russell delivered the Bill to the Lord Chancellor, saying:

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"My Lords, the House of Commons have passed an act to amend the representation of England and Wales to which they desire your Lordship's concurrence."

The great question now was, whether the Lords would concur or not, for if the populace were ready to back their determination with their lives the Lords were in the same temper though they knew well enough that the one stubborn cry of the whole country was "The Bill, The Bill, and nothing but The Bill." They knew also that The House of Commons sympathized with the suffering of the poor and the terrible deeds of the French Revolution were still green in their memories. Yet they dared to argue and dispute and put off the men standing in dangerous patience, waiting, waiting day and night for justice.

During the past week, also, all thoughtful persons had been conscious of a change in these waiting men, a change which Lord Grey told The Commons was "to be regarded as ominous and dangerous." It was, that the crowds everywhere had become portentously silent. They no longer discussed the subject. They had no more to say. They were now full ready to do all their powerful Political Unions threatened. These unions were prepared to march to London and bivouac in its squares. The powerful Birmingham Union declared "two hundred



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thousand men were ready to leave their forges and shops, encamp on Hampstead Heath, and if The Bill did not speedily become a law, compel that event to take place."

At this time also, violent expressions had become common in The House. Members spoke with the utmost freedom about a fighting duke, and a military government, and the Duke of Wellington was said to have pledged himself to the King to quiet the country, if necessary, in ten days. It was also asserted that, at his orders, the Scots Greys had been employed on a previous Sabbath Day in grinding their swords.

"As if," cried the press and the people as with one voice, "as if Englishmen could be kept from their purpose by swords and bayonets."

Throughout this period the King was obstinate and ill-tempered and so ignorant about the character of the people he had been set to govern, as to think their sudden quietness predicted their submission; though Lord Grey had particularly warned the Lords against this false idea. "Truly," he virtually said, "we have not heard for a few days the thrilling outcries of a desperate crowd of angry suffering men but I warn you, my Lords, to take no comfort on that account."

When Englishmen are ready to fight they don't scream about it but their weapons are drawn and

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they are prepared to strike. The great body of Englishmen did not consider these poor, unlettered men were any less English men than themselves. They knew them to be of the same class and kidney, as fought with Cromwell, Drake, and Nelson, and which made Wellington victorious; they knew that neither the men who wielded the big hammers at the forges of Birmingham, nor the men who controlled steam, nor the men that brought up coal from a thousand feet below sight and light, nor yet the men who plowed the ground would hesitate much longer to fight for their rights; for there was not now a man in all England who was not determined to be a recognized citizen of the land he loved and was always ready to fight for.

Sentiments like these could not fall from the lips of such men as Grey and Brougham without having great influence; and in the soul of Antony Annis they were echoing with potent effect, whatever he did, or wherever he went. For he was really a man of fine moral and intellectual nature, who had lived too much in his own easy, simple surroundings, and who had been suddenly and roughly awakened to great public events. And, oh, how quickly they were rubbing the rust from his unused talents and feelings!

He missed his wife's company much at this time, for when he was in The House he could not have it and when he got back to the hotel Annie was seldom

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there. She was with Jane or Josepha, and her interests at this period were completely centered on her daughter Katherine. So Annis, especially during the last week, had felt himself neglected; he could get his wife to talk of nothing but Katherine, and her dress, and the preparations Jane was making to honor the beauty's début.

Yet, just now he wanted above all other comforts his wife's company and on the afternoon of the day before the entertainment was to take place he was determined to have it, even if he had to go to Jane's or Josepha's house to get what he wished. Greatly to his satisfaction he found her in the dressing-room of her hotel apartments. She had been trying on her own new dress for the great occasion and seemed to be much pleased and in very good spirits; but the squire's anxious mood quickly made itself felt and after a few ineffectual trials to raise her husband's spirits, she said, with just a touch of irritability:

"Whatever is the matter with thee, Antony? I suppose it is that wearisome Bill."

"Well, Annie, however wearisome it is we aren't done with it yet, mebbe we hev only begun its quarrel. The whole country is in a bad way and I do wonder how tha can be so taken up with the thoughts of dressing and dancing. I will tell thee one thing,

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I am feared for the sound of music and merry-making in any house."

"I never before knew that Antony Annis was cowardly."

"Don't thee say words like them to me, Annie. I will not hev them. And I think thou hes treated me varry badly indeed iver since we came here. I thought I would allays be sure of thy company and loving help and thou hes disappointed me. Thou hes that. Yet all my worry hes been about thee and Kitty."

"Thou has not shown any care about either of us. Thou has hardly been at thy home here for ten days; and thou has not asked a question about Kitty's plans and dress."

"Nay, then, I was thinking of her life and of thy life, too. I was wondering how these angry, hungry men, filling the streets of London will like the sight and sounds of music and dancing while they are starving and fainting in our varry sight. I saw a man fall down through hunger yesterday, and I saw two men, early this morning, helping one another to stagger to a bench in the park."

"And I'll warrant thou helped them to a cup of coffee and——"

"To be sure I did! Does tha think thy husband, Antony Annis, is without feeling as well as without courage! I am afraid for thee and for all women



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who can't see and feel that the riot and bloodshed that took place not long ago in Bristol can be started here in London any moment by some foolish word or act. And I want thee to know if tha doesn't already know, that this new disease, that no doctor understands or ever saw before, hes reached London. It came to Bristol while the city was burning, it came like a blow from the hand of God, and every physician is appalled by it. A man goes out and is smitten, and never comes home again, and—and—oh, Annie! Annie! I cannot bear it! There will be some tragedy—and it is for thee and Kitty I fear—not for mysen, oh no!" And he leaned his elbows on the chimney piece and buried his face in his hands.

Then Annie went swiftly to his side, and in low, sweet, cooing words said, "Oh, my love! My husband! Oh, my dear Antony, if tha hed only told me thy fears and thy sorrow, I could hev cleared thy mind a bit. Sit thee down beside me and listen to what thy Annie can tell thee." Then she kissed him and took his hands in her hands, and led him to his chair and drew her own chair close to his side and said—

"I knew, my dear one, that thou was bothered in thy mind and that thy thoughts were on Bristol and other places that hev been fired by the rioters; and I wanted to tell thee of something that happened

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more than a week ago. Dost thou remember a girl called Sarah Sykes?"

"I do that—a varry big, clumsy lass."

"Never mind her looks. When Josepha was at Annis last summer she noticed how much the girl was neglected and she took her part with her usual temper, gave her nice clothes, and told her she would find something for her to do in London. So when we were all very busy and I was tired out, Josepha sent her a pound and bid her come to us as quick as she could. Well, the first thing we knew the lass was in Jane's house and she soon found out that Joshua Swale was the leader of the crowd that are mostly about the Crescent where it stands. And it wasn't long before Sarah had told Israel all thou hed done and all thou was still doing for thy weavers; and then a man, who had come from the little place where thou left a ten-pound note, told of that and of many other of thy kind deeds, and so we found out that thy name stood very high among all the Political Unions; and that these Unions have made themselves well acquainted with the sayings and doings of all the old hand loom employers; and are watching them closely, as to how they are treating their men, and if any are in The House, how they are voting."

"I wish thou hed told me this when thou first heard it. I wonder thou didn't do so."

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"If I could have managed a quiet talk with thee I would have done that; but thou has lived in The House of Commons all of the last week, I think."

"And been varry anxious and unhappy, Annie. Let me tell thee that!"

"Well, then, dearie, happiness is a domestic pleasure. Few people find her often outside their own home. Do they, Antony?"

"My duty took me away from thee and my own home. There hev been constant night sessions for the last week and more."

"I know, and it has been close to sun-up when thou tumbled sleepy and weary into thy bed. And I couldn't wait until thou got thy senses again. I hed to go with Josepha about something or other, or I had to help Jane with her preparations, and so the days went by. Then, also, when I did get a sight of thee, thou could not frame thysen to talk of anything but that weary Bill and it made me cross. I thought thou ought to care a little about Katherine's affairs, they were as important to her as The Bill was to thee."

"I was caring, Annie. I was full of care and worry about Kitty. I was that. And I needn't hev been so miserable if thou hed cared for me."

"Well, then, I was cross enough to say to myself, 'Antony can just tell his worries to The Bill men and I'll be bound he does.' So he got no chance for

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a good talk and I didn't let Sarah Sykes trouble my mind at all; but I can tell thee that all thy goodness to the Annis weavers is written down on their hearts, and thou and thine are safe whatever happens."

"I am thankful for thy words. Will tha sit an hour with me?"

"I'll not leave thee to-night if thou wants to talk to me."

"Oh, my joy! How good thou art! There is not a woman in England to marrow thee."

"Come then to the parlor and we will have a cup of tea and thou will tell me all thy fears about The Bill and I'll sit with thee until thou wants to go back to The House."

So he kissed her and told her again how dear she was to him and how much he relied on her judgment, and they went to the parlor like lovers, or like something far better. For if they had been only lovers, they could not have known the sweetness, and strength, and unity of a married love twenty-six years old. And as they drank their tea, Annis made clear to his wife the condition of affairs in The Commons, and she quickly became as much interested in the debate going on as himself. "It hes been going on now," he said, "for three nights, and will probably continue all this night and mebbe longer."

"Then will it be settled?"

"Nothing is settled, Annie, till it is settled right,



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and if The Commons settle it right the lords may turn it out altogether again—if *they dare*. However, thou hes given me a far lighter heart and I'll mebbe hev a word or two to say mysen to-night, for the question of workmen's wages is coming up and I'd like to give them my opinion on that subject."

"It would be a good thing if the government fixed the wages of the workers. It might put a stop to strikes."

"Not it! Workingmen's wages are as much beyond the control of government as the fogs of the Atlantic. Who can prevent contractors from underselling one another? Who can prevent workmen from preferring starvation wages, rather than no wages at all? The man who labors knows best what his work is worth and you can't blame him for demanding what is just and fair. Right is right in the devil's teeth. If you talk forever, you'll niver get any forrarder than that; but I have always noticed that when bad becomes bad enough, right returns."

"The last time we talked about The Bill, Antony, you said you were anxious that the Scotch Bill should take exactly the same position that the English Bill does. Will the Scotch do as you wish them?"

"It's hard to get a Scotchman to confess that he is oppressed by anyone, or by any law. He doesn't

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mind admitting a sentimental grievance about the place that the lion hes on the flag; but he's far too proud to allow that anything wrong with the conditions of life is permissible in Scotland. Yet there are more socialists in Scotland than anywhere else, which I take as a proof that they are as dissatisfied as any other workingmen are."

"What is it that the socialists are continually talking about?"

"They are talking about a world that does not exist, Annie, and that niver did exist, and promising us a world that couldn't by any possibility exist. But I'll tell thee what I hev found out just since I came here; that is, that if we are going to continue a Protective Government we're bound to hev Socialism flourish. Let England stop running a government to protect rich and noble land owners, let her open her ports and give us Free Trade, and we'll hear varry little more of socialism."

"Will you go to The House to-night, Antony?"

"I wouldn't miss going for a good deal. Last night's session did not close till daylight and I'll niver forget as long as I live the look of The House at that time. Grey had been speaking for an hour and a half, though he is now in his sixty-eighth year; and I could not help remembering that forty years previously, he had stood in the same place, pleading for the same Bill, Grey being at that date both its

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author and its advocate. My father was in The House then and I hev often heard him tell how Lord Wharncliffe moved that Grey's Reform Bill should be rejected altogether; and how Lord Brougham made one of the grandest speeches of his life in its favor, ending it with an indescribable relation of the Sybil's offer to old Rome. Now, Annie, I want to see the harvest of that seed sowed by Grey and Brougham forty years ago, and that harvest may come to-night. Thou wouldn't want me to miss it, would thou?"

"I would be very sorry indeed if thou missed it; but what about the Sybil?"

"Why-a! this old Roman prophetess was called up by Brougham to tell England the price she would hev to pay if her rulers persisted in their abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion. 'Hear the parable of the Sybil!' he cried. 'She is now at your gate, and she offers you in this Bill wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; it is to restore the franchise, which you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms and she goes away. But soon you find you cannot do without her wares and you call her back. Again she comes but with diminished treasures—the leaves of the book are partly torn away by lawless hands, and in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament

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by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million now. From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming, for the treasure you must have, and who shall tell what price she may demand? It may even be the mace which rests upon that wool-sack. Justice deferred enhances the price you must pay for peace and safety and you cannot expect any other crop than they had who went before you and who, in their abominable husbandry, sowed injustice and reaped rebellion.’ ”

Antony was declaiming the last passages of this speech when the door opened and Mrs. Temple entered. She sat down and waited until her brother ceased, then she said with enthusiasm:

“Well done, Antony! If thou must quote from somebody’s fine orations, Brougham and the Sybil woman were about the best thou could get, if so be thou did not go to the Scriptures. In that book thou would find all that it is possible for letters and tongues to say against the men who oppress the poor, or do them any injustice; and if I wanted to make a speech that would beat Brougham’s to a disorganized alphabet, I’d take every word of it out of the sacred Scriptures. I would that!”

“Well, Josepha, I hope I may see The Bill pass the Commons to-night.”

“Then thou has more to wish for than to hope



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for. Does Brougham and Palmerston iver speak to each other now?"

"It is as much as they can do to lift their hats. They niver speak, I think. Why do you ask me?"

"Because I heard one water man say to another, as I was taking a boat at my awn water house—

" 'If the Devil hes a son,  
Then his name is Palmerston.' "

"Such rhymes against a man do him a deal of harm, Josepha. The rhyme sticks and fastens, whether it be true or false, but there is nothing beats a mocking, scornful story for cutting nation wide and living for centuries after it. That rhyme about Palmerston will not outlive him in any popular sense, but the mocking scornful story through which Canon Sydney Smith of St. Paul's derided the imbecility of The Lords will live as long as English history lives."

"I do not remember that story, Antony. Do you, Josepha?"

"Ay, I remember it; but I'll let Antony tell it to thee and then thou will be sure to store it up as something worth keeping. What I tell thee hes not the same power of sticking."

"It may be that you are right, Josepha. Men do speak with more authority than women do. What did Canon Sydney Smith say, Antony?"

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"He said the attempt of the Lords to stop Reform reminded him of the great storm at Sidmouth and of the conduct of Mrs. Partington on that occasion. Six or seven winters ago there was a great storm upon that town, the tide rose to an incredible height, and the waves rushed in upon the beach, and in the midst of this terrible storm she was seen at the door of her house with her dress pinned up, and her highest pattens on her feet, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic Ocean was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. You see, Annie, the Canon really compared the Lords to a silly old woman and all England that were not in the House of Lords screamed with laughter. In that day, The House of Lords lost more of its dignity and prestige than it has yet regained; and Mrs. Partington did far more for Reform than all the fine speeches that were made."

"Annie," said Josepha, "we may as well take notice that it was a woman who went, or was sent, to the old Roman world with the laws of justice and peace; and Sydney Smith knew enough about Reform to be aware it would be best forwarded by putting his parable in the pluck and spirit of Dame Partington. It seems, then, that both in the old and

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the present world, there were men well aware of womanly influence in politics."

"Well, dear women, I must away. I want to be in at the finish."

"Nothing will finish to-night. And thou will lose thy sleep."

"I lost it last night. The day was breaking when I left The House. The candles had been renewed just before daylight and were blazing on after the sunshine came in at the high windows, making a varry singular effect on their crimson draperies and on the dusky tapestries on the wall. I may be as late home to-morrow morning. Good night!" and he bent and kissed both ladies, and then hurried away, anxious and eager.

And the women were silent a moment watching him out of sight in the twilight and then softly praising his beauty, manliness, and his loving nature. On this subject Annie and Josepha usually agreed, though at last Josepha said with a sigh—"It is a pity, however, that his purse strings are so loose. He spends a lot of money." And Annie replied:

"Perhaps so, but he is such a good man I had forgotten that he had a fault."

"And as a politician it is very eccentric—not to say foolish—for him to vote for justice and principle, not to speak of feelings, instead of party."

"If those things in any shape are faults, I am

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glad he has them. I could not yet live with a perfect man."

"I don't suppose thou could. It would be a bit beyond thee. Is all ready for to-morrow?"

"Yes, but I have lost heart on the subject. Are you going to Jane's now?"

"I may do that. I heard that Agatha De Burg was home and I would like to warn Katherine to take care of every word she says in Agatha's presence. She tells all she hears to that cousin of hers."

"Have you seen De Burg lately?"

"Two or three times at Jane's house. He seems quite at home there now. He is very handsome, and graceful, and has such fine manners."

"Then I hev no more to say and it is too late for me to take the water way home. Will tha order me a carriage?"

Annie's readiness to fulfill this request did not please Josepha and she stood at the window and was nearly silent until she saw a carriage stop at the hotel door. Then she said, "I think I'll go and see if Jane hes anything like a welcome to offer me. Good-by to thee, Annie."

"We shall see you early to-morrow, I hope, Josepha."

"Nay, then, thou hopes for nothing of that kind but I'll be at Jane's sometime before I am wanted."

"You should not say such unkind words, Josepha."



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You are always welcome wherever you go. In some way I have lost myself the last ten minutes. I do not feel all here."

"Then thou hed better try and find thysen. Thou wilt need all there is of thee to bother with Antony about t' House of Commons, and to answer civilly the crowd of strangers that will come to see thy daughter to-morrow."

"It is neither the Bill nor the strangers that trouble me. My vexations lie nearer home."

"I must say that thou ought to hev learned how to manage them by this time. It is all of twenty-seven years since Antony married thee."

"It is not Antony. Antony has not a fault. Not one!"

"I am glad thou hes found that out at last. Well, the carriage is waiting and I'll bid thee good-bye; and I hope thou may get thysen all together before to-morrow at this time."

With these words Josepha went and Annie threw herself into her chair with a sense of relief. "I know she intended to stay for dinner," she mentally complained, "and I could not bear her to-night. She is too overflowing—she is too much every way. I bless myself for my patience for twenty-seven years. Is it really twenty-seven years? "And with this last suggestion she lost all consciousness of the present hour.

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In the meantime Josepha was not thinking any flattering things of her sister-in-law. "She wanted me to go away! What a selfish, cross woman she is! Poor Antony! I wonder how he bears her," and in a mood of such complaining, Josepha with all her kindly gossiping hopes dashed, went almost tearfully home.

Annie, however, was not cross. She was feeling with her husband the gravity of public affairs and was full of anxious speculation concerning Katherine. A change had come over the simple, beautiful girl. Without being in the least disobedient or disrespectful, she had shown in late days a thoroughly natural and full grown Annis temper. No girl ever knew better just what she wanted and no girl ever more effectually arranged matters in such wise as would best secure her all she wanted. About Harry Bradley she had not given way one hair's breadth, and yet evidently her father was as far as ever from bearing the thought of Harry as a son-in-law. His kindness to him in the weaving shop was founded initially on his appreciation of good work and of a clever business tactic and he was also taken by surprise, and so easily gave in to the old trick of liking the lad. But he was angry at himself for having been so weak and he felt that in some way Harry had bested him, and compelled him to

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break the promises he had made to himself regarding both the young man and his father.

For a couple of hours these subjects occupied her completely, then she rose and went to her room and put away her new gown. It was a perfectly plain one of fawn-colored brocade with which she intended to wear her beautiful old English laces. As she was performing this duty she thought about her own youth. It had been a very commonplace one, full of small economies. She had never had a formal "coming out," and being the eldest of five girls she had helped her mother to manage a household, constantly living a little above its income. Yet she had many sweet, loving thoughts over this life; and before she was aware her cheeks were wet with tears, uncalled, but not unwelcome.

"My dear mother," she whispered, "in what land of God art thou now resting? Surely thou art thinking of me! We are near to each other, though far, far apart. Now, then, I will do as thou used to advise, 'let worries alone, and don't worry over them.' Some household angel will come and put everything right. Oh, mother of many sorrows, pray for me. Thou art nearer to God than I am." This good thought slipped through her tears like a soft strain of music, or a glint of sunshine, and she was strengthened and comforted. Then she washed

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her face and put on her evening cap and went to the parlor and ordered dinner.

Just as she sat down to her lonely meal the door was hastily opened, and Dick Annis and Harry Bradley entered. And oh! how glad she was to see them, to seat them at the table, and to plentifully feed the two hungry young men who had been traveling all day.

"Dick, wherever have you been, my dear lad? I hev'n't had a letter from you since you were in Edinburgh."

"I wrote you lots of letters, mother, but I had no way of posting them to you. After leaving Edinburgh we sailed northward to Lerwick and there I mailed you a long letter. It will be here in a few days, no doubt, but their mail boat only carries mail 'weather permitting,' and after we left Lerwick, all the way to Aberdeen we had a roaring wind in our teeth. I don't think it was weather the ill-tempered Pentland Firth would permit mail to be carried over it. How is father?"

"As well as he will be until the Reform Bill is passed. You are just in time for Katherine's party."

"I thought I might be so, for father told me he was sure dress and mantua-makers would not have you ready for company in two weeks."

"Father was right. We may get people to weave the cloth by steam but when it comes to sewing the



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cloth into clothes, there is nothing but fingers and needles and some woman's will."

Then they talked of the preparations made and the guests that were expected, and the evening passed so pleasantly that it was near midnight when the youths went away. And before that time the squire had sent a note to his wife telling her he would not leave The House until the sitting broke up. This note was brought by a Commons Messenger, for the telegraph was yet a generation away.

So Mistress Annis slept well, and the next day broke in blue skies and sunshine. After breakfast was over she went to the Leyland Mansion to see if her help was required in any way. Not that she expected it, for she knew that Jane was far too good an organizer to be unready in any department. Indeed she found her leisurely drinking coffee and reading *The Court Circular*. Its news also had been gratifying, for she said to her mother as she laid down the paper, "All is very satisfactory. There are no entertainments to-night that will interfere with mine."

Katherine was equally prepared but much more excited and that pleased her mother. She wished Katherine to keep her girlish enthusiasms and extravagant expectations as long as possible; Jane's composure and apparent indifference seemed to her unnatural and later she reflected that "Jane used to

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flurry and worry more than enough. Why!" she mentally exclaimed, "I have not forgot how she routed us all out of our beds at five o'clock on the morning of her wedding day, and was so nervous herself that she made the whole house restless as a whirlpool. But she says it is now fashionable to be serenely unaffected by any event, and whatever is the fashionable insanity, Jane is sure to be one of the first to catch it."

On this occasion her whole household had been schooled to the same calm spirit, and while it had a decided air of festivity, there was also one of order, and of everything going on as it ought to do. No hurrying servants or belated confectionery vans impeded the guests' arrival. The rooms were in perfect order. The dinner would be served at the minute specified, and the host and hostess were waiting to perform every hospitable duty with amiable precision.

Katherine did not enter the reception parlors until the dinner guests had arrived and expectation was at a pleasant point of excitement. Then the principal door was thrown open with obvious intent and Squire Annis and his family were very plainly announced. Katherine was walking between her father and mother, and Mrs. Josepha Temple, leaning on the arm of her favorite nephew Dick, was a few steps behind them.

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There was a sudden silence, a quick assurance of the coming of Katherine, and immediately the lovely girl made a triumphant entry into their eyes and consciousness. She was dressed in white radiant gauze,<sup>1</sup> dotted with small silver stars. It fell from her belt to her feet without any break of its beauty by ruffle or frill. The waist slightly covered the shoulders, the sleeves were full and gathered into a band above the elbows. Both waist and sleeves were trimmed with lace traced out with silver thread, and edged with a thin silver cord. Her sandals were of white kid embroidered with silver stars, her gloves matched them. She was without jewelry of any kind, unless the wonderfully carved silver combs for the hair which Admiral Temple had brought from India can be so called. Thus clothed, all the mystery and beauty of the flesh was accentuated. Her fine eyes were soft and shining, with that happy surprise in them that belongs only to the young enthusiast, and yet her eyes were hardly more lambent than the rest of her face, for at this happy hour all the ancient ecstasy of Love and Youth transfigured her and she looked as if she had been born with a smile.

Without intent Katherine's association with her father and mother greatly added to the impression

<sup>1</sup> An almost transparent material first made in Gaza, Palestine, from which it derived its name.

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she made. The squire was handsomely attired in a fashionable suit of dark blue broadcloth, trimmed with large gilt buttons, a white satin vest, and a neck piece of soft mull and English lace. And not less becoming to Katherine as a set off was her mother's plain, dark, emphatic costume. Yes, even the rather showy extravagance of the aunt as a background was an advantage, and could hardly have been better considered, for Madam Temple on this occasion had discarded her usual black garments and wore a purple velvet dress and all her wonderful diamonds. Consistent with this luxury, her laces were of old Venice *point de rose*, arranged back and front in a Vandyke collar with cuffs of the same lace, high as the elbows, giving a *cachet* to her whole attire, which did not seem to be out of place on a woman so erect and so dignified that she never touched the back of a chair, and with a temper so buoyant, so high-spirited, and so invincible.

When dinner was served, Katherine noticed that neither De Burg nor Harry Bradley were at the table and after the meal she questioned her sister with some feeling about this omission. "I do not mind De Burg's absence," she said, "he is as well away as not, but poor Harry, what has he done!"

"Harry is all right, Kitty, but we have to care for father's feelings first of all and you know he has no desire to break bread with Harry Bradley. *Why!*



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he considers 'by bread and salt' almost a sacred obligation, and if he eats with Harry, he must give him his hand, his good will, and his help, when the occasion asks for it. Father would have felt it hard to forgive me if I had forced such an obligation on him."

"And De Burg? Is he also beyond the bread and salt limit?"

"I believe father might think so, but that is not the reason in his case. He sent an excuse for dinner but promised to join the dancers at ten o'clock and to bring his cousin Agatha with him."

"How interesting! We shall all be on the *quiver* for her début."

"Don't be foolish, Kitty. And do not speak French, until you can speak it with a proper accent."

"I have no doubt it is good enough for her."

"As for her début, it occurred six or seven years ago. Agatha had the run of society when you were in short frocks. Come, let us go to the ballroom. Your father is sure to be prompt."

When they reached the ballroom, they found Lord Leyland looking for Katherine. "Father is waiting," he said, "and we have the quadrilles nearly set," and while Leyland was yet speaking, Squire Annis bowed to his daughter and she laid her hand in his with a smile, and they took the place Leyland indicated. At the same moment, Dick led his

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mother to a position facing them and there was not a young man or a young woman in the room who might not have learned something of grace and dignity from the dancing of the elderly handsome couple.

After opening the ball the squire went to his place in The House of Commons and Madam went to the card room and sat down to a game of whist, having for her partner Alexander Macready, a prominent London banker. His son had been in the opening quadrille with Katherine and in a moment had fallen in love with her. Moreover, it was a real passion, timid yet full of ardor, sincere, or else foolishly talkative, and Katherine felt him to be a great encumbrance. Wearily listening to his platitudes of admiration, she saw Harry Bradley and De Burg and his cousin enter. Harry was really foremost, but courtesy compelled him for the lady's sake to give precedence to De Burg and his cousin; consequently they reached Katherine's side first. But Katherine's eyes, full of love's happy expectation, looked beyond them, and Miss De Burg saw in their expression Katherine's preference for the man behind her brother.

"Stephen need not think himself first," she instantly decided, "this new girl was watching for the man Stephen put back. A handsome man! He'll get ahead yet! He's made that way."

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Then Lady Leyland joined them and De Burg detained her as long as possible, delighting himself with the thought of Harry's impatience. When they moved forward he explained his motive and laughed a little over it; but Agatha quickly damped his self-congratulation.

"Stephen," she said, "the young man waiting was not at all uncomfortable. I saw Miss Annis give him her hand and also a look that some men would gladly wait a day for."

"Why, Gath, I saw nothing of the kind. You are mistaken."

"You were too much occupied in reciting to her the little speech you had composed for the occasion. You know! I heard you saying it over and over, as you walked about your room last night."

"What a woman you are! You hear and see everything."

"That I am not wanted to hear and see, eh?"

"In this house I want you to see and hear all you can. What do you think of the young lady?"

"Why should I think of her at all?"

"For my sake."

"That plea is worn out." She smiled as she spoke and then some exigency of the ball separated them.

Miss De Burg was not a pretty woman and yet people generally looked twice at her. She had a

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cold, washed-out face, a great deal of very pale brown hair and her hair, eyebrows, and eyes were all the same color. There was usually *no look* in her eyes and her mouth told nothing. It was a firm and silent mouth and if her face had any expression it was one of reserve or endurance. And Katherine in the very flush of her own happy excitement divined some tragedy below this speechless face, and she held Agatha's hand and looked into her eyes with that sympathy which is one of youth's kindest moods. This feeling hesitated a moment between the two women; then Agatha surrendered, and took it into her heart and memory.

Now balls are so common and so natural an expression of humanity that they possess both its sameness and its variability. They are all alike and all different, all alike in action, all different in the actors; and the only importance of this ball to Katherine Annis was that it introduced her to the mere physical happiness that flows from fresh and happy youth. In this respect it was perhaps the high tide of her life. The beautiful room, the mellow transfiguring light of wax candles, the gayly gowned company, the intoxicating strains of music, and the delight of her motion to it, the sense of her loveliness, and of the admiration it brought, made her heart beat high and joyfully, and gave to her light steps a living grace no artist ever yet copied. She was



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queen of that company and took out what lovers she wished with a pretty despotism impossible to describe; but

Joy's the shyest bird,  
Mortals ever heard.

And ere anyone had asked "What time is it?" daylight was stealing into the candle light and then there was only the cheerful hurry of cloaking and parting left, and the long-looked-for happiness was over. Yet after all it was a day by itself and the dower of To-morrow can never be weighed by the gauge of Yesterday.

## CHAPTER VII

### IN THE FOURTH WATCH

"Right! There is a battle cry in the word. You feel as if you had drawn a sword. A royal word, a conquering word, which if the weakest speak, they straight grow strong."

"Love puts out all other cares."

LADY LEYLAND had ordered breakfast at ten o'clock and at that hour her guests were ready for it. Mistress Temple and Katherine showed no signs of weariness, but Lord Leyland looked bored and Mistress Annis was silent and anxious but soon voiced her trouble in a wish concerning the squire and his manner of passing the night. Then Leyland said:

"By George! Madam, you are very right to be anxious. The company of ladies always makes me forget everything else but now if I can be excused I will go to my club and read the papers. I feel that delay is no longer possible."

"Your breakfast, Fred," cried Katherine, but Fred was as one that heard not, and with a smile and a good-by which included all present, Leyland disappeared, and as his wife smilingly endorsed his

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apologies, no one made the slightest attempt to detain him. Certainly Mistress Annis looked curiously at her daughter and, when the door was closed, said:

"I wonder at you, Jane—Leyland had not drank his first cup of coffee and as to his breakfast it is still on his plate. It is not good for a man to go to politics fasting."

"O mother! you need not worry about Fred's breakfast. He will order one exactly to his mind as soon as he reaches his club and he will be ten times happier with the newspapers than with us."

Just at this point the squire and his son entered the room together and instantly the social temperature of the place rose.

"I met Leyland running away from you women," said the squire. "Whatever hev you been doing to him?"

"He wanted to see the papers, father," said Katherine.

"It was a bit of bad behavior," said Madam Temple.

"Oh, dear, no," Jane replied. "Fred is incapable of anything so vulgar. Is he not, father?"

"To be sure he is. No doubt it was a bit of fine feeling for the women present that sent him off. He knew you would want to discuss the affair of last night and also the people mixed up in it and he

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felt he would be in everybody's way, and so he was good-natured enough to leave you to the pleasure of describing one another. It was varry agreeable and polite for Fred to do so. I hedn't sense enough to do the same."

"Nay, nay, Antony, that isn't the way to put it. Dick, my dear lad, say a word for me."

"I could not say a word worthy of you, mother, and now I came to bid you good-by. I am off as quick as possible for Annis. Father had a letter from Mr. Foster this morning. It is best that either father or I go there for a few days and, as father cannot leave London at this crisis, I am going in his place."

"What is the matter now, Dick?"

"Some trouble with the weavers, I believe."

"Of course! and more money needed, I suppose."

"To be sure," answered the squire, with a shade of temper; "and if needed, Dick will look after it, eh, Dick?"

"Of course Dick will look after it!" added Madam Temple, but her "of course" intimated a very different meaning from her sister-in-law's. They were two words of hearty sympathy and she emphasized them by pushing a heavy purse across the table. "Take my purse as well as thy father's, Dick; and if more is wanted, thou can hev it, and welcome. I am Annis mysen and I was born and



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brought up with the men and women suffering there."

She spoke with such feeling that her words appeared to warm the room and the squire answered:

"Thy word and deed, Josepha, is just like thee, my dear sister!" He clasped her hand as he spoke, and their hands met over the purse lying on the table and both noticed the fact and smiled and nodded their understanding of it. Then the squire with a happy face handed the purse to Dick, telling him to "kiss his mother," and be off as soon as possible. "Dick," he said in a voice full of tears—"Dick, my lad, it is hard for hungry men to wait."

"I will waste no time, father, not a minute," and with these words he clasped his father's hand, leaned over and kissed his mother, and with a general good-by he went swiftly on his errand of mercy.

Then Jane said: "Let us go to the parlor. We were an hour later than usual this morning and must make it up if we can."

"To be sure, Jane," answered Mistress Temple. "We can talk as well in one room as another. Houses must be kept regular or we shall get into the same muddle as old Sarum—we shall be candidates for dinner and no dinner for us."

"Well, then, you will all excuse me an hour while I give some orders about household affairs." The excuse was readily admitted and the squire, his wife,

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sister and daughter, took up the question which would intrude into every other question whether they wished it or not.

The parlor to which they went looked precisely as if it was glad to see them; it was so bright and cheerful, so warm and sunny, so everything that the English mean by the good word "comfortable." And as soon as they were seated, Annie asked:

"What about The Bill, Antony?"

"Well, dearie, The Bill passed its third reading at seven o'clock this morning."

"Thou saw it pass, eh, Antony?"

"That I did! *Why-a!* I wouldn't hev missed Lord Grey's final speech for anything. He began it at five o'clock and spoke for an hour and a half—which considering his great age and the long night's strain was an astonishing thing to do. I was feeling a bit tired mysen."

"But surely the people took its passing very coldly, Antony."

"The people aren't going to shout till they are sure they hev something to shout for. Nobody knows what changes the lords may make in it. They may even throw it out again altogether."

"*They dare not! They dare not for their lives* try any more such foolishness," said Josepha Temple with a passion she hardly restrained. "Just let them try it! The people will not allow that step

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any more! Let them try it! They will quickly see and feel what will come of such folly."

"Well, Josepha, what will come of it? What can the people do?"

"Iverything they want to do! Iverything they ought to do! One thing is sure—they will send the foreigners back to where they belong. The very kith and kin of the people now demanding their rights founded, not many generations ago, a glorious Republic of their own, and they gave themsens all the rights they wanted and allays put the man of their choice at the head of it. Do you think our people don't know what their fathers hev done before them? They know it well. They see for themsens that varry common men can outrank noble men when it comes to intellect and courage. What was it that Scotch plowboy said:—

"A king can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon his might—

and a God's mercy it is, for if he tried it, he would waste and spoil the best of materials in the making."

"All such talk is sheer nonsense, Josepha."

"It is nothing of the kind. Josepha has seen how such sheer nonsense turns out. I should think thou could remember what happened fifty years ago.

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People laughed then at the sheer nonsense of thirteen little colonies in the wilds of America trying to make England give them exactly what Englishmen are this very day ready to fight for—representation in parliament. And you need not forget this fact also, that the majority of Englishmen at that day, both in parliament and out of it, backed with all the power they hed these thirteen little colonies. Why, the poor button makers of Sheffield refused to make buttons for the soldiers' coats, lest these soldiers should be sent to fight Englishmen. It was then all they could do but their children are now two hundred thousand strong, and king and parliament *hev* to consider them. They *hev to do it* or to take the consequences, Antony Annis! Your father was hand and purse with that crowd and I knew you would see things as they are sooner or later. For our stock came from a poor, brave villager, who followed King Richard to the Crusades, and won the Annis lands for his courage and fidelity. That is why there is allays a Richard in an Annis household."

"I believe all you say, Josepha, and our people, the rich and the poor, both believe it. They hev given the government ivery blessed chance to do fairly by them. Now, if it does so, well and good. If it does not do so, the people are full ready to make them do it. I can tell you that."



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"I am so tired of it all," said Annie wearily. "Why do poor, uneducated men want to meddle with elections for parliament? I can understand and feel with them in their fight about their looms—it means their daily bread; but why should they care about the men who make our laws and that sort of business?"

"I'll tell thee why. They hev to do it or else go on being poor and ignorant and of no account among men. Our laws are made to please the men who have a vote or a say-so in any election. The laboring men of England hev no vote at all. They can't say a word about their rights in the country for through the course of centuries the nobles and the rich men hev got all the votes in their awn pockets."

"Maybe there is something right in that arrangement, Antony. They are better educated."

"Suppose that argument stood, Annie; still a poor man might like one rich man better than another, and he ought to be able to hev his chance for electing his choice; but that, however, is only the tag-end of the question."

"Then what is the main end?"

"This:—In the course of centuries, places once of some account hev disappeared, as really as Babylon or Nineveh, and little villages hev grown to be big cities. There is no town of Sarum now, not a vestige, but the Chatham family represent it in parlia-

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ment to-day or they sell the position or give it away. The member for the borough of Ludgershall is himself the only voter in the borough and he is now in parliament on his *awn* nomination. Another place has two members and only seven voters; and what do you think a foreigner visiting England would say when told that a green mound without a house on it sent two members to Parliament, or that a certain green park without an inhabitant also sent two members to Parliament? Then suppose him taken to Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield, and other great manufacturing cities, and told they had *no* representative in Parliament; what do you suppose he would think and say?"

"He would advise them to get a few paper caps among their coronets," said Josepha.

"And so it goes all over England," said the squire. "Really, my dears, two-thirds of the House of Commons are composed of the nominees of the nobles and the great landowners. What comes of the poor man's rights under such circumstances? He has been robbed of them for centuries; doesn't tha think, Annie, it is about time he looked after them?"

"I should think it was full time," Josepha said hotly.

"It is a difficult question," replied Annie. "It must have many sides that require examination."

"Whatever is right needs no examination, Annie."

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"Listen, women, I have but told you one-half of the condition. There is another side of it, for if some places hev been growing less and less during the past centuries, other places, once hardly known, have become great cities, like Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Sheffield, and so forth, and have no representation at all. What do you think of that? Not a soul in parliament to speak for them. Now if men hev to pay taxes they like to know a little bit about their whys and wherefores, eh, women?"

"Did they always want to know, father?" asked Katherine.

"I should say so. It would only be natural, Kitty, but at any rate since the days of King John; and I don't believe but what the ways of men and the wants of men hev been about the same iver since God made men. They hev allays wanted a king and they hev allays been varry particular about hev-ing some ways and means of making a king do what they want him to do."

"Suppose the lords pass The Bill but alter it so much that it is *not The Bill*, what then, father?"

"Well, Kitty, they could do that thing but as your aunt said, they had better not. Nothing but the whole Bill will now satisfy. No! they dare not alter it. Now you can talk over what I hev told you. I must go about my awn business and the first thing

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I hev to do is to take my wife home. Come, Annie, I am needing thee."

Annie rose with a happy alacrity. She was glad to go. To be alone with her husband after the past days of society's patented pleasures was an unspeakable rest and refreshment. They drove to the Clarendon in silent contentment, holding each other's hand and putting off speech until they could talk without restraint of any kind. And if anyone learned in the expression of the flesh had noticed their hands they would have seen that Annie's thumb in the clasp was generally the uppermost, a sure sign that she had the strongest will and was made to govern. The corollary of this fact is, that if the clasping thumb in both parties is the right thumb, then complications are most likely to frequently occur.

Indeed Annie did not speak until she had thrown aside her bonnet and cloak and was comfortably seated in the large soft chair she liked best; then she said with an air of perfect satisfaction, "O Antony! It was so kind and thoughtful of thee to come for me. I was afraid there might be some unpleasant to-do before I got away. Josepha was ready for one, longing for one, and Jane hed to make that excuse about getting dinner ready, in order to avoid it. Jane, you know, supports the whole House of Lords, and she goes on about 'The Con-



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stitution of the British Government' as if it was an inspired document."

"Well tha knows, Leyland is a Tory from his head to his feet. I doan't think his mind hes much to do with his opinions. He inherited them from his father, just as he inherited his father's face and size and money. And a woman hes to think as her husband thinks—if she claims to be a good wife."

"That idea is an antiquated lie, Antony. A good wife, Antony, thinks not only for herself, she thinks also for her husband."

"I niver noticed thee making thysen contrary. As I think, thou thinks. Allays that is so."

"Nay, it is not. There is many a thing different in my mind to what is in thy mind, and thou knows it, too; and there are subjects we neither of us want to talk of because we cannot agree about them. I often thank thee for thy kind self-denial in this matter."

"I'm sure I doan't know what thou art so precious civil about. I think of varry little now but the Reform Bill and the poor weavers; and thou thinks with me on both of them subjects. Eh, Joy?"

"To be sure I do—with some sub-differences."

"I doan't meddle with what thou calls thy 'sub-differences.' I'll warrant they are innocent as thysen and thy son Dick is a good son and he thinks just as I think on ivery subject. That's enough,

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Annie, on sub-differences. Let us hev a bit of a comfortable lunch. Jane's breakfast was cold and made up of fancy dishes like oysters and chicken minced with mushrooms, and muffins and such miscarriages of eatable dishes. I want some sensible eating at one o'clock and I feel as if it was varry near one now."

"What shall I order for you?"

"Some kidney soup and cold roast beef and a good pudding, or some Christ Church tartlets, the best vegetables they hev and a bottle of Bass' best ale or porter, but thou can hev a cup of sloppy tea if tha fancies it."

"I think no better of sloppy things than thou does, Antony. I'll hev a glass of good, pale sherry wine, and the same would be better for thee than anything Bass brews. Bass makes a man stout, and thou art now just the right weight; an ounce more flesh would spoil thy figure and take the spring out of thy step and put more color in thy face and take the music out of thy voice; but please thy dear self about thy eating; perhaps I am a bit selfish about thy good looks, but when a woman gets used to showing herself off with a handsome man she can't bear to give up that bit of pride."

"Well, then, Annie dear, whatever pleases thee, pleases me. Send for number five, and order what thou thinks best."

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"Nay, Antony, thou shalt have thy own wish. It is little enough to give thee."

"It is full and plenty, if thou puts thy wish with it."

Then Annie happily ordered the kidney soup and cold roast and the particular tarts he liked and the sherry instead of the beer, and the fare pleased both, and they ate it with that smiling cheerfulness which is of all thanksgiving the most acceptable to the Bountiful Giver of all good things. And as they ate they talked of Katherine's beauty and loving heart and of Dick's ready obedience and manly respect for his father, and food so seasoned and so cheerfully eaten is the very best banquet that mortals can ever hope to taste in this life.

In the meantime, Dick, urged both by his father's desire and his own wistful longing to see Faith Foster, lost no time in reaching his home village. He was shocked by its loneliness and silence. He did not meet or see a single man. The women were shut up in their cottages. Their trouble had passed all desire for company and all hope of any immediate assistance. Talking only enervated them and they all had the same miserable tale to tell. It might have been a deserted village but for the musical chime of the church clock and the sight of a few little children sitting listlessly on the doorsteps of the cottages. Hunger had killed in them

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the instinct of play. "It hurts us to play. It makes the pain come," said one little lad, as he looked with large suffering eyes into Dick's face; but never asked from him either pity or help. Yet his very silence was eloquence. No words could have moved to sympathy so strongly as the voiceless appeal of his sad suffering eyes, his thin face, and the patient helplessness of his hopeless quiet. Dick could not bear it. He gave the child some money, and it began to cry softly and to whimper "Mammy! Mammy!" and Dick hurried homeward, rather ashamed of his own emotion, yet full of the tenderest pity.

He found Britton pottering about the stable and his wife Sarah trying with clumsy fingers to fashion a child's frock. "Oh, Master Dick!" she cried. "Why did tha come back to this unhappy place? I think there is pining and famishing in ivery house and sickness hard following it."

"I have come, Sarah, to see what can be done to help the trouble."

"A God's mercy, sir! We be hard set in Annis village this day."

"Have you a room ready for me, Sarah? I may be here for a few days."

"It would be a varry queer thing if I hedn't a room ready for any of the family, coming in a hurry like. Your awn room is spick and span, sir. And



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I'll hev a bit of fire there in ten minutes or thereby, but tha surely will hev summat to eat first."

"Nothing to eat just yet, Sarah. I shall want a little dinner about five o'clock if you will have it ready."

"All right, sir. We hev no beef or mutton in t' house, sir, but I will kill a chicken and make a rice pudding, if that will do."

"That is all I want."

Then Dick went to the stables and interviewed Britton, and spoke to every horse in it, and asked Britton to turn them into the paddock for a couple of hours. "They are needing fresh air and a little liberty, Britton," he said, and as Britton loosened their halters and opened the door that led into the paddock they went out prancing and neighing their gratitude for the favor.

"That little gray mare, sir," said Britton, "she hes as much sense as a human. She knew first of all of them what was coming, and she knew it was your doing, sir, that's the reason she nudged up against you and fairly laid her face against yours."

"Yes, she knew me, Britton. Lucy and I have had many a happy day together." Then he asked Britton about the cattle and the poultry, and especially about the bulbs and the garden flowers, which had always had more or less the care of Mistress Annis.

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These things attended to, he went to his room and dressed himself with what seemed to be some unnecessary care. Dick, however, did not think so. He was going to see Mr. Foster and he might see Faith, and he could not think of himself as wearing clothing travel-soiled in her presence. In an hour, however, he was ready to go to the village, fittingly dressed from head to feet, handsome as handsome Youth can be, and the gleam and glow of a true love in his heart. "It may be—it may be!" he told himself as he walked speedily down the nearest way to the village.

When about half-way there, he met the preacher. "I heard you were here, Mr. Annis," he said. "Betty Bews told me she saw you pass her cottage."

"I came in answer to your letter, sir. The Bill is at a great crisis, and my father's vote on the right side is needed. And I was glad to come, if I can do good in any way."

"Oh, yes, sir, there are things to do, and words to say that I cannot do or say—and the need is urgent."

"Then let us go forward. I was shocked by the village as I passed through it. I did not meet a single man. I saw only a few sickly looking women, and some piteous children."

"The men have gone somewhere four days ago. I suppose they were called by their society. They did not tell me where they were going and I thought

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it was better not to ask any questions. The women are all sick and despairing, the children suffer all they can bear and live. That is one phase of the trouble; but there is another coming that I thought you would like to be made acquainted with."

"Not the cholera, I hope? It has reached London, you know, and the doctors are paralyzed by their ignorance of its nature and can find no remedy for it."

"Our people think it a judgment of God. I am told it broke out in Bristol while the city was burning and outrages of all kinds rampant."

"You know, sir, that Bristol is one of our largest seaports. It is more likely to have been brought here by some traveler from a strange country. I heard a medical man who has been in India with our troops say that it was a common sickness in the West Indies."

"It was never seen nor heard of in England before. Now it is going up the east coast of Britain as far north as the Shetland Isles. These coast people are nearly all fishermen, very good, pious men, and they positively declare that they saw a gigantic figure of a woman, shadowy and gray, with a face of malignant vengeance, passing through the land."

"God has sent such messengers many times—min-

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isters of His Vengeance. His Word is full of such instances."

"But a woman with a malignant face! Oh, no!"

"Whatever is evil, must look evil—but here we are at Jonathan Hartley's. Will you go in?"

"He is coming to us. I will give him my father's letter. That will be sufficient."

But Jonathan had much to say and he seemed troubled beyond outside affairs to move him, and the preacher asked—"What is personally out of the right way with you, Jonathan?"

"Well, sir, my mother is down at the ford; she may cross any hour—she's only waiting for the guide—and my eldest girl had a son last night—the little lad was born half-starved. We doan't know yet whether either of them can be saved—or not. So I'll not say 'Come in,' but if you'll sit down with me on the garden bench, I'll be glad of a few minutes fresh air." He opened the little wicket gate as he spoke and they sat down on a bench under a cherry tree full dressed in perfumed white for Easter tide.

As soon as they were seated the young squire delivered his father's letter and then they talked of the sudden disappearance of the men of the village. "What does it mean, Jonathan?" asked Dick, and Jonathan said—

"Well, sir, I hev'n't been much among the lads for



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a week now. My mother hes been lying at the gate of the grave and I couldn't leave her long at a time. They were all loitering about the village when I saw them last. Suddenly they all disappeared, and the old woman at the post office told me ivery one of them hed received a letter four mornings ago, from the same Working Man's Society. I hed one mysen, for that matter, and that afternoon they all left together for somewhere."

"But," asked Dick, "where did they get the money necessary for a journey?"

"Philip Sugden got the money from Sugbury Bank. He hed an order for it, that was cashed quick enough. What do you make of that, sir?"

"I think there may be fighting to do if parliament fails the people this time."

"And in the very crisis of this trouble," said Dick, "I hear from Mr. Foster that a man has been here wanting to build a mill. Who is he, Jonathan? And what can be his motive?"

"His name is Jonas Boocock. He comes from Shipley. His motive is to mak' money. He thinks this is the varry place to do it. He talked constantly about its fine water power, and its cheap land, and thought Providence hed fairly laid it out for factories and power-looms; for he said there's talk of a branch of railway from Bradley's place, past Annis, to join the main track going to Leeds.

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He considered it a varry grand idea. Mebbe it is, sir."

"My father would not like the plan at all. It must be prevented, if possible. What do you think, Jonathan?"

"I think, sir, if it would be a grand thing for Jonas Boocock, it might happen be a good thing for Squire Antony Annis. The world is moving forward, sir, and we must step with it, or be dragged behind it. Old as I am, I would rayther step forward with it. Gentlemen, I must now go to my mother."

"Is she worse, Jonathan?"

"She is quite worn out, worn out to the varry marrow. I would be thankful, sir, if tha would call and bid her good-by."

"I will. I will come about seven o'clock."

"That will be right. I'll hev all the household present, sir."

Then they turned away from Jonathan's house and went to look at the land Boocock hankered for. The land itself was a spur descending from the wold, and was heathery and not fit for cultivation; but it was splendidly watered and lay along the river bank. Boocock was right," said Mr. Foster. "It is a bit of land just about perfect for a factory site. Does the squire own it, sir?"

"I cannot say. I was trying to fix its position as

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well as I could, and I will write to my father to-night. I am sorry Jonathan did not know more about the man Boocock and his plans."

"Jonathan's mother is a very old woman. While she lives, he will stay at her side. You must remember her?"

"I do. She was exceedingly tall and walked quite erect and was so white when I met her last that she looked like a ghost floating slowly along the road."

"She had always a sense of being injured by being here at all—wondered why she had been sent to this world, and though a grand character was never really happy. Jonathan did not learn to read until he was over forty years of age; she was then eighty, and she helped him to remember his letters, and took the greatest pride in his progress. There ought to be schools for these people, there are splendid men and women mentally among them. Here we are at home. Come in, sir, and have a cup of tea with us before you climb the brow."

Dick was very glad to accept the invitation and the preacher opened the door and said: "Come in, sir, and welcome!" and they went into a small parlor plainly furnished, but in perfect order, and Dick heard someone singing softly not far away. Before the preacher had more than given his guest a chair the door opened and Faith entered the room.

If he had not been already in love with her

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he would have fallen fathoms deep in the divine tide that moment, for his soul knew her and loved her, and was longing to claim its own. What personal charm she had he knew not, he cared not, he had been drawn to her by some deep irresistible attraction, and he succumbed absolutely to its influence. At this moment he cast away all fears and doubts and gave himself without reservation to the wonderful experience.

Faith had answered her father's call so rapidly, that Dick was not seated when she entered the room. She brought with her into the room an atmosphere of light and peace, through which her loveliness shone with a soft, steady glow. There was something unknown and unseen in her very simplicity. All that was sweet and wise, shone in her heavenly eyes, and their light lifted her higher than all his thoughts; they were so soft and deep and compelling. Very singularly their influence seemed to be intensified by the simple dress she wore. It was of merino and of the exact shade of her eyes, and it appeared in some way to increase their mystical power by the prolongation of the same color. There was nothing of intention in this arrangement. It was one of those coincidences that are perhaps suggested or induced by the angel that guards our life and destiny. For there are angels round all of us. Earth is no strange land to them. The dainty



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neatness of her clothing delighted Dick. After a season of ruffles and flounces and extravagant trimming, its soft folds falling plainly and unbrokenly to her feet, charmed him. Something of white lace, very narrow and unpretentious, was around the neck and sleeves which were gathered into a band above the elbows. Her hair, parted in the center of the forehead, lay in soft curls which fell no lower than the tip of the ears and at the back was coiled loosely on the crown of the head, where it was fastened by a pretty shell comb. The purity and peace of a fervent transparent soul was the first and the last impression she made, and these qualities revealed themselves in a certain homely sweetness, that drew everyone's affection and trust like a charm.

She had in her hands a clean tablecloth and some napkins, but when she saw Dick, she laid them down, and went to meet him. He took her hand and looked into her eyes, and a rush of color came into her face and gave splendor to her smile and her beauty. She hastened to question him about his mother and Katherine, but even as they talked of others, she knew he was telling her that he loved her, and longed for her to love him in return.

"Faith, my dear," said Mr. Foster, "our friend, Mr. Annis, will have a cup of tea with us before he goes up the brow," and she looked at Dick and smiled, and began to lay the round table that stood in

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the center of the room. Dick watched her beautiful white arms and hands among the white china and linen and a very handsome silver tea service, with a pleasure that made him almost faint. Oh, if he should lose this lovely girl! How could he bear it? He felt that he might as well lose life itself.

For though Dick had loved her for some months, love not converted into action, becomes indolent and unbelieving. So he had misgivings he could not control and amid the distractions of London, his love, instead of giving a new meaning to his life, had infected him rather with a sense of dreamland. But in this hour, true honest love illumined life, he saw things as they were, he really fell in love and that is a wonderful experience, a deep, elemental thing, beyond all reasoning with. In this experience he had found at last the Key to Life, and he understood in a moment, as it were, that this Key is in the Heart, and not in the Brain. He had been very wise and prudent about Faith and one smile from her had shattered all his reasoning, and the love-light now in his eyes, and shining in his face, was heart-work and not brain work. For love is a state of the soul; anger, grief and other passions can change their mental states; but love? No! Love absorbs the whole man, and if not satisfied, causes a state of great suffering. So in that hour

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Love was Destiny and fashioned his life beyond the power of any other passion to change.

In the meantime Faith brought in tea and some fresh bread and butter, and a dish of broiled trout. "Mr. Braithwaite was trout fishing among the fells to-day," she said, "and as he came home, he left half a dozen for father. He is one of the Chapel Trustees and very fond of line fishing. Sometimes father goes with him. You know," she added with a smile, "fishing is apostolical. Even a Methodist preacher may fish."

For a short time they talked of the reel and line, and its caprices, but conversation quickly drifted to the condition of the country and of Annis particularly, and in this conversation an hour drifted speedily away. Then Faith rose and brought in a bowl of hot water, washed the china and silver and put them away in a little corner cupboard.

"That silver is very beautiful," said Dick.

"Take it in your hand, Mr. Annis, and read what is engraved on the tea pot." So Dick took it in his hand and read that the whole service had been given by the Wesleyans of Thirsk to Reverend Mr. Foster, as a proof of their gratitude to him as their spiritual teacher and comforter. Then Dick noticed the china and said his mother had a set exactly like it and Mr. Foster answered—"I think, Mr. Annis, every family in England has one, rich and poor.

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Whoever hit upon this plain white china, with its broad gold band round all edges, hit on something that fitted the English taste universally. It will be a wedding gift, and a standard tea set, for many generations yet; unless it deteriorates in style and quality—but I must not forget that I am due at Hartley's at seven o'clock, so I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Annis."

"May I ask your permission to remain with Miss Foster until your return, sir? I have a great deal to tell her about Katherine and many messages from my sister to deliver."

For a moment Mr. Foster hesitated, then he answered frankly, "I will be glad if you stay with Faith until I return." Then Faith helped him on with his top coat and gave him his hat and gloves and walking stick and both Dick and Faith stood at the open door, and watched him go down the street a little way. But this was Dick's opportunity and he would not lose it.

"Come into the parlor, dear, dear Faith! I have something to tell you, something I must tell you!" And all he said in the parlor was something he had never dared to say before, except in dreams.

Faith knew what he wished to say. He had wooed her silently for months, but she had not suffered him to pass beyond the horizon of her thoughts. Yet she knew well, that though they were



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in many things dissimilar as two notes of music, they were made for each other. She told herself that he knew this fact as well as she did and that at the appointed hour he would come to her. Until that hour she would not provoke Destiny by her impatience. A change so great for her would doubtless involve other changes and perhaps their incidentals were not yet ready. So she never doubted but that Dick would tell her he loved her, as soon as he thought the right hour had come.

And now the hour had come, and Dick did tell her how he loved her with a passionate eloquence that astonished himself. She did not try to resist its influence. It was to her heart all that cold water would be to parching thirst; it was the coming together of two strong, but different temperaments, and from the contact the flashing forth of love like fire. His words went to her head like wine, her eyes grew soft, tender, luminous, her form was half-mystical, half sensuous. Dick was creating a new world for them, all their own. Though her eyes lifted but an instant, her soul sought his soul, gradually they leaned closer to each other in visible sweetness and affection and then it was no effort, but a supreme joy, to ask her to be his wife, to love and counsel and guide him, as his mother had loved and guided his father; and in the sweet, trembling patois of love, she gave him the promise that taught him

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what real happiness means. And her warm, sweet kisses sealed it. He felt they did so and was rapturously happy. Is there anything more to be said on this subject? No, the words are not yet invented which could continue it. Yet Faith wrote in her Diary that night—"To-day I was born into the world of Love. That is the world God loves best."

## CHAPTER VIII

### LOVE'S TENDER PHANTASY

"No mortal thing can bear so high a price,  
But that with mortal thing it may be bought;  
No pearls, no gold, no gems, no corn, no spice,  
No cloth, no wine, of Love can pay the price.  
Divine is Love and scorneth worldly pelf,  
And can be bought with nothing but itself."

A MAN in love sees miracles, as well as expects them. Outsiders are apt to think him an absurd creature, he himself knows that he is seeking the only love that can complete and crown his life. Dick was quite sure of his own wisdom. Whenever he thought of Faith, of her innocence, her high hopes, her pure eyes, and flower-like beauty, he felt that his feet were on a rock and his soul went after her and everything was changed in his life.

It was not until great London was on his horizon, that any fear touched his naturally high spirit. His father's good will, he was sure, could be relied on. He himself had made what his father called "a varry inconsiderate marriage," but it had proved to be

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## LOVE'S TENDER PHANTASY

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both a very wise and a very happy union, so Dick expected his father would understand and sympathize with his love for Faith Foster.

About the women of his family he felt more uncertain, his mother and sister and aunt would doubtless be harder to please. Yet they must see that Faith was everyway exceptional. Was she not the very flower and pearl of womanhood? He could not understand how they could find any fault with his wonderfully fortunate choice. Yet he kindly considered the small frailties of the ordinary woman and made some allowances for their jealousies and for the other interferences likely to spring from family and social conditions.

But Dick was no coward and he was determined to speak of his engagement to Faith as soon as he had rid his mind of the business which had sent him to Annis. Nor had he any love-lorn looks or attitudes; he appeared to be an exceedingly happy man, when he opened the parlor door of his father's apartments in the Clarendon. Breakfast was on the table and the squire and his wife were calmly enjoying it. They cried out joyfully when they saw him. The squire hastily stood up with outstretched hands, while Dick's mother cried out, "O Dick! Dick! how good it is to see thee!"

Dick was soon seated between them and as he ate he told the news he had brought from the home



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village. It was all interesting and important to them—from the change in its politics—which Dick said had become nearly Radical—to the death of Jonathan Hartley's mother, who had been for many years a great favorite of Mistress Annis.

Dick was a little astonished to find that his father pooh-pooh'd Boocock's design of building a mill in Annis. "He can't build ef he can't get land and water," he answered with a scornful laugh; "and Antony Annis will not let him hev either. He is just another of those once decent weavers, who hev been turned into arrant fools by making brass too easy and too quick. I hev heard them talk. They are allays going to build another mill somewhere, they are going to mak' a bid for all Yorkshire and mebbe tak' Lancashire into their plans. Boocock does not trouble me. And if Squire Annis puts him in Cold Shoulder Lane, there will not be a man in t' neighborhood poor and mean enough to even touch his cap to him. This is all I hev to say about Boocock at the present time and I don't want him mentioned again. Mind that!"

"I think, then, father, that you will have to get rid of Jonathan Hartley."

"Rid of Jonathan! Whativer is tha talking about? I could spare him as little as my right hand."

"Jonathan told me to tell you that you had better build a mill yourself, than let Boocock, or some other

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stranger, in among Annis folk. He said the world was stepping onward and that we had better step with the world, than be dragged behind it. He said that was his feeling."

"Well, he hes a right to his feeling, but he need not send it to me. Let him go. I see how it is. I am getting a bit older than I was and men that are younger five or ten years are deserting me. They fear to be seen with an old foggy, like Squire Annis. God help me, but—I'm not downed yet. If they can do without me, I can jolly well do without them. *Why-a!* Thy mother is worth iverybody else to me and she'll love and cherish me if I add fifty years more to my present fifty-five."

"I want no other love, Antony, than yours. It is good enough for life—and thereafter."

"Dear, dear Annie! And don't fear! When I am sure it is time to move, I'll move. I'll outstrip them all yet. By George, I'll keep them panting after me! How is it, Dick? Wilt thou stand with thy father? If so, put thy hand in thy father's and we will beat them all at their awn game"—and Dick put his hand in his father's hand and answered, "I am your loving and obedient son. Your will is my pleasure, sir."

"Good, dear lad! Then we two will do as we want to do, we'll do it in our awn time, and in our awn way, and we hev sense enough, between us, to

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tak' our awn advice, whativer it be. For first of all, we'll do whativer is best for the village, and then for oursens, without anybody's advice but our awn. Just as soon as The Bill is off my mind we will hev a talk on this subject. Annis Hall and Annis land and water is our property—mine and thine—and we will do whativer is right, both to the land and oursens."

And Dick's loving face, and the little sympathizing nod of his head, was all the squire needed. Then he stood up, lifting himself to his full height, and added, "Boocock and his mill will have to wait on my say-so, and I haven't room in my mind at present to consider him; so we will say no more on that subject, until he comes and asks me for the land and water he wants. What is tha going to do with thysen now?"

"That depends upon your wish, father. Are you going to—The House?"

"The House! Hes tha forgotten that the English Government must hev its usual Easter recreation whativer comes or goes? I told thee—I told thee in my first letter to Annis, that parliament hed given themsens three weeks' holiday. They feel a good bit tired. The Bill hed them all worn out."

"I remember! I had forgotten The Bill!"

"Whativer hes tha been thinking of to forget that?"

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## LOVE'S TENDER PHANTASY

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"Where then are you going to-day, father?"

"I doan't just know yet, Dick, but——"

"Well, I know where I am going," said Mistress Annis. "I have an engagement with Jane and Katherine at eleven and I shall have to hurry if I am to keep it."

"Somewhere to go, or something to do. Which is it, Annie?"

"It is both, Antony. We are going to Exeter Hall, to a very aristocratic meeting, to make plans for the uplifting of the working man. Lord Brougham is to be chairman. He says very few can read and hardly any write their names. Shocking! Lord Brougham says we ought to be ashamed of such a condition and do something immediately to alter it."

"Brougham does not know what he is talking about. He thinks a man's salvation is in a spelling book and an inkhorn. There is going to be a deal of trouble made by fools, who want to uplift the world, before the world is ready to be uplifted. They can't uplift starving men. It is bread, not books, they want; and I hev allays seen that when a man gets bare enough bread to keep body and soul together, the soul, or the mind, gets the worst of it."

"I cannot help that," said Mistress Annis. "Lord Brougham will prove to us, that body and



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mind must be equally cared for or the man is not developed."

"Well, then, run away to thy developing work. It is a new kind of job for thee; and I doan't think it will suit thee—not a bit of it. I would go with thee but developing working men is a step or two out of my way. And I'll tell thee something, the working men—and women, too—will develop theirsens if we only give them the time and the means, and the brass to do it. But go thy ways and if thou art any wiser after Brougham's talk I'll be glad to know what he said."

"I shall stay and dine with Jane and thou hed better join us. We may go to the opera afterwards."

"Nay, then, I'll not join thee. I wouldn't go to another opera for anything—not even for the great pleasure of thy company. If I hev to listen to folk singing, I want them to sing in the English language. It is good enough, and far too good, for any of the rubbishy words I iver heard in any opera. What time shall I come to Jane's for thee?"

"About eleven o'clock, or soon after."

"That's a nice time for a respectable squire's wife to be driving about London streets. I wish I hed thee safe at Annis Hall."

With a laugh Annie closed the door and hurried away and Dick turned to his father.

"I want to talk with you, sir," he said, "on a sub-

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ject which I want your help and sympathy in, before I name it to anyone else. Suppose we sit still here. The room is quiet and comfortable and we are not likely to be disturbed."

"Why then, Dick! Hes tha got a new sweet-heart?"

"Yes, sir, and she is the dearest and loveliest woman that ever lived. I want you to stand by me in any opposition likely to rise."

"What is her name? Who is she?" asked the squire not very cordially.

"Her name is Faith Foster. You know her, father?"

"Yes, I know her. She is a good beautiful girl."

"I felt sure you would say that, sir. You make me very happy."

"A man cannot lie about any woman. Faith Foster is good and beautiful."

"And she has promised to be my wife. Father, I am so happy! So happy! And your satisfaction with Faith doubles my pleasure. I have been in love with her for nearly a year but I was afraid to lose all by asking all; and I never found courage or opportunity to speak before this to her."

"That is all buff and bounce. Thou can drop the word 'courage,' and opportunity will do for a reason. I niver knew Dick Annis to be afraid of a girl but if thou art really afraid of this girl—let

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her go. It is the life of a dog to live with a woman that you fear."

"Father, you have seen Faith often. Do you fear her in the way your words seem to imply?"

"Me! Does tha think I fear any woman? What's up with thee to ask such a question as that?"

"I thought from your kind manner with Faith and your admiring words both to her and about her that you would have congratulated me on my success in winning her love."

"I doan't know as thou deserves much congratulation on that score. I think it is mebbe, to me mysen, and to thy mother thou art mainly indebted for what success there is in winning Miss Foster's favor. We gave thee thy handsome face and fine form, thy bright smile and that coaxing way thou hes—a way that would win any lass thou choose to favor—it is just the awful way young men hev, of choosing the wrong time to marry even if they happen to choose the right woman."

"Was that your way, father?"

"Ay, was it! I chose the right time, but the girl was wrong enough in some ways."

"My mother wrong! Oh, no, father!"

"My father thought she was not rich enough for me. He was a good bit disappointed by my choice but I knew what I was doing."

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## LOVE'S TENDER PHANTASY

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"Father, I also know what I am doing. I suppose you object to Faith's want of fortune."

"Mebbe I do, and I wouldn't be to blame if I did, but as it happens I think a man is better without his wife's money. A wife's money is a quarrelsome bit of either land or gold."

"I consider Faith's goodness a fortune far beyond any amount of either gold or land."

"Doan't thee say anything against either land or gold. When thou hes lived as long as I hev thou wilt know better than do that."

"Wisdom is better than riches. I have heard you say that often."

"It was in Solomon's time. I doan't know that it is in Victoria's. The wise men of this day would be a deal wiser if they hed a bit of gold to carry out all the machines and railroads and canals they are planning; and what would the final outcome be, if they hed it? Money, money, and still more money. This last year, Dick, I hev got some new light both on poverty and riches and I have seen one thing plainly, it is that money is a varry good, respectable thing, and a thing that goes well with lovemaking; but poverty is the least romantic of all misfortunes. A man may hide, or cure, or forget any other kind of trouble, but, my lad, there is no Sanctuary for Poverty."

"All you say is right, father, but if Faith's want



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of fortune is no great objection, is there any other reason why I should not marry her? We might as well speak plainly now, as afterwards."

"That is my way. I hate any backstair work, especially about marrying. Well, then, one thing is that Faith's people are all Chapel folk. The Squire of Annis is a landed gentleman of England, and the men who own England's land hev an obligation to worship in England's Church."

"You know, father, that wives have a duty laid on them to make their husbands' church their church. Faith will worship where I worship and that is in Annis Parish Church."

"What does tha know of Faith's father and mother?"

"Her grandfather was a joiner and carpenter and a first class workman. He died of a fever just before the birth of Faith's mother. Her grandmother was a fine lace maker, and supported herself and her child by making lace for eight years. Then she died and the girl, having no kindred and no friends willing to care for her, was taken to the Poor House."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! that is bad—very bad indeed!"

"Listen, father. At the Poor House Sunday school she learned to read, and later was taught how to spin, and weave, and to sew and knit. She was a silent child, but had fine health and a wonderfully ambitious nature. At eleven years of age she took

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## LOVE'S TENDER PHANTASY

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her living into her own hands. She went into a woolen mill and made enough to pay her way in the family of Samuel Broadbent, whose sons now own the great Broadbent mill with its six hundred power-looms. When she was fifteen she could manage two looms, and was earning more than a pound a week. Every shilling nearly of this money went for books. She bought, she borrowed, she read every volume she could reach; and in the meantime attended the Bradford Night School of the Methodist Church. At seventeen years of age she was a very good scholar and had such a remarkable knowledge of current literature and authors that she was made the second clerk in the Public Library. Soon after, she joined the Methodist Church, and her abilities were quickly recognized by the Preacher, and she finally went to live with his family, teaching his boys and girls, and being taught and protected by their mother. One day Mr. Foster came as the second preacher in that circuit and he fell in love with her and they married. Faith is their child, and she has inherited not only her mother's beauty and intellect, but her father's fervent piety and humanity. Since her mother's death she has been her father's companion and helped in all his good works, as you know."

"Yes, I know—has her mother been long dead?

"About six years. She left to the young girls who have to work for their living several valuable

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text-books to assist them in educating themselves, a very highly prized volume of religious experiences and a still more popular book of exquisite poems. Is there anything in this record to be called objectionable or not honorable?"

*"Ask thy mother that question, Dick."*

"Nay, father, I want your help and sympathy. I expect nothing favorable from mother. You must stand by me in this strait. If you accept Faith my mother will accept her. Show her the way. Do, father! Always you have been right-hearted with me. You have been through this hard trial yourself, father. You know what it is."

"To be sure I do; and I managed it in a way that thou must not think of, or I will niver forgive thee. I knew my father and mother would neither be to coax nor to reason with, and just got quietly wedded and went off to France with my bride. I didn't want any browbeating from my father and I niver could hev borne my mother's scorn and silence, so I thought it best to come to some sort of terms with a few hundred miles between us—but mind what I say, Dick! I was niver again happy with them. They felt that I hed not trusted their love and they niver more trusted my love. There was a gulf between us that no love could bridge. Father died with a hurt feeling in his heart. Mother left my house and went back to her awn home as soon as

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## LOVE'S TENDER PHANTASY

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he was buried. All that thy mother could do niver won her more than mere tolerance. Now, Dick, my dear lad, I hev raked up this old grief of mine for thy sake. If tha can win thy mother's promise to accept Faith as a daughter, and the future mistress of Annis Hall, I'll put no stone in thy way. Hes tha said anything on this subject to Mr. Foster? If so, what answer did he give thee?"

"He said the marriage would be a great pleasure to him if you and mother were equally pleased; but not otherwise."

"That was right, it was just what I expected from him."

"But, father, until our engagement was fully recognized by you and mother, he forbid us to meet, or even to write to each other. I can't bear that. I really can not."

"Well, I doan't believe Faith will help thee to break such a command. Not her! She will keep ivery letter of it."

"Then I shall die. I could not endure such cruelty! I will—I will——"

"Whatever thou shall, could, or will, do try and not make a fool of thysen. *Drat it, man!* Let me see thee in this thy first trial *right-side-out*. Furthermore, I'll not hev thee going about Annis village with that look on thy face as if ivery thing was on the perish. There isn't a man there, who wouldn't



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know the meaning of it and they would wink at one another and say 'poor beggar! it's the Methody preacher's little lass!' There it is! and thou knows it, as well as I do."

"Let them mock if they want to. I'll thrash every man that names her."

"Be quiet! I'll hev none of thy tempers, so just bid thy Yorkshire devil to get behind thee. I hev made thee a promise and I'll keep it, if tha does thy part fairly."

"What is my part?"

"It is to win over thy mother."

"You, sir, have far more influence over mother than I have. If I cannot win mother, will you try, sir?"

"No, I will not. Now, Dick, doan't let me see thee wilt in thy first fight. Pluck up courage and win or fail with a high heart. And if tha should fail, just take the knockdown with a smile, and say,

"If she is not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be!

That was the young men's song in my youth. Now we will drop the subject and what dost tha say to a ride in the Park?"

"All right, sir."

The ride was not much to speak of. One man was too happy, and the other was too unhappy and

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eventually the squire put a stop to it. "Dick," he said, "tha hed better go to thy room at The Yorkshire Club and sleep thysen into a more respectable temper." And Dick answered, "Thank you, sir. I will take your advice"—and so raising his hand to his hat he rapidly disappeared.

"Poor lad!" muttered his father; "he hes some hard days before him but it would niver do to give him what he wants and there is no ither way to put things right"—and with this reflection the squire's good spirits fell even below his son's melancholy. Then he resolved to go back to the Clarendon. "Annie may come back there to dress before her dinner and opera," he reflected—"but if she does I'll not tell her a word of Dick's trouble. No, indeed! Dick must carry his awn bad news. I hev often told her unpleasant things and usually I got the brunt o' them mysen. So if Annie comes home to dress—and she does do so varry often lately—I'll not mention Dick's affair to her. I hev noticed that she dresses hersen varry smart now and, by George, it suits her well! In her way she looks as handsome as either of her daughters. I did not quite refuse to dine at Jane's, I think she will come to the Clarendon to dress and to beg me to go with her and I might as well go—here she comes! I know her step, bless her!"

When Dick left his father he went to his sister's

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residence. He knew that Jane and his mother were at the lecture but he did not think that Katherine would be with them and he felt sure of Katherine's sympathy. He was told that she had just gone to Madam Temple's and he at once followed her there and found her writing a letter and quite alone.

"Kitty! Kitty!" he cried in a lachrymose tone. "I am in great trouble."

"Whatever is wrong, Dick? Are you wanting money?"

"I am not thinking or caring anything about money. I want Faith and her father will not let me see her or write to her unless father and mother are ready to welcome her as a daughter. They ought to do so and father is not very unwilling; but I know mother will make a stir about it and father will not move in the matter for me."

"Move?"

"Yes, I want him to go to mother and make her do the kind and the right thing and he will not do it for me, though he knows that mother always gives in to what he thinks best."

"She keeps her own side, Dick, and goes as far as she can, but it is seldom she gets far enough without father's consent. Father always keeps the decisive word for himself."

"That is what I say. Then father could—if he

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would—say the decisive word and so make mother agree to my marriage with Faith.”

“Well you see, Dick, mother is father’s love affair and why should he have a dispute with his wife to make you and your intended wife comfortable and happy? Mother has always been in favor of Harry Bradley and she does not prevent us seeing or writing each other, when it is possible, but she will not hear of our engagement being made public, because it would hurt father’s feelings and she is half-right anyway. A wife ought to regard her husband’s feelings. You would expect that, if you were married.”

“Oh, Kitty, I am so miserable. Will you sound mother’s feelings about Faith for me? Then I would have a better idea how to approach her on the subject.”

“Certainly, I will.”

“How soon?”

“To-morrow, if possible.”

“Thank you, dearie! I love Faith so truly that I have forgotten all the other women I ever knew. Their very names tire me now. I wonder at myself for ever thinking them at all pretty. I could hardly be civil to any of them if we met. I shall never care for any woman again, if I miss Faith.”

“You know, Dick, that you must marry someone.



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The family must be kept up. Is the trouble Faith's lack of money?"

"No. It is her father and mother."

"Her father is a scholar and fine preacher."

"Yes, but her mother was a working girl, really a mill hand," and then Dick told the story of Faith's mother with enthusiasm. Kitty listened with interest, but answered, "I do not see what you are going to do, Dick. Not only mother, but Jane will storm at the degradation you intend to inflict upon the house of Annis."

"There are two things I can do. I will marry Faith, and be happier than words can tell; or I will leave England forever."

"Dick, you never can do that. Everything good forbids it—and there. Jane's carriage is coming."

"Then good-by. When can I see you to-morrow?"

"In the afternoon, perhaps. I may speak to mother before three o'clock."

Then Dick went away and a servant entered with a letter. It was from Lady Jane, bidding Katherine return home immediately or she would not be dressed in time for dinner. On her way home she passed Dick walking slowly with his head cast down and carrying himself in a very dejected manner. Katherine stopped the carriage and offered to give him a lift as far as his club.

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"No, thank you, Kitty," he answered. "You may interview mother for me if you like. I was coming to a resolution to take the bull by the horns, or at least in some manner find a way that is satisfactory in the meantime."

"That is right. There is nothing like patient watching and waiting. Every ball finally comes to the hand held out for it."

Then with a nod and a half-smile, Dick lifted his hat and went forward. While he was in the act of speaking to Katherine an illuminating thought had flashed through his consciousness and he walked with a purposeful stride towards his club. Immediately he sat down and began to write a letter, and the rapid scratching of the goose quill on the fine glazed paper indicated there was no lack of feeling in what he was writing. The firm, strong, small letters, the wide open long letters, the rapid fluency and haste of the tell-tale quill, all indicated great emotion, and it was without hesitation or consideration he boldly signed his name to the following letter:—

To the REV. JOHN FOSTER.

*Dear Sir:*

You have made me the most wretched of men. You have made Faith the most unhappy of women. Faith never wronged you in all her life. Do you imagine she would do for me what she has never before done? I never wronged you by one thought. Can you not trust my word

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and my honor? I throw myself and Faith on your mercy. You are punishing us before we have done anything worthy of punishment. Is that procedure just and right? If so, it is very unlike you. Let me write to Faith once every week and permit her to answer my letter. I have given you my word; my word is my honor. I cannot break it without your permission, and until you grant my prayer, I am bound by a cruel obligation to lead a life, that being beyond Love and Hope, is a living death. And the terrible aching torture of this ordeal is that Faith must suffer it with me. Sir, I pray your mercy for both of us.

Your sincere suppliant,

RICHARD HAVELING ANNIS.

Dick posted this letter as soon as it was written and the following day it was in the hands of the preacher. He received it as he was going home to his tea, about half past five, and he read it, and then turned towards the open country, and read it again and again. He had been in the house of mourning all day. His heart was tender, his thoughts sadly tuned to the sorrows and broken affections of life, and at the top of the Brow he sat down on a large granite boulder and let his heart lead him.

"Richard Annis is right," he said. "I have acted as if I could not trust. Oh, how could I so wrong my good, sweet daughter! I have almost insulted her, to her lover. Why did I do this evil thing? Self! Self! Only for Self! I was determined to serve myself first. I did not consider others as

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I ought to have done—and Pride! Yes, Pride! John Foster! You have been far out of the way of the Master whom you serve. Go quickly, and put the wrong right.” And he rose at the spiritual order and walked quickly home. As he passed through the Green he saw Faith come to the door and look up and down the street. “She is uneasy about my delay,” he thought, “how careful and loving she is about me! How anxious, if I am a little late! The dear one! How I wronged her!”

“I have been detained, Faith,” he said, as she met him at the door. “There are four deaths from cholera this afternoon, and they talk of forbidding me to visit the sick, till this strange sickness disappears.” During the meal, Foster said nothing of the letter he had received, but as Faith rose, he also rose, and laying his hand upon her shoulder said:

“Faith, here is a letter that I received this afternoon from Richard Annis.”

“Oh, father, I am so sorry! I thought Richard would keep his word. He promised me—” and her voice sunk almost to a whisper.

“Richard has not broken a letter of his promise. The letter was sent to me. It is my letter. I want you to read it, and to answer it for me, and you might write to him once a week, without infringing on the time necessary for your duties here. I wish to tell you also, that I think Annis is right. I have put



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both of you under restraints not needful, not supposable, even from my knowledge of both of you. Answer the letter according to your loyal, loving heart. Annis will understand by my utterly revoking the charge I gave you both, that I see my fault, and am sorry for it."

Then Faith's head was on her father's shoulder, and she was clasped to his heart, and he kissed the silent happy tears from off her cheeks and went to the chapel with a heart at peace.

Two days afterward the squire went to call upon his son and he found him in his usual buoyant temper. "Mother was anxious about thee, Dick. She says she has not seen thee for four or five days."

"I have been under the weather for a week, but I am all right now. Tell her I will come and dine with her to-night. What are you going to do with yourself to-day?"

"Well, I'll tell thee—Russell and Grey hev asked me to go to Hyde Park Gate and talk to the people, and keep them quiet, till parliament can fashion to get back to its place."

"Are not the Easter holidays over yet?"

"The taking of holidays at this time was both a sin and a shame. The streets are full of men who are only wanting a leader and they would give king and lords and commons a long, long holiday. Earl Russell says I am the best man to manage them, and

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he hes asked by proclamation Yorkshire and Lancashire men to meet me, and talk over our program with me."

"Can I go with you?"

"If tha wants to."

"There may be quarreling and danger. I will not let you go alone. I must be at your side."

"Nay, then, there is no 'must be.' I can manage Yorkshire lads without anybody's help."

"What time do you speak?"

"About seven o'clock."

"All right. Tell mother I'll have my dinner with her and you at the Clarendon, and then we will go to interview the mob afterward."

"They are not a mob. Doan't thee call them names. They are ivery one Englishmen, holding themsens with sinews of steel, from becoming mobs; but if they should, by any evil chance, become a mob, then, bless thee, lad, it would be well for thee and me to keep out of their way!"

"The trouble lies here," the squire continued,—  
"these gatherings of men waiting to see The Bill passed that shall give them their rights, have been well taught by Earl Grey, Lord Russell, and Lord Brougham, but only fitfully, at times and seasons; but by day and night ivery day and Sunday, there hev been and there are chartists and socialist lecturers among them, putting bitter thoughts against

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their awn country into their hearts. And they're a soft lot. They believe all they are told, if t' speaker but claim to be educated. Such precious nonsense!"

"Well, then, father, a good many really educated people go to lectures about what they call science and they, too, believe all that they are told."

"I'll warrant them, Dick. Yet our Rector, when he paid us a visit last summer, told me emphatically, that science was a new kind of sin—a new kind of sin, that, and nothing more, or better! And I'll be bound thy mother will varry soon find it out and I'm glad she hed the sense to keep Kitty away from such teachers. Just look at Brougham. He is making a perfect fool of himsen about tunneling under the Thames River and lighting cities with the gas we see sputtering out of our coal fires and carrying men in comfortable coaches thirty, ay, even forty, miles an hour by steam. Why Bingley told me, that he heard Brougham say he hoped to live to see men heving their homes in Norfolk or Suffolk villages, running up or down to London ivery day to do their business. Did tha iver hear such nonsense, Dick? And when men who publish books and sit on the government benches talk it, what can you expect from men who don't know their alphabet?"

"You have an easier fight than I have, sir. Love

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and one woman, can be harder to win, than a thousand men for freedom."

"Tha knows nothing about it, if that is thy opinion," and the squire straightened himself, and stood up, and with a great deal of passion recited three fine lines from Byron, the favorite men's poet of that day:—

"For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is always won!"

"Those lines sound grandly in your mouth, dad," said Dick, as he looked with admiring love into his father's face.

"Ay, I think they do. I hev been reciting them a good deal lately. They allays bring what t' Methodists call 'the Amen' from the audience. I don't care whether it is made up of rich men, or poor men, they fetch a ringing Amen from every heart."

"I should think that climax would carry any meeting."

"No, it won't. The men I am going to address to-night doan't read; but they do think, and when a man hes drawn his conclusions from what he hes seen, and what he hes felt or experienced, they hev a bulldog grip on him. I will tell thee now, and keep mind of what I say—when tha hes to talk to fools,



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tha needs ivery bit of all the senses tha happens to hev."

"Well, father, can I be of any use to you to-night?"

"Tha can not. Not a bit, not a word. Dick, thou belongs to the coming generation and they would see it and make thee feel it. Thy up-to-date dress would offend them. I shall go to t' meeting in my leather breeches, and laced-up Blucher shoes, my hunting coat and waistcoat with dog head buttons, and my Madras red neckerchief. They will understand that dress. It will explain my connection with the land that we all of us belong to. Now be off with thee and I am glad to see thou hes got over thy last sweet-hearting so soon, and so easy. I thought thou wert surely in for a head-over-ears attack."

"Good-by, dad! and do not forget the three lines of poetry."

"I'm not likely to forget them. No one loves a bit of poetry better than a Yorkshire weaver. Tha sees they were mostly brought up on Wesley's Hymn Book," and he was just going to recite the three lines again, but he saw Dick had turned towards the door and he let him go. "Ah, well!" he muttered, "it is easy to make Youth see, but you can't make it believe."

## CHAPTER IX

### LOVERS QUARREL AND THE SQUIRE MAKES A SPEECH

"There are no little events with the Heart."

"The more we judge, the less we Love."

"Kindred is kindred, and Love is Love."

"The look that leaves no doubt, that the last  
Glimmer of the light of Love has gone out."

**W**HEN Dick left his father he hardly knew what to do with himself. He was not prepared to speak to his mother, nor did he think it quite honorable to do so, until he had informed his father of Mr. Foster's change of heart, with regard to Faith and himself. His father had been his first confidant, and in this first confidence, there had been an implied promise, that his engagement to Faith was not yet to be made public.

"Dick!" the squire had said: "Thou must for a little while do as most men hev to do; that is, keep thy happiness to thyself till there comes a wiser hour to talk about it. People scarcely sleep, or eat, the whole country is full of trouble and fearfulness; and mother and Jane are worried about Katherine and

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her sweethearts. She hes a new one, a varry likely man, indeed, the nephew of an earl and a member of a very rich banking firm. And Kitty is awkward and disobedient, and won't notice him."

"I think Kitty ought to have her own way, father. She has set her heart on Harry Bradley and no one can say a word against Harry."

"Perhaps not, from thy point of view. Dick, it is a bit hard on a father and mother, when their children, tenderly loved and cared for, turn their backs on such love and go and choose love for themsens, even out of the house of their father's enemies. I feel it badly, Dick. I do that!" And the squire looked so hopeless and sorrowful, Dick could not bear it. He threw his arm across his father's shoulder, and their hands met, and a few words were softly said, that brought back the ever ready smile to the squire's face.

"It is only thy mother," continued the squire, "that I am anxious about. Kitty and Harry are in the same box as thysen; they will mebbe help thee to talk thy love hunger away. But I wouldn't say a word to thy aunt. However she takes it she will be apt to overdo hersen. It is only waiting till the Bill is passed and that will soon happen. Then we shall go home, and mother will be too busy getting her home in order, to make as big a worry of Faith, as she would do here, where Jane and thy aunt would

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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do all they could to make the trouble bigger."

Then Dick went to look for Harry. He could not find him. A clerk at the Club told him he "believed Mr. Bradley had gone to Downham Market in Norfolk," and Dick fretfully wondered what had taken Harry to Norfolk? And to Downham Market, of all the dull, little towns in that country. Finally, he concluded to go and see Kitty. "She is a wise little soul," he thought, "and she may have added up mother by this time." So he went to Lady Leyland's house and found Kitty and Harry Bradley taking lunch together.

"Mother and Jane are out with Aunt Josepha," she said, "and Harry has just got back from Norfolk. I was sitting down to my lonely lunch when he came in, so he joined me. It is not much of a lunch. Jane asked me if a mutton patty-pie, and some sweet stuff would do, and I told her she could leave out the mutton pie, if she liked, but she said, 'Nonsense! someone might come in, who could not live on love and sugar.' So the pies luckily came up, piping hot, for Harry. Some good little household angel always arranges things, if we trust to them."

"What took you to Norfolk, Harry? Bird game on the Fens, I suppose?"

"Business, only, took me there. We heard of a man who had some Jacquard looms to sell. I went to see them."



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## THE PAPER CAP

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"I missed you very much. I am in a lot of trouble. Faith and I are engaged, you know."

"No! I did not know that things had got that far."

"Yes, they have, and Mr. Foster behaved to us very unkindly at first, but he has seen his fault, and repented. And father was more set and obdurate than I thought he could be, under any circumstances; and I wanted your advice, Harry, and could not find you anywhere."

"Was it about Faith you wanted me?"

"Of course, I wanted to know what you would do if in my circumstances."

"Why, Dick, Kitty and I are in a similar case and we have done nothing at all. We are just waiting, until Destiny does for us what we should only do badly, if we tried to move in the matter before the proper time. I should personally think this particular time would not be a fortunate hour for seeking recognition for a marriage regarded as undesirable on either, or both sides. I am sorry you troubled your father just at this time, for I fear he has already a great trouble to face."

"My father a great trouble to face! What do you mean, Harry? Have you heard anything? Is mother all right? Kitty, what is it?"

"I had heard of nothing wrong when mother and Jane went out to-day. Harry is not ten minutes in

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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the house. We had hardly finished saying good afternoon to each other."

"I did not intend to say anything to Kitty, as I judged it to be a trouble the squire must bear alone."

"Oh, no! The squire's wife and children will bear it with him. Speak out, Harry. Whatever the trouble is, it cannot be beyond our bearing and curing."

"Well, you see, Dick, the new scheme of boroughs decided on by the Reform Bill will deprive the squire of his seat in Parliament, as Annis borough has been united with Bradley borough, which also takes in Thaxton village. Now if the Bill passes, there will be a general election, and there is a decided move, in that case, to elect my father as representative for the united seats."

"That is nothing to worry about," answered Dick with a nonchalant tone and manner. "My dad has represented them for thirty years. I believe grandfather sat for them, even longer. I dare be bound dad will be glad to give his seat to anybody that hes the time to bother with it; it is nothing but trouble and expense."

"Is that so? I thought it represented both honor and profit," said Harry.

"Oh, it may do! I do not think father cares a button about what honor and profit it possesses. However, I am going to look after father now, and,

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Kitty, if the circumstances should in the least be a trouble to father, I shall expect you to stand loyally by your father and the family." With these words he went away, without further courtesies, unless a proud upward toss of his handsome head could be construed into a parting salute.

A few moments of intense silence followed. Katherine's cheeks were flushed and her eyes cast down. Harry looked anxiously at her. He expected some word, either of self-dependence, or of loyalty to her pledge of a supreme love for himself; but she made neither, and was—Harry considered—altogether unsatisfactory. At this moment he expected words of loving constancy, or at least some assurance of the stability of her affection. On the contrary, her silence and her cold manner, gave him a heart shock. "Kitty! My darling Kitty! did you hear, did you understand, what Dick said, what he meant?"

"Yes, I both heard and understood."

"Well then, what was it?"

"He meant, that if my father was hurt, or offended by his removal from his seat in The House, he would make father's quarrel his own and expect me to do the same."

"But you would not do such a thing as that?"

"I do not see how I could help it. I love my father. It is beyond words to say how dear he is to me. It would be an impossibility for me to avoid

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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sympathizing with him. Mother and Dick would do the same. Aunt Josepha and even Jane and Leyland, would make father's wrong their own; and you must know how Yorkshire families stand together even if the member of it in trouble is unworthy of the least consideration. Remember the Traffords! They were all made poor by Jack, and Jack's wife, but they would not listen to a word against them. That is *our* way, you know it. To every Yorkshire man and woman Kindred is Kin, and Love is Love."

"But they put love before kindred."

"Perhaps they do, and perhaps they do not. I have never seen anyone put strangers before kindred. I would despise anyone who did such a thing. Yes, indeed, I would!"

"Your father knows how devotedly we love each other, even from our childhood."

"Well, then, he has always treated our love as a very childish affair. He looks upon me yet, as far too young to even think of marrying. He has been expecting me during this season in London, to meet someone or other by whom I could judge whether my love for you was not a childish imagination. You have known this, Harry, all the time we have been sweethearts. When I was nine, and you were twelve, both father and mother used to laugh at our childish love-making."



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## THE PAPER CAP

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"I wonder if I understand you, Kitty! Are you beginning to break your promise to me?"

"If I wished to break my promise to you, I should not do so in any underhand kind of way. Half-a-dozen clear, strong words would do. I should not understand any other way."

"I am very miserable. Your look and your attitude frighten me."

"Harry, I never before saw you act so imprudently and unkindly. No one likes the bringer of ill news. I was expecting a happy hour with you and Dick; and you scarcely allowed Dick to bid me a good afternoon, until you out with your bad news—and there was a real tone of triumph in your voice. I'm sure I don't wonder that Dick felt angry and astonished."

"Really, Kitty, I thought it the best opportunity possible to tell you about the proposed new borough. I felt sure, both you and Dick would remember my uncertain, and uncomfortable position, and give me your assurance of my claim. It is a very hard position for me to be in, and I am in no way responsible for it."

"I do not think your position is any harder than mine and I am as innocent—perhaps a great deal more innocent—of aiding on the situation as you can be."

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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"Do you intend to give me up if your father and Dick tell you to do so?"

"That is not the question. I say distinctly, that I consider your hurry to tell the news of your father's possible substitution in the squire's parliamentary seat, was impolite and unnecessary just yet, and that your voice and manner were in some unhappy way offensive. I felt them to be so, and I do not take offense without reason."

"Let me explain."

"No. I do not wish to hear any more on the subject at present. And I will remind you that the supplanting of Squire Annis is as yet problematic. Was there any necessity for you to rush news which is dependent on the passing of a Bill, that has been loitering in parliament for forty years, and before a general election was certain? It was this hurry and your uncontrollable air of satisfaction, which angered Dick—and myself:"—and with these words, said with a great deal of quiet dignity, she bid Harry "good afternoon" and left the room.

And Harry was dumb with sorrow and amazement. He made no effort to detain her, and when she reached the next floor, she heard the clash of the main door follow his hurrying footsteps. "It is all over! All over!!" she said and then tried to comfort herself, with a hearty fit of crying.

Harry went to his club and thought the circum-

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## THE PAPER CAP

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stance over, but he hastily followed a suggestion, which was actually the most foolish move he could have made—he resolved to go and tell Madam Temple the whole circumstance. He believed that she had a real liking for him and would be glad to put his side of the trouble in its proper light. She had always sympathized with his love for Katherine and he believed that she would see nothing wrong in his gossip about the squire's position. So he went to Madam at once and found her in her office with her confidential lawyer.

"Well, then?" she asked, in her most authoritative manner, "what brings thee here, in the middle of the day's business? Hes thou no business in hand? No sweetheart to see? No book or paper to read?"

"I came to you, Madam, for advice; but I see that you are too busy to care for my perplexities."

"Go into the small parlor and I will come to thee in ten minutes."

Her voice and manner admitted of no dispute, and Harry—inwardly chafing at his own obedience—went to the small parlor and waited. As yet he could not see any reason for Dick's and Katherine's unkind treatment of him. He felt sure Madam Temple would espouse his side of the question, and also persuade Katherine that Dick had been unjustly offended. But his spirits fell the moment she en-

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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tered the room. The atmosphere of money and the market-place was still around her and she asked sharply—"Whatever is the matter with thee, Harry Bradley? Tell me quickly. I am more than busy to-day, and I hev no time for nonsense."

"It is more than nonsense, Madam, or I would not trouble you. I only want a little of your good sense to help me out of a mess I have got into with——"

"With Katherine, I suppose?"

"With Dick also."

"To be sure. If you offended one, you would naturally offend the other. Make as few words as thou can of the affair." This order dashed Harry at the beginning of the interview, and Madam's impassive and finally angry face gave him no help in detailing his grievance. Throughout his complaint she made no remark, no excuse, neither did she offer a word of sympathy. Finally he could no longer continue his tale of wrong, its monotony grew intolerable, even to himself, and he said passionately—

"I see that you have neither sympathy nor counsel to give me, Madam. I am sorry I troubled you."

"Ay, thou ought to be ashamed as well as sorry. Thou that reckons to know so much and yet cannot see that tha hes been guilty of an almost unpardonable family crime. Thou hed no right to say a word that would offend anyone in the Annis family. The report might be right, or it might be



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wrong, I know not which; but it was all wrong for thee to clap thy tongue on it. The squire has said nothing to me about thy father taking his place in the House of Commons, and I wouldn't listen to anyone else, not even thysen. I think the young squire and Katherine treated thee a deal better than thou deserved. After a bit of behavior like thine, it wasn't likely they would eat another mouthful with thee."

"The truth, Madam, is——"

"Even if it hed been ten times the truth, it should hev been a lie to thee. Thou ought to hev felled it, even on the lips speaking it. I think nothing of love and friendship that won't threep for a friend, right or wrong, for or against, true or untrue. I am varry much disappointed in thee, Mr. Harry Bradley, and the sooner thou leaves me, the better I'll be pleased."

"Oh, Madam, you utterly confound me."

"Thou ought to be confounded and I would be a deal harder on thee if I did not remember that thou hes no family behind thee whose honor——"

"Madam, I have my father behind me, and a nobler man does not exist. He is any man's peer. I know no other man fit to liken him to."

"That's right. Stand by thy father. And remember that the Annis family hes to stand up for a few centuries of Annis fathers. Go to thy father and

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bide with him. His advice will suit thee better than mine."

"I think Dick might have understood me."

"Dick understood thee well enough. Dick was heart hurt by thy evident pleasure with the news that was like a hot coal in thy mouth. It pleased thee so well thou couldn't keep it for a fitting hour. Not thou! Thy vanity will make a heart ache for my niece, no doubt she will be worried beyond all by thy behavior, but I'll warrant she will not go outside her own kith and kin for advice or comfort."

"Madam, forgive my ignorance. I ask you that much."

"Well, that is a different thing. I can forgive thee, where I couldn't help thee—not for my life. But thou ought to suffer for such a bit of falsity, and I hope thou wilt suffer. I do that! Now I can't stay with thee any longer, but I do wish thou had proved thyself more right-hearted, and less set up with a probability. In plain truth, that is so. And I'll tell the one sure thing—if thou hopes to live in Yorkshire, stand by Yorkshire ways, and be leal and loyal to thy friends, rich or poor."

"I hope, Madam, to be leal and loyal to all men."

"That is just a bit of general overdoing. It was a sharp wisdom in Jesus Christ, when he told us not to love all humanity, but to love our neighbor. He knew that was about all we could manage. It is

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above what I can manage this afternoon, so I'll take my leave of thee."

Harry left the house almost stupefied by the storm of anger his vanity and his pride in his father's probable honor, had caused him. But when he reached his room in The Yorkshire Club and had closed the door on all outside influences, a clear revelation came to him, and he audibly expressed it as he walked angrily about the floor:—

"I hate that pompous old squire! He never really liked me—thought I was not good enough for his daughter—and I'll be glad if he hes to sit a bit lower—and I'm right glad father is going a bit higher. Father is full fit for it. So he is! but oh, Katherine! Oh, Kitty! Kitty! What shall I do without you?"

In the meantime, Dick had decided that he would say nothing about the squire's probable rival for the new borough, until the speech to be made that evening had been delivered. It might cause him to say something premature and unadvised. When he came to this conclusion he was suddenly aware that he had left his lunch almost untouched on his sister's table, and that he was naturally hungry.

"No wonder I feel out of sorts!" he thought. "I will go to The Yorkshire and have a decent lunch. Kitty might have known better than offer me anything out of a patty-pan. I'll go and get some prop-

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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er eating and then I'll maybe have some sensible thinking."

He put this purpose into action at once by going to The Yorkshire Club and ordering a beefsteak with fresh shalots, a glass of port wine, and bread and cheese, and having eaten a satisfying meal, he went to his room and wrote a long letter to Faith, illustrating it with his own suspicions and reflections. This letter he felt to be a very clever move. He told himself that Faith would relate the story to her father and that Mr. Foster would say and do the proper thing much more wisely and effectively than anyone else could.

He did not know the exact hour at which his father was to meet some of the weavers and workers of Annis locality, but he thought if he reached the rendezvous about nine o'clock he would be in time to hear any discussion there might be, and walk to the Clarendon with his father after it. This surmise proved correct, for as he reached the designated place, he saw the crowd, and heard his father speaking to it. Another voice appeared to be interrupting him.

Dick listened a moment, and then ejaculated, "Yes! Yes! That is father sure enough! He is bound to have a threep with somebody." Then he walked quicker, and soon came in sight of the crowd of men surrounding the speaker, who stood well



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above them, on the highest step of a granite stairway leading into a large building.

Now Dick knew well that his father was a very handsome man, but he thought he had never before noticed it so clearly, for at this hour Antony Annis was something more than a handsome man—he was an inspired orator. His large, beautiful countenance was beaming and glowing with life and intellect; but it was also firm as steel, for he had a clear purpose before him, and he looked like a drawn sword. The faces of the crowd were lifted to him—roughly-sketched, powerful faces, with well-lifted foreheads, and thick brown hair, crowned in nearly every case with labor's square, uncompromising, upright paper cap.

The squire had turned a little to the right, and was addressing an Annis weaver called Jonas Shuttleworth. "Jonas Shuttleworth!" he cried, "does tha know what thou art saying? How dare tha talk in this nineteenth century of Englishmen fighting Englishmen? They can only do that thing at the instigation of the devil. *Why-a!* thou might as well talk of fighting thy father and mother! As for going back to old ways, and old times, none of us can do it, and if we could do it, we should be far from suited with the result. You hev all of you now seen the power loom at work; would you really like the old cumbrous hand-loom in your homes

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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again? You know well you wouldn't stand it. A time is close at hand when we shall all of us hev to cut loose from our base. I know that. I shall hev to do it. You will hev to do it. Ivery man that hes any *forthput* in him will hev to do it. Those who won't do it must be left behind, sticking in the mud made by the general stir up."

"That would be hard lines, squire."

"Not if you all take it like 'Mr. Content' at your new loom. For I tell you the even down truth, when I say—You, and your ways, and your likings, will all hev to be *born over again!* Most of you here are Methodists and you know what that means. The things you like best you'll hev to give them up and learn to be glad and to fashion yoursens to ways and works, which just now you put under your feet and out of your consideration."

"Your straight meaning, squire? We want to understand thee."

"Well and good! I mean this—You hev allays been 'slow and sure'; in the new times just here, you'll hev to be 'up and doing,' for you will find it a big hurry-push to keep step with your new work-fellows, steam and machinery."

"That is more than a man can do, squire."

"No, it is not! A man can do anything he thinks it worth his while to do."

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## THE PAPER CAP

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"The *London Times*, sir, said yesterday that it would take all of another generation."

"It will do nothing of the kind, Sam Yates. Whatever has thou to do with the newspapers? Newspapers! Don't thee mind them! Their advice is meant to be read, not taken."

"Labor, squire, hes its rights——"

"To be sure, labor also hes its duties. It isn't much we hear about the latter."

"Rights and duties, squire. The Reform Bill happens to be both. When is The Bill to be settled?"

"Nothing is settled, Sam, until it is settled right."

"Lord Brougham, in a speech at Manchester, told us he would see it settled this session."

"Lord Brougham thinks in impossibilities. He would make a contract with Parliament to govern England, or even Ireland. Let me tell thee all government is a thing of necessity, not of choice. England will not for any Bill dig under her foundations. Like Time, she destroys even great wrongs slowly. Her improvements hev to grow and sometimes they take a good while about it. You hev been crying for this Bill for forty years, you were not ready for it then. Few of you at that time hed any education. Now, many of your men can read and a lesser number write. Such men as Grey, Russell, Brougham and others hev led and taught you, and there's no

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denying that you hev been varry apt scholars. Take your improvements easily, Sam. You won't make any real progress by going over precipices."

"Well, sir, we at least hev truth on our side."

"Truth can only be on one side, Sam, I'm well pleased if you hev it."

"All right, squire, but I can tell you this—if Parliament doesn't help us varry soon now we will help oursens."

"That is what you ought to be doing right now. Get agate, men! Go to your new loom, and make yersens masters of it. I will promise you in that case, that your new life will be, on the whole, better than the old one. As for going back to the old life, you can't do it. Not for your immortal souls! Time never runs back to fetch any age of gold; and as for making a living in the old way and with the old hand loom, you may as well sow corn in the sea, and hope to reap it."

"Squire, I want to get out of a country where its rulers can stop minding its desperate poverty, and can forget that it is on the edge of rebellion, and in the grip of some death they call cholera, and go home for their Easter holiday, quite satisfied with themsens. We want another Oliver Cromwell."

"No, we don't either. The world won't be ready for another Cromwell, not for a thousand years



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maybe. Such men are only born at the rate of one in a millennium."

"What's a millennium, squire?"

"A thousand years, lad."

"There wer' men of the right kind in Cromwell's day to stand by him."

"Our fathers were neither better nor worse than oursens, Sam, just about thy measure, and my measure."

"I doan't know, sir. They fought King and Parliament, and got all they wanted. Then they went over seas and founded a big republic, and all hes gone well with them—and we could do the same."

"Well, then, you hev been doing something like the same thing iver since Cromwell lived. Your people are busy at the same trade now. The English army is made up of working men. They are usually thrown in ivery part of the world, taking a sea port, or a state, or a few fertile islands that are lying loose and uncivilized in the southern seas. They do this for the glory and profit of England and in such ways they hev made pagans live like Christians, and taught people to obey the just laws of England, that hed niver before obeyed a decent law of any kind."

"They don't get for their work what Cromwell's men got."

"They don't deserve it. Your mark can't touch

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## LOVERS QUARREL

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Cromwell's mark; it was far above your reach. Your object is mainly a selfish one. You want more money, more power, and you want to do less work than you ever did. Cromwell's men wanted one thing first and chiefly—the liberty to worship God according to their conscience. They got what they wanted for their day and generation, and before they settled in America, they made a broad path ready for John Wesley. Yes, indeed, Oliver Cromwell made John Wesley possible. Now, when you go to the wonderful new loom that has been invented for you, and work it cheerfully, you'll get your Bill, and all other things reasonable that you want."

"The Parliament men are so everlastingly slow, squire," said an old man sitting almost at the squire's feet.

"That is God's truth, friend. They *are* slow. It is the English way. You are slow yoursens. So be patient and keep busy learning your trade in a newer and cleverer way. I am going to bide in London till Parliament says, *Yes or No*. Afterwards I'll go back to Annis, and learn a new life." Then some man on the edge of the crowd put up his hand, and the squire asked:

"Whose cap is speaking now?"

"Israel Kinsman's, sir. Thou knows me, squire."

"To be sure I do. What does tha want to say? And when did tha get home from America?"

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"A matter of a year ago. I hev left the army and gone back to my loom. Now I want to ask thee, if thou are against men when they are oppressed fighting for their rights and their freedom?"

"Not I! Men, even under divine guidance, hev taken that sharp road many times. The God who made iron knew men would make swords of it—just as He also knew they would make plowshares. Making war is sometimes the only way to make peace. If the cause is a just one the Lord calls himself the God of battles. He knows, and we know, that

"Peace is no peace, if it lets the ill grow stronger,  
Only cheating destiny a very little longer;

War with its agonies, its horrors, and its crimes,  
Is cheaper if discounted, and taken up betimes.  
Foolish, indeed, are many other teachers;  
Cannons are God's preachers, when the time is ripe for  
war.

"Now, men, there is no use in discussing a situation not likely to trouble England in this nineteenth century. I believe the world is growing better constantly, and that eventually all men will do, or cause to be done, whatever is square, straight and upright, as the caps on your heads. I believe it, because the good men will soon be so immensely in excess that bad men will *hev* to do right, and until

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that day comes, we will go on fighting for freedom in ivery good shape it can come; knowing surely and certainly, that

“Freedom’s battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is always won.

“That is a truth, men, you may all of you cap to,” and as the squire lifted his riding cap high above his head, more than two hundred paper caps followed it, accompanied by a long, joyful shout for the good time promised, and certainly coming.

“Now, men,” said the squire, “let us see what ‘cap money’ we can collect for those who are poor and helpless. Israel Naylor and John Moorby will collect it. It will go for the spreading of the children’s table in Leeds and Israel will see it gets safely there.”

“We’ll hev thy cap, squire,” said Israel. “The man who proposes a cap collection salts his awn cap with his awn money first.” And the squire laughed good-humoredly, lifted his cap, and in their sight dropped five gold sovereigns into it. Then Dick offered his hat to his father, saying he had his opera hat in his pocket and the two happy men went away together, just as some musical genius had fitted Byron’s three lines to a Methodist long-metre, so



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they were followed by little groups straying off in different directions, and all singing,

“For Freedom’s battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is always won!  
Is always won! Is always won!”

Dick did not enter the Clarendon with his father. He knew that he might be a little superfluous. The squire had a certain childlike egotism which delighted in praising himself, and in telling his own story; and Annie was audience sufficient. If she approved, there was no more to be desired, the third person was often in the way. In addition to this wish to give the squire the full measure of his success, Dick was longing passionately to be with his love and his hopes. The squire would not speak of Faith, and Dick wanted to talk about her. Her name beat upon his lips, and oh, how he longed to see her! To draw her to his side, to touch her hair, her eyes, her lips! He told himself that the promise of silence until the Bill was passed, or thrown out was a great wrong, that he never ought to have made it, that his father never ought to have asked for it. He wondered how he was to get the time over; the gayeties of London had disappeared, the Leylands thought it prudent to live quietly, his mother and Katherine were tired of the city, and longed to be at

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home; and Harry, whose sympathy he had always relied on, was somewhere in Norfolk, and had not even taken the trouble to write and tell him the reason for his visit, to such a tame, bucolic county.

Yet with the hope of frequent letters, and his own cheerful optimistic temper, he managed to reach the thirtieth of May. On that morning he took breakfast with his parents, and the squire said in a positive voice that he was "sure the Bill would pass the House of Lords before May became June; and if you remember the events since the seventh of April, Dick, you will also be sure."

"But I do not remember much about public affairs during that time, father. I was in Annis, and here and there, and in every place it was confusion and anger and threats. I really do not remember them."

"Then thou ought to, and thou may as well sit still, and let me tell thee some things thou should niver forget." But as the squire's method was discursive, and often interrupted by questions and asides from Mistress Annis and Dick, facts so necessary may be told without such delay, and also they will be more easily remembered by the reader.

Keeping in mind then that Parliament adjourned at seven o'clock in the morning, on April fourteenth until the seventh of May, it is first to be noted that during this three weeks' vacation there was an in-

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cessant agitation, far more formidable than fire, rioting, and the destruction of property. Petitions from every populous place to King William entreated him to create a sufficient number of peers to pass the Bill *in spite of the old peers*. The Press, nearly a unit, urged as the most vital and necessary thing the immediate passage of the Bill, predicting a United Rebellion of England, Scotland and Ireland, if longer delayed. On the seventh of May, the day Parliament reassembled, there was the largest public meeting that had ever been held in Great Britain, and with heads uncovered, and faces lifted to heaven, the crowd took the following oath:—

*"With unbroken faith through every peril and privation, we here devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause!"*

This great public meeting included all the large political unions, and its solemn enthusiasm was remarkable for the same fervor and zeal of the old Puritan councils. Its solemn oath was taken while Parliament was reassembling in its two Houses. On that afternoon the House of Lords took up first the disfranchising of the boroughs, and a week of such intense excitement followed, as England had not seen since the Revolution of 1688.

On the eighth of May, Parliament asked the King to sanction a large creation of new peers. The king angrily refused his assent. The ministers then ten-

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dered their resignation. It was accepted. On the evening of the ninth, their resignation was announced to the Lords and Commons. On the eleventh Lord Ebrington moved that "the House should express to the King their deep distress at a change of ministers, and entreat him only to call to his councils such persons as would carry through *The Bill* with all its demands unchanged and unimpaired."

This motion was carried, and then for one week the nation was left to its conjectures, to its fears, and to its anger at the attitude of the government. Indeed for this period England was without a government. The Cabinet had resigned, leaving not a single officer who would join the cabinet which the king had asked the Duke of Wellington to form. In every city and town there were great meetings that sent petitions to the House of Commons, praying that it would grant no supplies of any kind to the government until the Bill was passed without change or mutilation. A petition was signed in Manchester by twenty-three thousand persons in three hours, and the deputy who brought it informed the Commons that the whole north of England was in a state of indignation impossible to describe. Asked if the people would fight, he answered, "They will first of all demand that Parliament stop all government supplies—the tax gatherer will not be able to collect a penny. All civil tribunals will be defied, public credit shaken,



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property insecure, the whole frame of society will hasten to dissolution, and great numbers of our wealthiest families will transfer their homes to America."

Lord Wellington utterly failed in all his attempts to form a ministry, Sir Robert Peel refused to make an effort to do so, and on the fifteenth of May it was announced in both Houses, that "the ministers had resumed their communication with his majesty." On the eighteenth Lord Grey said in the House of Lords that "he expected to carry the Reform Bill unimpaired and immediately." Yet on the day before this statement, Brougham and Grey had an interview with the King, in which his majesty exhibited both rudeness and ill-temper. He kept the two peers standing during the whole interview, a discourtesy contrary to usage. Both Grey and Brougham told the King that they would not return to office unless he promised to create the necessary number of peers to insure the passage of the Reform Bill just as it stood; and the King consented so reluctantly that Brougham asked for his permission in writing.

The discussion of these facts occupied the whole morning and after an early lunch the squire prepared to go to The House; then Dick noticed that even after he was hatted and coated for his visit, he kept delaying about very trivial things. So he resolved to carry out his part of their secret arrange-

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ment, and remove himself from all temptation to tell his mother he was going to marry Faith Foster. His father understood the lad so like himself, and Dick knew what his father feared. So he bid his mother good-by, and accompanied his father to the street. There the latter said plainly,

"Thou did wisely, Dick. If I hed left thee alone with thy mother, thou would hev told her all that thou knew, and thought, and believed, and hoped, and expected from Faith. Thou couldn't hev helped it—and I wouldn't hev blamed thee."

## CHAPTER X

### THE GREAT BILL PASSES

"In relation to what is to be, all Work is sacred because it is the work given us to do."

"Their cause had been won, but the victory brought with it a new situation and a new struggle."

"Take heed to your work, your name is graven on it."

**A**LTHOUGH Dick pretended an utter disbelief in Grey's prophecy, it really came true; and the Reform Bill passed the House of Lords on the last day of May. Then the Annis family were in haste to return home. The feeling of being on a pleasure visit was all past and gone, and the bare certainties and perplexities of life confronted them. For the first time in all his days, the squire felt anxious about money matters, and actually realized that he was going to be scrimped in coin for his household expenses. This fact shocked him, he could hardly believe it. Annie, however, knew nothing of this dilemma and when her husband spoke of an immediate return home, said:

"I am glad we are going home. To-morrow, I will see my dressmaker and finish my shopping;" and the squire looked at her with such anxious eyes that

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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she immediately added—"unless, Antony, thou would like me to pack my trunks at once."

"I would like that, Annie. It would help me above a bit."

"All right. Kitty is ready to start at any hour. She wants to go home."

"What is the matter with Kitty? She isn't like herself lately? Is she sick?"

"I think there is a little falling out between Harry and her. That is common enough in all love affairs."

Here a servant entered with a letter and gave it to the squire. He looked at it a moment and then said to his wife—"It is from Josepha. She wants to see me varry particular, and hopes I will come to her at once. She thinks I had better drop in for dinner and says she will wait for me until half-past five."

"That is just like her unreasonableness. If she knows the Bill is passed, she must know also that we are packing, and as busy as we can be."

"Perhaps she does not know that the great event has happened."

"That is nonsense. Half a dozen people would send her word, or run with the news themselves."

"Well, Annie, she is my only sister, and she is varry like my mother. I must give her an hour. I could not be happy if I did not;" and there was



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something in the tone of his voice which Annie knew she need not try to alter. So she wisely acquiesced in his resolve, pitying him the while for having the claims of three women to satisfy. But the squire went cheerfully enough to his sister. The claims of kindred were near and dear to him and a very sincere affection existed between him and his sister Josepha. She was waiting for him. She was resolved to have a talk with him about the Bradleys, and she had a proposal to make, a proposal on which she had set her heart.

So she met him at the open door, and said—with a tight clasp of his big hand—"I am right glad to see thee, brother. Come in here," and she led him to a small parlor used exclusively by herself.

"I cannot stop to dinner, Josey," he said kindly, but he kept her hand in his hand, until he reached the chair his sister pointed out. Then she sat down beside him and said, "Antony, my dear brother, thou must answer me a few questions. If thou went home and left me in doubt, I should be a varry unhappy woman."

"Whatever art thou bothering thyself about?"

"About thee. I'll speak out plain and thou must answer me in the same fashion. What is thou going to do about thy living? Thou has no business left, and I know well thou has spent lavishly ever since thou came here with thy wife and daughter."

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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"To be sure I hev. And they are varry welcome to ivery penny of the outlay. And I must say, Josey, thou has been more extravagant about both Annie and Kitty than I hev been."

"Well then Kitty is such a darling—thou knows."

"Ay, she is that."

"And Annie is more tolerant with me than she iver was before."

"To be sure. Iveryone gets more kindly as he grows older. And she knaws thee better, which is a great deal. Annie is good from the beginning to the end."

"Nobody will say different, but that is not what I am wanting to talk to thee about. Listen to me now, my dear lad! What art thou going to do? I am in earnest anxiety. Tell me, my brother."

The squire was silent and looked steadily down on the table for a few minutes. Josepha did not by the slightest movement interfere but her steady, kindly gaze was fixed upon the silent man. Perhaps he felt, though he did not see, the love that shone upon him, for he lifted his face with a broad smile, and answered—

"My dear lass, I don't know."

"I shouldn't wonder. Now speak straight words to me as plain as thou spoke to the Annis weavers last week."

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"My dear sister, I shall do right, and let come what will."

"And what does tha call doing right?"

"I think of two ways and both seem right to me."

"What are they? Perhaps I can help thee to decide that one is better than the other. Dear lad, I want to help thee to do the best thing possible for thysen, and thy children."

There was no resisting the persuasion in her face, voice and manner, and the squire could not resist its influence. "Josey," he said, as he covered her small plump hand with his own in a very masterful way—"Josey! Josey! I am in the thick of a big fight with mysen. I did really promise a crowd of Annis weavers that if the Reform Bill passed I would build a mill and give them all work, and that would let them come home again. Tha sees, they all own, or partly own, their cottages, and if I can't find them work, they will hev to give up their homes mebbe, to a varry great disadvantage."

"To be plain with thee, thou could in such a case, buy them all back for a song."

"Does tha really think thou hes an up and down blackguard for thy brother? I'm not thinking of buying poor men's houses for a song—nor yet of buying them at any price."

"A perfectly fair price, eh?"

"No. There could not be a fair price under such

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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conditions. The poor would be bound to get the worst of the bargain, unless I ruined mysen to be square and just. I doan't want to sit in hell, trying to count up what I hed made by buying poor men's homes at a bargain."

"Hes tha any plan that will help thee to build a mill and give thy old weavers a chance?"

"The government will loan to old employers money to help them build a mill, and so give work and bread."

"The government is not lending money, except with some excellent security."

"Land, I have plenty. I could spare some land."

"No. Thou could not spare the government one acre."

"Then I cannot build a mill and furnish it with looms and all necessary."

"Yes, thou can easily do it—if thou wilt take a partner."

"Does tha know anyone suitable?"

"I do."

"Do I know the person?"

"Varry well. It is mysen. It is Josepha Temple."

The squire fairly started. He looked straight into Josepha's eyes and she continued, "Take me for thy partner, Antony. I will build thee the biggest, and most completely finished mill in the West Riding—or anywhere else—cotton or wool—which-



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iver thou likes. Bradley's is mainly cotton, thou hed better stick to wool. Thou hes two hundred sheep of thy awn, on thy awn fells, and wold. Stick to the wool, dear lad."

"Art thou in very earnest, Josepha?"

"Sure as life and death! I am in earnest. Say the word, and I'll build, and fit the mill, just as tha wants it."

"And thy share in it will be——"

"We will divide equally—half and half. I want to buy a partnership with my money. '*Annis and Temple*' will suit me well. I will find all the where-withal required—money for building, looms, engines, wool or cotton yarns, just as thou wishes. Thou must give the land, and the varry best bit of land for the purpose, that thou hes on thy estate in Annis, or elsewhere."

"Dost tha knaw how much money tha will hev to spend for what thou proposes?"

"I should think I do and it will every farthing of it be Annis money. I hev speculated, and dealt wisely with the money the good Admiral left me. I hev made, made mysen, more money than we shall require for the mill and all its necessary furniture, and if it was not enough, I could double it and not feel a pound poorer. The outlay is mine, all of it; the land, and the management is thy affair. It is

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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only by my name, which is well known among monied men, that I shall appear in the business."

"Josepha! Thou art my good angel!"

"I am thy sister. We are both Annis folk. We were both rooted in the soil of this bit of England. We had the same good father and mother, the same church, and the same dear old home. God forbid we should iver forget that! No, we can not! These memories run with our blood, and throb in our hearts. All that is mine is thine. Thou art dear to me as my awn life. Thy son and daughter are my son and daughter. My money is thy money, to its last penny. Now, wilt thou hev me for thy partner?"

The squire had buried his face in his hands, and Josepha knew he was hiding his feelings from everyone but God, and she stepped to the window and drew up the shade, and let the sunshine flood the room. As she did so, the squire called to himself—"Be of good courage, Antony!" And he rose quickly, and so met his sister coming back to her chair, and took her in his arms, and kissed her and said: "Josey, dear, there was a load on my heart I was hardly able to bear; thou hes lifted it, and I love and thank thee! We will work together, and we will show Yorkshire that landed gentlefolk can do a bit of business, above all their ideas, and above all thou can imagine it pleases me, that I may then redeem

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my promises to the men that hev worked so long, and so faithfully for me."

And then it was Josepha that had to dry her eyes as she said: "Thy kiss, Antony, was worth all I hev promised. It was the signing of our contract."

"I felt, Josey, when I entered this house, that my life had come to an end, and that I could only write 'defeated' over it."

"Thy real life begins at this hour. Thy really fine business faculties, corroded with rust and dust of inaction, will yet shine like new silver. There is no defeat, except from within. And the glad way in which thou can look forward, and take up a life so different to that thou hes known for more than fifty years, shows plainly that you can, and will, redeem every fault of the old life. As thou art so busy and bothered to-night, come to-morrow and I will hev my lawyer, and banker, also a first rate factory architect, here to meet thee."

"At what hour?"

"From ten o'clock to half-past twelve are my business hours. If that time is too short, we will lengthen it a bit. Dick has asked me to tell thee something thou ought to know, but which he cannot talk to thee about."

"Is it about Faith Foster?"

"Not it! Varry different."

"What, or who, then?"

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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"John Thomas Bradley."

"Then don't thee say a word about the man. Thy words hev been so good, so wonderfully good, that I will not hev meaner ones mixed up with them. They may come to-morrow after law and money talk, but not after thy loving, heartening promises. No! No!"

"Well, then, go home and tell Annie, and let that weary Reform Bill business drop out of thy mind."

"Reform was a great need. It was a good thing to see it come, and Grey and Brougham hev proved themsens to be great men."

"I don't deny it, and it is allays so ordered, that in all times, great men can do great things."

With a light heart and a quick step the squire hurried back to the Clarendon. He had been given to drink of the elixir of life, the joy of work, the pleasure of doing great good to many others, the feeling that he was going to redeem his lost years. He had not walked with such a light purposeful step for twenty years, and Annie was amazed when she heard it. She was still more amazed when she heard him greet some acquaintance whom he met in the corridor. Now Annie had resolved to be rather cool and silent with her husband. He had overstayed his own time nearly two hours, and she thought he ought to be made to feel the enormity of such a delinquency; especially, when he was hurrying their de-



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parture, though she had yet a great many little things to attend to.

She quickly changed her intentions. She only needed one glance at her husband to make her rise to her feet, and go to meet him with a face full of wonder. "Why! Antony! Antony, whatever hes come to thee? Thou looks—thou looks——"

"How, Annie? How do I look?"

"Why! Like thou looked—on thy wedding day! Whatever is it, dear?"

"Annie! Annie! I feel varry like I did that day. Oh, Annie, I hev got my life given back to me! I am going to begin it again from this varry hour! I am going to work, to be a big man of business, Annie. I'm going to build a factory for a thousand power looms. Oh, my wife! My wife! I'm so proud, so happy, I seem to hev been dead and just come back to life again."

"I am so glad for thee, dear. Who, or what, hes brought thee this wonderful good?"

"Sit thee down beside me, and let me hold thy hand, or I'll mebbe think I am dreaming. Am I awake? Am I in my right mind? Or is it all a dream, Annie? Tell me the truth."

"Tell thy wife what hes happened, then I can tell thee the truth."

"*Why-a!* thy husband, the squire of Annis, is going to build the biggest and handsomest factory

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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in the whole West Riding—going to fill it with steam power looms—going to manufacture woolen goods for the whole of England—if England will hev the sense to buy them; for they will be well made, and of tip-top quality. Annis village is going to be a big spinning and weaving town! O Annie! Annie! I see the vision. I saw it as I came through Piccadilly. The little village seemed to be in midair, and as I looked, it changed, and I saw it full of big buildings, and high chimneys, and hurrying men and women, and I knew that I was looking at what, please God, I shall live to see in reality. Annie, I hev begun to live this varry day. I have been in a sweet, sweet sleep for more than fifty years, but I hev been awakened, and now I am going to work for the new Annis, and redeem all the years I hev loitered away through the old.”

“I am glad for thee, Antony. Glad for thee! How is tha going to manage it? I am sorry Kitty and I hev made thee spend so much good gold on our foolishness!”

“Nay, nay, I am glad you both hed all you wanted. This morning I was feeling down in the depths. I hedn’t but just money enough to take us home, and I was wondering how iver I was to make buckle and belt meet. Then tha knows I got a letter from Joseph, and I went to see her, and she told me she was going to build the biggest factory in the West

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Riding. She told me that she hed *made* money enough to do this: that it was Annis money, ivery farthing of it, and it was coming to Annis, and Annis only. Then she told me what her big plans were, bigger than I could fairly swallow at first, and oh, dear lass, she asked me to be her partner. I hev to give the land and my time. She does all the rest."

"Thy sister hes a great heart. I found that out this winter."

"Ay, and she found out that thou were a deal sweeter than she thought before, and she opened her heart to thee, and Dick, and Kitty."

"Will she live in Annis?"

"Not she! No one could get her away from London, and the house her Admiral built for her. She will come down to our regular meeting once a quarter. She won't bother thee."

"No, indeed, she won't! After this wonderful kindness to thee, she can't bother me. She is welcome to iverything that is mine, even to my warmest and truest love. The best room at Annis Hall is hers, and we will both love and honor her all the days of our lives."

"Now, then, I am quite happy, as happy as God and His gift can make a man; and if I was a Methodist, I would go to their chapel at once and tell them all what a good and great thing God hed done for

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them, as well as mysen. Thou sees they were thought of, no doubt, when I was thought of, for God knew I'd do right by His poor men and women and little childer."

"I hope, though, thou wilt stand by thy awn church. It hes stood by thee, and all thy family for centuries. I wouldn't like thee to desert the mother church of England."

"Howiver can thou speak to me in such a half-and-half way. My prayer book is next to my Bible. *Why-a!* it is my soul's mother. I hev my collect for ivery day, and I say it. On the mornings I went hunting, sometimes I was a bit hurried, but as I stood in my bare feet, I allays said it, and I allays did my best to mean ivery word I said."

"I know, my love—but thou hes lately seemed to hev a sneaking respect for Mr. Foster, and Jonathan Hartley, and Methodists in general."

"Well, that is true. I hev a varry great respect for them. They do their duty, and in the main they trusted in God through these past black years, and behaved themsens like men. But I should as soon think of deserting thee as of deserting my Mother Church."

"I believe thee, yet we do hev varry poor sermons, and in that way Mr. Foster is a great temptation."

"I niver minded the sermon. I hed the blessed



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Book of Common Prayer. And if the church is my soul's mother, then the Book of Common Prayer is mother's milk; that it is, and I wonder that thou hes niver noticed how faithfully I manage to say my collect. My mother taught me to say one ivery morning. I promised her I would. I am a man of my word, Annie, even to the living, and I would be feared to break a promise to the dead. I can't think of anything much worse a man could do."

"My dear one! This day God hes chosen thee to take care of his poor. We must get back to Annis as quickly as possible, and give them this hope."

"So we must, but I hev a meeting to-morrow at ten o'clock with Josepha's banker, business adviser, her lawyer, and her architect. I may be most of the day with his crowd. This is Monday, could tha be ready to start home on Thursday, by early mail coach?"

"Easily."

"That will do. Now then, Annie, I hed a varry good dinner, but I want a cup of tea—I am all a quiver yet."

Later in the evening Dick came in, and joined them at the supper table. He looked at his father and mother and wondered. He saw and felt that something good had happened, and in a few minutes the squire told him all. His enthusiasm set the conversation to a still happier tone, though Dick

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was for a moment dashed and silenced by his father's reply to his question as to what he was to look after in this new arrangement of their lives.

"Why, Dick," answered the squire, "thy aunt did not name thee, and when I did, she said: 'We'll find something for Dick when the time is fitting. She said also that my time would be so taken up with watching the builders at work, that Dick would hev to look after his mother and the household affairs, till they got used to being alone all day long. Tha sees, Dick, we hev spoiled our women folk, and we can't stop waiting on them, all at once.'"

Dick took the position assigned him very pleasantly, and then remarked that Kitty ought to have been informed. "The dear one," he continued, "hes been worried above a bit about the money we were all spending. She said her father looked as if he had a heartache, below all his smiles."

Then Dick thought of the political climax that Harry had spoken of, and asked himself if he should now speak of it. No, he could not. He could not do it at this happy hour. Nothing could be hindered, or helped, by the introduction of this painful subject, and he told himself that he would not be the person to fling a shadow over such a happy and hopeful transition in the squire's life. For Dick also was happy in a change which would bring him so much nearer to his beautiful and beloved Faith.

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Indeed it was a very charming return home. The squire seemed to have regained his youth. He felt as if indeed such a marvelous change had actually taken place, nor was there much marvel in it. His life had been almost quiescent. He had been lulled by the long rust of his actually fine business talents. Quite frequently he had had a few days of restlessness when some fine railway offer presented itself, but any offer would have implied a curtailment, which would not result in bettering his weavers' condition, and he hesitated until the opportunity was gone. For opportunities do not wait, they are always on the wing. Their offer is "take or leave me," and so it is only the alert who bid quick enough.

After a pleasant, though fatiguing drive, they reached Annis village. Their carriage was waiting at the coach office for them, and everyone lifted his cap with a joyful air as they appeared. The squire was glad to see that the caps were nearly all paper caps. It was likely then that many of his old weavers were waiting on what he had promised in his speech to them. And it filled his heart with joy that he could now keep that promise, on a large and generous scale. He saw among the little crowd watching the coach, Israel Naylor, and he called him in a loud, cheerful voice, that was in itself a promise of good, and said: "Israel, run and tell Jonathan Hartley to come up to the Hall, and see me as soon

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as iver he can and thou come with him, if tha likes to, I hev nothing but good news for the men. Tell them that. And tell thysen the same."

In an hour the squire and his family and his trunks and valises and carpet bags were all at home again. Weary they certainly were, but oh, so happy, and Dick perhaps happiest of all, for he had seen Mr. Foster at his door, and as he drove past him, had lifted his hat; and in that silent, smiling movement, sent a message that he knew would make Faith as happy as himself.

I need not tell any woman how happy Mistress Annis and her daughter were to be home again. London was now far from their thoughts. It was the new Annis that concerned them—the great, busy town they were to build up for the future. Like the squire, they all showed new and extraordinary energy and spirit, and as for the squire he could hardly wait with patience for the arrival of Jonathan Hartley and Israel.

Actually more than twenty of the old weavers came with Jonathan, and Annie found herself a little bothered to get sittings for them, until the squire bethought him of the ballroom. Thither he led the way with his final cup of tea still in his hand, as in loud cheerful words he bid them be seated. Annie had caused the chairs to be placed so as to form a half circle and the squire's own chair was placed



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centrally within it. And as he took it every man lifted his paper cap above his head, and gave him a hearty cheer, and no man in England was happier at that moment than Antony Annis, Squire of Annis and Deeping Hollow.

"My friends!" he cried, with all the enthusiasm of a man who has recaptured his youth. "I am going to build the biggest and handsomest factory in Yorkshire—or in any other place. I am going to fill it with the best power looms that can be bought—a thousand of them. I am going to begin it to-morrow morning. To-night, right here and now, I am going to ask Jonathan to be my adviser and helper and general overseer. For this work I am offering him now, one hundred and fifty pounds the first year, or while the building is in progress. When we get to actual weaving two hundred pounds a year, with increase as the work and responsibility increases. Now, Jonathan, if this offer suits thee, I shall want thee at eight o'clock in the morning. Wilt tha be ready, eh?"

Jonathan was almost too amazed to speak, but in a moment or two he almost shouted—

"Thou fairly caps me, squire. Whativer can I say to thee? I am dumbfounded with joy! God bless thee, squire!"

"I am glad to be His messenger of comfort to you all. These are the plans for all who choose to

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take them, my old men having the preference wherever it can be given. To-morrow, Jonathan and I will go over my land lying round Annis village within three miles, and we will pick the finest six acres there is in that area for the mill. We will begin digging for the foundation Monday morning, if only with the few men we can get round our awn village. Jonathan will go to all the places near by, to get others, and there will be hundreds of men coming from London and elsewhere, builders, mechanics, and such like. The architect is hiring them, and will come here with them. Men, these fresh mouths will all be to fill, and I think you, that awn your awn cottages, can get your wives to cook and wash for them, and so do their part, until we get a place put up for the main lot to eat and sleep in. Jonathan will help to arrange that business; and you may tell your women, Antony Annis will be surety for whatever is just money for their work. Bit by bit, we will soon get all into good working order, and I am promised a fine factory ready for work and business in one year. What do you think of that, men?"

Then up went every paper cap with a happy shout, and the squire smiled and continued:

"You need not fear about the brass for all I am going to do, being either short or scrimpit. My partner has money enough to build two mills, aye, and more than that. And my partner is Annis born,

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and loves this bit of Yorkshire, and is bound to see Annis village keep step with all the other manufacturing places in England; and when I tell you that my partner is well known to most of you, and that her name is Josepha Annis, you'll hev no fear about the outcome."

"No! No! Squire," said Jonathan, speaking for all. "We all know the Admiral's widow. In one way or other we hev all felt her loving kindness; and we hev often heard about her heving no end of money, and they know thy word, added to her good heart, makes us all happy and satisfied. Squire, thou hes kept thy promise thou hes done far more than keep it. God must hev helped thee! Glory be to God!"

"To be sure I hev kept my promise. I allays keep my promise to the poor man, just as fully as to the rich man. Tell your women that my partner and I are going to put in order all your cottages—we are going to put wells or running water in all of them, and re-roof and paint and whitewash and mend where mending is needed. And you men during your time of trouble, hev let your little gardens go to the bad. Get agate quickly, and make them up to mark. You know you can't do rough work with your hands, you that reckon to weave fine broadcloth; but there will be work of some kind or other, and it will be

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all planned out, while the building goes on, as fast as men and money can make it go."

"Squire," said Jonathan in a voice so alive with feeling, so strong and happy, that it might almost have been seen, as well as heard, "Squire, I'll be here at eight in the morning, happy to answer thy wish and word."

"Well, then, lads, I hev said enough for to-night. Go and make your families and friends as happy as yoursens. I haven't said all I wanted to say, but I shall be right here with you, and I will see that not one of my people suffer in any way. There is just another promise I make you for my partner. She is planning a school—a good day school for the children, and a hospital for the sick, and you'll get them, sure enough."

"Squire, we thank thee with all our hearts, and we will now go and ring t' chapel bell, and get the people together, and tell them all thou hes said would come to pass."

"Too late to-night."

"Not a bit too late. Even if we stop there till midnight, God loves the midnight prayer. Oh, Squire Annis, thou hes done big things for workingmen in London, and——"

"Ay, I did! I wouldn't come home till I saw the workingmen got their rights. And I shall see that



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my men get all, and more, than I hev promised them. My word is my bond."

Then the men with hearty good-bys, which is really the abbreviation of "*God be with you!*" went quickly down the hill and in half-an-hour the chapel bells were ringing and the squire stood at his open door and listened with a glad heart to them. His wife and daughter watched him, and then smiled at each other. They hardly knew what to say, for he was the same man, and yet far beyond the same. His child-likeness, and his pleasant bits of egotism, were, as usual, quite evident; and Annie was delighted to see and hear the expressions of his simple self-appreciation, but in other respects he was not unlike one who had just attained unto his majority. To have had his breakfast and be ready for a day's tramp at eight o'clock in the morning was a wonderful thing for Antony Annis to promise. Yet he faithfully kept it, and had been away more than an hour when his wife and daughter came down to breakfast.

Dick soon joined them, and he was not only in high spirits, but also dressed with great care and taste. His mother regarded him critically, and then became silent. She had almost instantly divined the reason of his careful dressing. She looked inquisitively at Katherine, who dropped her eyes and began a hurried and irrelative conversation about the most trifling of subjects. Dick looked from one to the

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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other, and said with a shrug of his shoulders, "I see I have spoiled a private conversation. I beg pardon. I will be away in a few minutes."

"Where are you going so early, Dick?"

"I am going to Mr. Foster's. I have a message to him from father, and I have a very important message to Faith Foster from myself." He made the last remark with decision, drank off his coffee, and rose from the table.

"Dick, listen to your mother. Do not be in a hurry about some trivial affair, at this most important period of your father's—of all our lives. Nothing can be lost, everything is to be gained by a little self-denial on the part of all, who fear they are being neglected. Father has the right of way at this crisis."

"I acknowledge that as unselfishly as you do, mother. I intend to help father all I can. I could not, would not, do otherwise. Father wants to see Mr. Foster, and I want to see Miss Foster. Is there anything I can do for yourself or Kitty when I am in the village?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"Then good-by," and with a rapid glance at his sister, Dick left the room. Neither mother nor sister answered his words. Mistress Annis took rapid spoonfuls of coffee; Katherine broke the shell of her egg with quite superfluous noise and rapidity. For a

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few moments there was silence, full of intense emotion, and Katherine felt no inclination to break it. She knew that Dick expected her at this very hour to make his way easy, and his intentions clear to his mother. She had promised to do so, and she did not see how she was to escape, or delay this action. However, she instantly resolved to allow her mother to open the subject, and stand as long as possible on the defensive.

Mistress Annis made exactly the same resolve. Her lips quivered, her dropped eyes did not hide their trouble and she nervously began to prepare herself a fresh cup of coffee. Katherine glanced at her movements, and finally said, with an hysterical little laugh, "Dear mammy, you have already put four pieces of sugar in your cup," and she laid her hand on her mother's hand, and so compelled her to lift her eyes and answer, "Oh, Kitty! Kitty! don't you see, dearie? Dick has gone through the wood to get a stick, and taken a crooked one at the last. You know what I mean. Oh, dear me! Dear me!"

"You fear Dick is going to marry Faith Foster. Some months ago I told you he would do so."

"I could not take into my consciousness such a calamity."

"Why do you say 'calamity'?"

"A Methodist preacher's daughter is far enough outside the pale of the landed aristocracy."

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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"She is as good as her father and every landed gentleman, in or near this part of England, loves and respects Mr. Foster. They ask his advice on public and local matters, and he by himself has settled disputes between masters and men in a way that satisfied both parties."

"That is quite a different thing. Politics puts men on a sort of equality, the rules of society keep women in the state in which it has pleased God to put them."

"Unless some man out of pure love lifts them up to his own rank by marriage. I don't think any man could lift up Faith. I do not know a man that is able to stand equal to her."

"Your awn brother, I think, ought to be in your estimation far——"

"Dick is far below her in every way, and Dick knows it. I think, mother dear, it is a good sign for Dick's future, to find him choosing for a wife a woman who will help him to become nobler and better every year of his life."

"I hev brought up my son to a noble standard. Dick is now too good, or at least good enough, for any woman that iver lived. I don't care who, or what she was, or is. I want no woman to improve Dick. Dick hes no fault but the one of liking women below him, and inferior to him, and unworthy of him:—women, indeed, that he will hev to educate in ivery way, up to his own standard. That



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fault comes his father's way exactly—his father likes to feel free and easy with women, and he can't do it with the women of his awn rank—for tha knows well, the women of ivery station in life are a good bit above and beyond the men, and so——”

“Dear mammy, do you think?—oh, you know you cannot think, father married with that idea in his mind. You were his equal by birth, and yet I have never seen father give up a point, even to you, that he didn't want to give up. I think father holds his awn side with everyone, and holds it well. And if man or woman said anything different, I would not envy them the words they would get from you.”

“Well, of course, I could only expect that you would stand by Dick in any infatuation he had; the way girls and young men spoil their lives, and ruin their prospects, by foolish, unfortunate marriage is a miracle that hes confounded their elders iver since their creation. Adam fell that way. Poor Adam!”

“But, mammy dear, according to your belief, the woman in any class is always superior to the man.”

“There was no society, and no social class in that time, and you know varry well what came of Adam's obedience to the woman. She must hev been weaker than her husband. Satan niver thought it worth his while to try his schemes with Adam.”

“I wonder if Adam scolded and ill-treated Eve for her foolishness!”

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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"He ought to have done so. He ought to hev scolded her well and hard, all her life long."

"Then, of course, John Tetley, who killed his wife with his persistent brutality, did quite right; for his excuse was that she coaxed him to buy railway shares that proved actual ruin to him."

"Well, I am tired of arguing with people who can only see one way. Your sister Jane, who is just like me, and who always took my advice, hes done well to hersen, and honored her awn kin, and——"

"Mother, do you really think Jane's marriage an honor to her family?"

"Leyland is a peer, and a member of The House of Lords, and considered a clever man."

"A peer of three generations, a member of a House in which he dare not open his mouth, for his cleverness is all quotation, not a line of it is the breed of his own brain."

"Of course, he is not made after the image and likeness of Harry Bradley."

"Mother, Harry is not our question now. I ask you to give Dick some good advice and sympathy. If he will listen to anyone, you are the person that can influence him. You must remember that Faith is very lovely, and beauty goes wherever it chooses, and does what it wants to do."

"And both Dick and you must remember that you can't choose a wife, or a husband, by his handsome

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## THE PAPER CAP

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looks. You might just as wisely choose your shoes by the same rule. Sooner or later, generally sooner, they would begin to pinch you. How long have you known of this clandestine affair?"

"It was not clandestine, mother. I told you Dick was really in love with Faith before we went to London."

"Faith! Such a Methodist name."

"Faith is not her baptismal name. She came to her father and mother as a blessing in a time of great trouble, and they called her *Consola* from the word Consolation. You may think of her as Consola. She will have to be married by that name. Her father wished for some private reason of his own to call her Faith. He never told her why."

"The one name is as disagreeable as the other, and the whole subject is disagreeable; and, in plain truth, I don't care to talk any more about it."

"Can I help you in anything this morning, mother?"

"No."

"Then I will go to my room, and put away all the lovely things you bought me in London."

"You had better do so. Your father is now possessed by one idea, and he will be wanting every pound to further it."

"I think, too, mother, we have had our share."

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## THE GREAT BILL PASSES

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"Have you really nothing to tell me about Harry and yourself?"

"I could not talk of Harry this morning, mother. I think you may hear something from father to-night, that will make you understand."

"Very well. That will be soon enough, if it is more trouble," and though she spoke wearily, there was a tone of both pity and anxiety in her voice.

Indeed, it was only the fact of the late busy days of travel and change, and the atmosphere of a great reconstruction of their whole life and household, that had prevented Mistress Annis noticing, as she otherwise would have done, the pallor and sorrow in her daughter's appearance. Not even the good fortune that had come to her father, could dispel the sickheartedness which had caused her to maintain a stubborn silence to all Harry's pleas for excuse and pardon. Dick was his sister's only confidant and adviser in this matter, and Dick's anger had increased steadily. He was now almost certain that Harry deserved all the resentment honest love could feel and show towards those who had deceived and betrayed it. And the calamity that is not sure, is almost beyond healing. The soul has not forseen, or tried to prevent it. It has come in a hurry without credentials, and holds the hope of a "perhaps" in its hands; it may not perhaps be as bad as it appears; it may not perhaps be true. There may



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## THE PAPER CAP

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possibly be many mitigating circumstances yet not known. Poor Kitty! She had but this one sad circumstance to think about, she turned it a hundred ways, but it was always the same. However, as she trailed slowly up the long stairway, she said to herself—

“Mother was talking in the dark, but patience, one more day! Either father or Dick will bring the truth home with them.”

## CHAPTER XI

### AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

"Nothing seems to have happened so long ago as an affair of Love."

"To offend any person is the next foolish thing to being offended."

"When you can talk of a new lover, you have forgotten the old one."

LIFE is full of issues. Nothing happens just as we expect or prepare for it, and when the squire returned home late in the afternoon, weary but full of enthusiasm, he was yet ignorant concerning the likely nomination of Bradley for the united boroughs of Annis and Bradley. He had walked all of fourteen miles, and he told his wife proudly, that "Jonathan was more weary with the exercise than he was."

"All the same, Annie," he added, as he kissed her fondly, "I was glad to see Britton with the horse and gig at the foot of the hill. That was a bit of thy thoughtfulness. God bless thee, dearie!"

"Yes, it was. I knew thou hed not walked as much as tha ought to hev done while we were in London. I don't want thy fine figure spoiled, but I

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## THE PAPER CAP

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thought thou would be tired enough when thou got to the foot of the hill."

"So I was, and Jonathan was fairly limping, but we hev settled on t' mill site—there's nothing can lick Clitheroe Moor side, just where it touches the river. My land covers twenty acres of it, and on its south edge it is almost within touch of the new railway going to Leeds. Jonathan fairly shouted, as soon as we stood on it. 'Squire,' he said, 'here's a mill site in ten thousand. There cannot be a finer one found in England, and it is the varry bit of land that man Boocock wanted—and *didn't get as tha knows?*' Now I must write to Josepha, and tell her to come quickly and see it. She must bring with her also her business adviser."

"Does tha reckon to be under thy sister?"

"Keep words like those behind thy lips, and set thy teeth for a barrier they cannot pass. We are equal partners, equal in power and profit, equal in loss or gain." Then he was silent, and Annie understood that she had gone far enough. Yet out of pure womanly wilfulness, she answered—

"I shall not presume to speak another word about thy partner," and Antony Annis looked at her over the rim of his tea cup, and the ready answer was on his lips, but he could not say it. Her personal beauty smote the reproving words back, her handsome air of defiance conquered his momentary flash

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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of anger. She had her husband at her feet. She knew it, and her steady, radiant smile completed her victory. Then she leaned towards him, and he put down his cup and kissed her fondly. He had intended to say "O confound it, Annie! What's up with thee? Can't thou take a great kindness with anything but bitter biting words?" And what he really said was—"Oh, Annie! Annie! sweet, dear Annie!" And lo! there came no harm from this troubling of a man's feelings, because Annie knew just how far it was safe for her to go.

This little breeze cleared the room that had been filled with unrestful and unfair suspicions all the day long. The squire suddenly found out it was too warm, and rose and opened the window. Then he asked—like a man who has just recovered himself from some mental neglect—"Wheriver hev Dick and Kitty gone to? I hev'n't seen nor heard them since I came home."

"They went to the village before two o'clock. They went to the Methodist preacher's house, I hev no doubt. Antony, what is to come of this foolishness? I tell thee Dick acts as never before."

"About Faith?"

"Yes."

"What hes he said to thee about Faith? How does he act?" asked the squire.

"He hes not said so much to me as he usually does



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## THE PAPER CAP

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about the girl he is carrying-on-with, but he really believes himself in love with her for iver and iver."

"I'll be bound, he thinks that very thing. Dick is far gone. But the girl is fair and good. He might do worse."

"I don't like her, far from it."

"She is always busy in some kind of work."

"Busy to a fault."

"I'll tell thee what, my Joy. We shall hev to make the best we can of this affair. If Dick is bound to marry her, some day their wedding will come off. So there is no good in worrying about it. But I am sure in the long run, all will be well."

"My mind runs on this thing, and it troubles me. Thou ought to speak sharp and firm to Dick. I am sure Josepha hes other plans for him."

"I'll break no squares with my lad, about any woman."

"The girls all make a dead set for Dick."

"Not they! It hes allays been the other way about. We wanted him to marry pretty Polly Raeburn, and as soon as he found that out, he gave her up. That is Dick's awful way. Tell him he ought to marry Faith, and he will make easy shift to do without her. That is the short and the long of this matter. Now, Annie, thou must not trouble me about childish, foolish love affairs. I hev work for two men as strong as mysen to do, and I am going to

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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put my shoulder to the collar and do it. Take thy awn way with Dick. I must say I hev a fellow feeling with the lad. Thou knows I suffered a deal, before I came to the point of running away with thee."

"What we did, is neither here nor there, the circumstances were different. I think I shall let things take their chance."

"Ay, I would. Many a ship comes bravely into harbor, that hes no pilot on board."

"Did tha hear any political news? It would be a strange thing if Jonathan could talk all day with thee, and the both of you keep off politics."

"Well, tha sees, we were out on business and business means ivery faculty a man hes. I did speak once of Josepha, and Jonathan said, "She is good for any sum."

"Antony, hes thou ever thought about the House of Commons since thou came home? What is tha going to do about thy business there?"

"I hev'n't thought on that subject. I am going to see Wetherall about it. I cannot be in two places at one time, and I am going to stick to Annis Mill."

"Will it be any loss to thee to give up thy seat?"

"Loss or gain, I am going to stand firmly by the mill. I don't think it will be any money loss. I'll tell Wetherall to sell the seat to any man that is of

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## THE PAPER CAP

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my opinions, and will be bound to vote for the Liberal party."

"I would see Wetherall soon, if I was thee."

"What's the hurry? Parliament is still sitting. Grey told me it could not get through its present business until August or later."

"It will not be later. September guns and rods will call ivery man to the hills or the waters."

"That's varry likely, and if so, they won't go back to London until December. So there's no need for thee to worry thysen about December. It's only June yet, tha knows."

"Will tha lose money by selling thy seat?"

"Not I! I rayther think I'll make money. And I'll save a bag of sovereigns. London expenses hes been the varry item that hes kept us poor,—that is, poorer than we ought to be. There now! That will do about London. I am a bit tired of London. I hear Dick and Kitty's voices, and there's music in them. O God, what a grand thing it is to be young!"

"I must order fresh tea for them, they are sure to be hungry."

"Not they! There's no complaining in their voices. Listen how gayly Dick laughs. And I know Kitty is snuggling up to him, and saying some loving thing or ither. Bless the children! It would be a dull house wanting them."

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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"Antony!"

"So it would, Annie, and thou knows it. Hev some fresh food brought for them. Here they are!" And the squire rose to meet them, taking Kitty within his arm, and giving his hand to Dick.

"Runaways!" he said. "Whatever kept you from your eating? Mother hes ordered some fresh victuals. They'll be here anon."

"We have had our tea, mother—such a merry meal!"

"Wheriver then?"

"At Mr. Foster's," said Dick promptly. "Mr. Foster came in while Kitty and I were sitting with Faith, and he said 'it was late, and he was hungry, and we had better get tea ready.' And so full of fun and pleasure we all four went to work. Mr. Foster and I set the table, and Faith and Kitty cut the bread and butter, and all of us together brought on cold meat and Christ-Church patties, and it was all done in such a joyous mood, that you would have thought we were children playing at having a picnic. Oh! it was such a happy hour! Was it not, Kitty?"

"Indeed it was. I shall never forget it."

But who can prolong a joy when it is over? Both Kitty and Dick tried to do so, but the squire soon turned thoughtful, and Mistress Annis, though she said only nice words, put no sympathy into them; and they were only words, and so fell to the ground



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## THE PAPER CAP

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lifeless. The squire was far too genial a soul, not to feel this condition, and he said suddenly—

“Dick, come with me. I hev a letter to write to thy aunt, and thou can do it for me. I’ll be glad of thy help.”

“I will come gladly, father. I wish you would let me do all the writing about business there is to be done. Just take me for your secretary.”

“That is a clever idea. We will talk it out a bit later. Come thy ways with me, now. No doubt thy mother and sister hev their awn things to talk over. Women hev often queer views of what seems to men folk varry reasonable outcomes.”

So the two men went out very confidingly together, and Kitty remained with her mother, who sat silently looking into the darkening garden.

Neither spoke for a few minutes, then Kitty lifted her cape and bonnet and said, “I am tired, mother. I think I will go to my room.”

“Varry well, but answer me a few questions first. What do you now think of Dick’s fancy for Faith?”

“It is not a fancy, mother. It is a love that will never fade or grow old. He will marry Faith or he will never marry.”

“Such sentimentality! It is absurd!”

“Dick thinks his love for Faith Foster the great fact of his life. He will never give her up. Her ways are his ways. He thinks as she thinks. He

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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would do anything she asked him to do. Dear mammy, try and make the best of it. You cannot alter it. It is Destiny, and I heard Mr. Foster say, that no person, nor yet any nation, could fight Destiny unless God was on their side. I think it is Dick's destiny to marry Faith."

"Think as you like, Katherine, but be so kind as to omit quoting Mr. Foster's opinions in my presence."

"Very well, mother."

"And I do wish you would make up your quarrel with Harry Bradley; it is very unpleasant to have you go mourning about the house and darkening the only bit of good fortune that has ever come to your father. Indeed, I think it is very selfish and cruel. I do that!"

"I am sorry. I try to forget, but—" and she wearily lifted her cape and left the room. And her mother listened to her slow, lifeless steps on the stairway, and sorrowfully wondered what she ought to do. Suddenly she remembered that her husband had asked her not to trouble him about foolish love affairs and Dick was sure to take Katherine's view of the matter, whatever the trouble was; and, indeed, she was quite aware that the squire himself leaned to the side of the lovers, and there was no one else she could speak to. It was all a mixed up anxiety, holding apparently no hope of relief from outside help.

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## THE PAPER CAP

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Yes, there was Aunt Josepha, and as soon as she stepped into the difficulty, Katherine's mother felt there would be some explanation or help. It was only waiting a week, and Madam Temple would be in Annis, and with this reflection she tried to dismiss the subject.

Indeed, everyone in Annis Hall was now looking forward to the visit of Josepha. But more than a fortnight elapsed before she arrived, bringing with her experts and advisers of various kinds. The latter were pleasantly located in the village inn, and Josepha was delighted with the beautiful and comfortable arrangements her sister-in-law had made for her. She came into their life with overflowing good humor and spirits, and was soon as busily interested in the great building work as her happy brother.

She had to ride all through the village to reach the mill site, and she did not think herself a day too old to come down to breakfast in her riding habit and accompany her brother. It was not long, however, before the pair separated. Soon after her arrival, the village women, one by one, renewed their acquaintance with her, and every woman looked to Miss Josepha for relief, or advice about their special tribulations. Many of them were women of her own age. They remembered her as Miss Josepha, and prided themselves on the superiority of their

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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claim. To the younger women she was Madam, just Madam, and indeed it was a queer little incident that quite naturally, and without any word of explanation, made all, both old and young, avoid any other name than Miss Josepha. "Yorkshire is for its awn folk, we doan't take to strange people and strange names," said Israel Naylor, when questioned by some of the business experts Josepha had brought down with her; "and," he explained, "Temple is a Beverley name, or I mistake, and Annis folk know nothing about Beverley names." So Madam Temple was almost universally Miss Josepha, to the villagers, and she liked the name, and people who used it won her favor.

In a few weeks she had to hire a room in Naylor's house, and go there at a fixed hour to see any of the people who wanted her. All classes came to this room, from the Episcopal curate and the Methodist preacher, to the poor widow of a weaver, who had gone to Bradford for work, and died of cholera there. "Oh, Miss Josepha!" she cried, "Jonathan Hartley told me to come to thee, and he said, he did say, that thou hed both wisdom and money in plenty, and that thou would help me."

"What is thy trouble, Nancy?"

"My man died in Bradford, and he left me nothing but four helpless childer, and I hev a sister in Bradford who will take care of them while I go



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## THE PAPER CAP

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back to my old place as pastry cook at the Black Swan Hotel."

"That would be a good plan, Nancy."

"For sure it would, Miss Josepha, but we awned our cottage, and our bee skeps, and two dozen poultry, and our old loom. I can't turn them into brass again, and so I'm most clemmed with it all."

"How much do you want for the 'all you awn'?"

"I would count mysen in luck, if I got one hundred and fifty pounds."

"Is that sum its honest worth, not a penny too much, or a penny too little?"

"It is just what it cost us; ivery penny, and not a penny over, or less."

"Then I'll buy it, if all is as thou says. I'll hev my lawyer look it over, and I'll see what the squire says, and if thou hes been straight with me, thou can go home, and pack what tha wants to take with thee."

This incident was the initial purchase of many other cottages sold for similar reasons, and when Josepha went back to London, she took with her the title deeds of a large share of Annis village property. "But, Antony," she said, "I hev paid the full value of ivery deed I hold, ay, in some cases more than their present value, but I do not doubt I shall get all that is mine when the time is ripe for more, and more, and more mills."

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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"Was this thy plan, when thou took that room in the Inn?"

"Not it! I took it for a meeting place. I know most of the women here, and I saw plainly Annie would not be able to stand the constant visitations that were certain to follow. It made trouble in the kitchen, and the voice of the kitchen soon troubles the whole house. Annie must be considered, and the comfort of the home. That is the great right. Then I hev other business with Annis women, not to be mixed up with thy affairs. We are going to plan such an elementary school as Annis needs for its children, with classes at night for the women who doan't want their boys and girls to be ashamed of them. And there must be a small but perfectly fitted up hospital for the workers who turn sick or get injured in the mill. And the Reverend Mr. Bentley and the Reverend Mr. Foster come to me with their cases of sorrow and sickness, and I can tell thee a room for all these considerations was one of the necessities of our plans."

"I hev'n't a bit of doubt of it. But it is too much for thee to manage. Thou art wearying soul and body."

"Far from it. It is as good and as great a thing to save a soul as it is to make it. I am varry happy in my work, and as Mr. Foster would put it, I feel

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## THE PAPER CAP

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a good deal nearer God, than I did counting up interest money in London."

In the meantime the home life at Annis Hall was not only changed but constantly changing. There was always some stranger—some expert of one kind or another—a guest in its rooms, and their servants or assistants kept the kitchen in a racket of cooking, and eating, and unusual excitement. Mistress Annis sometimes felt that it would be impossible to continue the life, but every day the squire came home so tired, and so happy, that all discomforts fled before his cheery "Hello!" and his boyish delight in the rapidly growing edifice. Dick had become his paid secretary, and in the meantime was studying bookkeeping, and learning from Jonathan all that could be known, concerning long and short staple wools.

Katherine was her mother's right hand all the long day, but often, towards closing time, she went down to the village on her pony, and then the squire, or Dick, or both, rode home with her. Poor Kitty! Harry no longer wrote to her, and Josepha said she had heard that he had gone to America on a business speculation, "and it is a varry likely thing," she said, "for Harry knew a penny from a pound, before he learned how to count. I wouldn't fret about him, dearie."

"I am not fretting, aunt, but how would you feel,

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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if you had shut the door of your heart, and your love lay dead on its threshold. Nothing is left to me now, but the having loved."

"Well, dearie, when we hev'n't what we love, we must love what we hev. Thou isn't a bit like thysen."

"I have never felt young since Harry left me."

"That is a little thing to alter thee so much."

"No trouble that touches the heart is a little thing."

"Niver mind the past, dearie. Love can work miracles. If Harry really loved thee he will come back to thee. Love is the old heartache of the world, and then all in a minute some day, he is the Healing Love and The Comforter. I hev a good mind to tell thee something, that I niver told to any ither mortal sinner."

"If it would help me to bear more cheerfully my great loss, I would be glad to hear anything of that kind."

Then Josepha sat down and spread her large capable hands one over each knee and looking Kitty full in the eyes said—"I was at thy age as far gone in love, with as handsome a youth as your Harry is. One morning we hed a few words about the value of good birth, and out of pure contradiction I set it up far beyond what I really thought of it; though I'll confess I am yet a bit weak about my awn



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## THE PAPER CAP

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ancestors. Now my lover was on this subject varry touchy, for his family hed money, more than enough, but hed no landed gentry, and no coat of arms, in fact, no family. And I hed just hed a few words with mother, and Antony hedn't stood up for me. Besides, I wasn't dressed fit to be seen, or I thought I wasn't, and I was out with mother, and out with Antony, well then, I was out with mysen, and all the world beside; and I asked varry crossly: "Whatever brings thee here at this time of day? I should hev thought thou knew enough to tell thysen, a girl hes no liking for a lover that comes in the morning. He's nothing but in her way."

"Oh, auntie, how could you?"

"Well, then, there was a varry boisterous wind blowing, and they do say, the devil is allays busy in a high wind. I suppose he came my road that morning, and instead of saying 'be off with thee' I made him so comfortable in my hot temper, he just bided at my side, and egged me on, to snap out ivery kind of provoking thing."

"I am very much astonished, aunt. The fair word that turneth away wrath is more like you."

"For sure it is, or else there hes been a great change for t' better since that time. Well, that day it was thus, and so; and I hev often wondered as to the why and wherefore of that morning's foolishness."

## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

"Did he go away forever that morning?"

"He did not come for a week, and during that week, Admiral Temple came to see father, and he stayed until he took with him my promise to be his wife early in the spring."

"Were you very miserable, auntie?"

"Oh, my dear, I was sick in love, as I could be."

"Why didn't you make it up with him?"

"I hed several reasons for not doing so. My father hed sailed with Admiral Temple, and they were friends closer than brothers, for they hed saved each other's lives—that was one reason. I was angry at my lover staying away a whole week. That was reason number two. Ten years afterwards I learned, quite accidentally, that his coming was prevented by circumstances it was impossible for him to control. Then my mother hed bragged all her fine words over the country-side, about the great marriage I was to make. That was another reason—and I am a bit ashamed to say, the splendid jewels and the rich silks and Indian goods my new lover sent me seemed to make a break with him impossible. At any rate, I felt this, and mother and father niver spoke of the Admiral that they did not add another rivet to the bond between us. So at last I married my sailor, and I thank God I did so!"

"Did your lover break his heart?"

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## THE PAPER CAP

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"Not a bit of it! He married soon after I was married."

"Whom did he marry?"

"Sophia Ratcliffe, a varry pretty girl from the old town of Boroughbridge. I niver saw her. I went with the Admiral, by permission, to various ports, remaining at some convenient town, while he sailed far and wide after well-loaded ships of England's enemies, and picking up as he sailed, any bit of land flying no civilized flag. I did not come back to Annis for five years. My father was then dead, my mother hed gone back to her awn folks, and my brother Antony was Squire of Annis."

"Then did you meet your old lover?"

"One day, I was walking with Antony through the village, and we met the very loveliest child I iver saw in all my life. He was riding a Shetland pony, and a gentleman walked by his side, and watched him carefully, and I found out at once by his air of authority that he was the boy's tutor. I asked the little fellow for a kiss, and he bent his lovely face and smilingly let me take what I wanted. Then they passed on and Antony said, 'His mother died three months ago, and he nearly broke his heart for her.' 'Poor little chap,' I said, and my eyes followed the little fellow down the long empty street. 'His father,' continued Antony, 'was just as broken-hearted. All Annis village was sorry for him.'

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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‘Do I know him?’ I asked. ‘I should think so!’ answered thy father with a look of surprise, and then someone called, ‘Squire,’ and we waited, and spoke to the man about his taxes. After his complaint had been attended to we went forward, and I remembered the child, and asked, ‘What is the name of that lovely child?’ And Antony said,

“ ‘His name is Harry Bradley. His father is John Thomas Bradley. Hes thou forgotten him?’

“Then I turned and looked after the boy, but the little fellow was nearly out of sight. I only got a last glimpse of some golden curls lying loose over his white linen suit and black ribbons.”

Then Josepha ceased speaking and silently took the weeping girl in her arms. She kissed her, and held her close, until the storm of sorrow was over, then she said softly:

“There it is, Lovey! The lot of women is on thee. Bear it bravely for thy father’s sake. He hes a lot to manage now, and he ought not to see anything but happy people, or hear anything but loving words. Wash thy face, and put on thy dairy-maid’s linen bonnet and we will take a breath of fresh air in the lower meadow. Its hedges are all full of the Shepherd’s rose, and their delicious perfume gives my soul a fainty feeling, and makes me wonder in what heavenly paradise I had caught that perfume before.”



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## THE PAPER CAP

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"I will, aunt. You have done me good, it would be a help to many girls to have heard your story. We have so many ideas that, if examined, would not look as we imagine them to be. Agatha De Burg used to say that 'unfaithfulness to our first love was treason to our soul.'"

"I doan't wonder, if that was her notion. She stuck through thick and thin to that scoundrel De Burg, and she was afraid De Burg was thinking of thee, and afraid thou would marry him. When girls first go into society they are in a bit of a hurry to get married; if they only wait a year or two, it does not seem such a pressing matter. Thou knows De Burg was Agatha's first love, and she hes not realized yet, that it is a God's mercy De Burg hes not kep the promises he made her."

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth," and Katherine sighed as she poured out some water and prepared to wash her face.

"Kitty," said her aunt, "the way my life hes been ordered for me, shows that God, and only God, orders the three great events of ivery life—birth, marriage and death; that is, if we will let Him do so. Think a moment, if I hed married John Thomas Bradley, I would hev spent all my best days in a lonely Yorkshire hamlet, in the midst of worrying efforts to make work pay, that was too out-of-date to struggle along. Until I was getting to be an old

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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woman, I would hev known nothing but care and worry, and how John Thomas would hev treated me, nobody but God knew. I hated poverty, and I would hev been poor. I wanted to see Life and Society and to travel, and I would hardly hev gone beyond Annis Village. Well, now, see how things came about. I mysen out of pure bad temper made a quarrel with my lover, and then perversely I wouldn't make it up, and then the Admiral steps into my life, gives me ivery longing I hed, and leaves me richer than all my dreams. I hev seen Life and Society, and the whole civilized world, and found out just what it is worth, and I hev made money, and am now giving mysen the wonderful pleasure of helping others to be happy. Sit thee quiet. If Harry is thine, he will come to thee sure as death! If he does not come of his awn free will, doan't thee move a finger to bring him. Thou wilt mebbe bring nothing but trouble to thysen. There was that young banker thou met at Jane's house, he loved thee purely and sincerely. Thou might easily hev done far worse than marry him. Whativer hed thou against him?"

"His hair."

"What was wrong with the lad's hair?"

"Why, aunt, Jane called it 'sandy' but I felt sure it was turning towards red."

"Stuff and nonsense! It will niver turn anything

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but white, and it won't turn white till thy awn is doing the same thing. And tha knaws it doesn't make much matter what color a man's hair is. Englishmen are varry seldom without a hat of one kind or another. I doan't believe I would hev known the Admiral without his naval hat, or in his last years, his garden hat. Does tha remember an old lady called Mrs. Sam Sagar? She used to come and see thy mother, when thou was only a little lass about eight years old."

"I remember her, she was a queer old lady."

"Queer, but Yorkshire; queer, but varry sensible. Her husband, like the majority of Yorkshiremen, niver took off his hat, unless to put on his nightcap, or if he was going inside a church, or hed to listen to the singing of "God Save the King." When he died, his wife hed his favorite hat trimmed with black crape, and it hung on its usual peg of the hat stand, just as long as she lived. You see his hat was the bit of his personality that she remembered best of all. Well, what I wanted to show thee was, the importance of the hat to a man, and then what matters the color of his hair."

By this time they were in the thick green grass of the meadow, and Kitty laughed at her aunt's illustration of the Yorkshire man's habit of covering his head, and they chatted about it, as they gathered great handfuls of shepherd's roses. And after

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## AUNT JOSEPHA INTERFERES

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this, Josepha spoke only of her plans for the village, and of Faith's interest in them. She felt she had said plenty about love, and she hoped the seed she had sown that afternoon had fallen on good ground. Surely it is a great thing to know *how and when to let go*.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE SQUIRE MAKES GOOD

"Busy, happy, loving people; talking, eating, singing, sewing, living through every sense they have at the same time."

"People who are happy, do not write down their happiness."

THE summer went quickly away, but during it the whole life of Annis Hall and Annis Village changed. The orderly, beautiful home was tossed up by constant visitors, either on business, or on simple social regulations; and the village was full of strange men, who had small respect for what they considered such an old-fashioned place. But in spite of all opinions and speculations, the work for which all this change was permitted went on with unceasing energy. The squire's interest in it constantly increased, and Dick's enthusiasm and ability developed with every day's exigencies. Then Josepha was constantly bringing the village affairs into the house affairs, and poor women with easy, independent manners, were very troublesome to Britton and his wife. They were amazed at the tolerance with which Mistress Annis permitted their

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## THE SQUIRE MAKES GOOD

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frequent visits and they reluctantly admitted such excuses as she made for them.

"You must remember, Betsy," she frequently explained, "that few of them have ever been in any home but their father's and their own. They have been as much mistress in their own home, as I have been in my home. Their ideas of what is fit and respectful, come from their heart and are not in any degree habits of social agreement. If they like or respect a person, they are not merely civil or respectful, they are kind and free, and speak just as they feel."

"They do that, Madam—a good bit too free."

"Well, Betsy, they are Mistress Temple's business at present. Thou need not mind them."

"I doan't, not in the least."

"They are finding out for her, things she wants to know about the village, the number of children that will be to teach—the number of men and women that know how to read and write."

"Few of that kind, Madam, if any at all."

"You know she is now making plans for a school, and she wants, of course, to have some idea as to the number likely to go there, and other similar questions. Everyone ought to know how to read and write."

"Well, Madam, Britton and mysen hev found our good common senses all we needed. They were made

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and given to us by God, when we was born. He gave us senses enough to help us to do our duty in that state of life it had pleased Him to call us to. These eddicated lads are fit for nothing. Britton won't be bothered with them. He says neither dogs nor horses like them. They understand Yorkshire speech and ways, but when a lad gets book knowledge, they doan't understand his speech, and his ways of pronouncing his words; and they just think scorn of his perliteness—they kick up their heels at it, and Britton says they do right. *Why-a!* We all know what school teachers are! The varry childher feel suspicious o' them, and no wonder! They all hev a rod or a strap somewhere about them, and they fairly seem to enjoy using it. I niver hed a lick from anybody in my life. I wouldn't hev stood it, except from dad, and his five senses were just as God made them; and if dad gave any o' the lads a licking, they deserved it, and they didn't mind taking it."

"If they got one from a schoolmaster, I dare say they would deserve it."

"No, Madam, begging your pardon, I know instances on the contrary. My sister-in-law's cousin's little lad was sent to a school by Colonel Broadbent, because he thought the child was clever beyond the usual run of lads, and he got such a cruel basting as niver was, just because he wouldn't, or couldn't, learn

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something they called parts of speech—hard, long names, no meaning in them.”

“That was too bad. Did he try to learn them?”

“He tried himsen sick, and Britton he tried to help him. Britton learned one word, called in-ter-jec-tions. He tried that word on both dogs and horses——”

“Well, what followed?”

“Nothing, Madam. He wanted the horses to go on, and they stood stock still. The dogs just looked up at him, as if they thought he hed lost his senses. And Britton, he said then and there, ‘the Quality can hev all my share of grammar, and they are varry welcome to it.’ Our folk, young and old, learn greedily to read. Writing hes equal favor with them, arithmatic goes varry well with their natural senses, but grammar! What’s the use of grammar? They talk better when they know nothing about it.”

So it must be confessed, Miss Josepha did not meet with the eager gratitude she expected. She was indeed sometimes tempted to give up her plans, but to give up was to Josepha so difficult and so hateful that she would not give the thought a moment’s consideration. “I hev been taking the wrong way about the thing,” she said to Annie. “I will go and talk to them, mysen.”

“Then you will make them delighted to do all



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your will. Put on your bib and tucker, and ask Mr. Foster's permission to use the meeting room of the Methodist Chapel. That will give your plans the sacred touch women approve when the subject concerns themselves." This advice was followed, and two days afterward, Josepha dressed herself for a chapel interview with the mothers of Annis. The special invitation pleased them, and they went to the tryst with their usual up-head carriage, and free and easy manner, decidedly accentuated.

Josepha was promptly at the rendezvous appointed, and precisely as the clock struck three, she stepped from the vestry door to the little platform used by the officials of the church in all their secular meetings. She smiled and bowed her head and then cried—"Mothers of Annis, good afternoon to every one of you!" And they rose in a body, and made her a courtesy, and then softly clapped their hands, and as soon as there was silence, Jonathan Hartley's daughter welcomed her. There was nothing wanting in this welcome, it was brimful of honest pleasure. Josepha was Annis. She was the sister of their squire, she was a very handsome woman, and she had thought it worth while to dress herself handsomely to meet them. She was known to every woman in the village, but she had never become commonplace or indifferent. There was no other woman just like her in their vicinity, and she

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had always been a ready helper in all the times of their want and trouble.

As she stood up before them, she drew every eye to her. She wore on this occasion, her very handsomest, deepest, mourning garments. Her long nun-like crêpe veil would have fallen below her knees had it not been thrown backward, and within her bonnet there was a Maria Stuart border of the richest white crêpe. Her thick wavy hair was untouched by Time, and her stately figure, richly clothed in long garments of silk poplin, was improved, and not injured, by a slight *embonpoint* that gave her a look of stability and strength. Her face, both handsome and benign, had a rather austere expression, natural and approved, though none in that audience understood that it was the result of a strong will, tenaciously living out its most difficult designs.

Without a moment's delay she went straight to her point, and with vigorous Yorkshire idioms soon carried every woman in the place with her; and she knew so well the mental temperature of her audience, that she promptly declined their vote. "I shall take your word, women," she said in a confident tone, "and I shall expect every one of you to keep it."

Amid loud and happy exclamations, she left the chapel and when she reached the street, saw that her coachman was slowly walking the ponies in an oppo-

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site direction, in order to soothe their restlessness. She also was too restless to stand still and wait their leisurely pace and she walked in the same direction, knowing that they must very soon meet each other. Almost immediately someone passed her, then turned back and met face to face.

It was a handsome man of about the squire's age, and he put out his hand, and said with a charming, kindly manner:—

*"Why-a, Josepha! Josepha! At last we hev met again."*

For just a moment Josepha hesitated, then she gave the apparent stranger her hand, and they stood laughing and chatting together, until the ponies were at hand, and had to be taken away for another calming exercise.

"I hev'n't seen you, Josepha, for twenty-four years and five months and four days. I was counting the space that divided us yesterday, when somebody told me about this meeting of Annis women, and I thought, 'I will just go to Annis, and hang round till I get a glimpse of her.'"

"Well, John Thomas," she answered, "it is mainly thy awn fault. Thou hed no business to quarrel with Antony."

"It was Antony's fault."

"No, it was not."

"Well, then, it was all my fault."

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"Ay, thou must stick to that side of the quarrel, or I'll not hev to know thee," and both laughed and shook hands again. Then she stepped into her carriage, and Bradley said:

"But I shall see thee again, surely?"

"It might so happen," she answered with a pretty wave of her hand. And all the way home she was wandering what good or evil Fate had brought John Thomas Bradley into her life again.

When she got back to the Hall, she noticed that her sister-in-law was worried, and she asked, "What is bothering thee now, Annie?"

"Well, Josepha, Antony hed a visit from Lawyer Wetherall and he told Antony Annis that he hes not a particle of right to the seat in The House of Commons, as matters stand now. He says the new borough will be contested, and that Colonel Frobisher of Annis is spoken of for the Liberals, and Sir John Conyers or John Thomas Bradley are likely candidates for the Tory side of affairs. They hed a long talk and it wasn't altogether a pleasant one, and Wetherall went away in a huff, and Antony came to me in one of his still passions, and I hev been heving a varry disagreeable hour or two; and I do think Antony's ignorance on this matter quite shameful. He ought to hev known, on what right or title he held such an honor. I am humiliated by the circumstance."



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"Well, then, thou needn't be so touchy. A great many lords and earls and men of high degree hev been as ignorant as Antony. Thy husband stands in varry good company. Antony isn't a bit to blame. Not he! Antony held his right from the people of Annis—his awn people—he did not even buy it, as some did. It had been his, with this authenticity, for centuries. Thou shared with him all of the honor and profit it brought, and if there was any wrong in the way it came, thou sanctioned and shared it. And if I was Antony I would send Wetherall to the North Pole in his trust or esteem. If he knew different he ought to hev told Antony different long ago. I shall take ivery bit of business I hev given Wetherall out of his hands to-morrow morning. And if he charges me a penny-piece too much I'll give him trouble enough to keep on the fret all the rest of his life. I will that!"

"I hev no doubt of it."

"Where is Antony now?"

"Wheriver that weary mill is building, I suppose."

"Well, thou ought to be a bit beyond 'supposing.' Thou ought to *know*. It is thy place to know, and if he is in trouble, to be helping him to bear it."

"Josepha, there is no use in you badgering and blaming me. What would you hev done if Wetherall hed said such and such things, in your presence, as he did in mine?"

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"I would hev told him he was a fool, as well as a rascal, to tell at the end what he ought to hev told at the beginning. If Antony hed no right to the seat, why did he take money, year after year, for doing business connected with the seat; and niver open his false mouth? I shall get mysen clear of him early to-morrow morning."

"Don't go away now, Josepha. I will send someone to look for the squire."

"I will go mysen, Annie. Thank you!"

She found the squire in a very troubled, despondent mood. "Josepha," he cried, "to think that I hev been filling a position on sufferance that I thought was my lawful right!"

"And that rascal, Wetherall, niver said a word to thee?"

"It is my awn fault. I aught to hev inquired into the matter long ago."

"Then so ought the rest of the legislators. Custom becomes right, through length of years, and thou art not to blame, not in the least. Now, however, I would give it up to the people, who gave it to thee. Not to Wetherall! Put him out of the affair. *Entirely!* There is to be a meeting on the village green to-night. Go to it, and then and there say the words that will give thy heart satisfaction."

"Ay, I intend to go, but Annie is vexed, and she

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makes me feel as if I hed done something that reflects on our honor and respectability."

"Thou hes done nothing of the kind. No man in all England or Scotland will say such a thing. Doan't thee take blame from anyone. If women hed to judge men's political character, ivery one would be wrong but their awn men folk."

"Annie thinks I hev been wrong."

"Annie is peculiar. There are allays exceptions to ivery proposition. Annie is an exception. Dress thyself in thy handsomest field suit, and take thy short dog whip in thy hands; it will speed thy words more than thou could believe, and a crack with it will send an epithet straight to where it should go."

The squire laughed and leaped to his feet. "God bless thee, Josepha! I'll do just what tha says."

"Then thou'll do right."

This promise was not an easy one to keep, in the face of Annie's air of reproach and suffering; but, nevertheless, it was kept, and when the squire came in sight of the Green he saw a very large gathering of men already standing round a rude rostrum, on which sat or stood half-a-dozen gentlemen. Annis put his horse in the care of his servant, and stood on the edge of the crowd. Wetherall was talking to the newly made citizens, and explaining their new political status and duties to them, and at the close of his speech said, "he had been instructed to propose

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John Thomas Bradley for the Protective or Tory government," and this proposal was immediately seconded by a wealthy resident of Bradley village.

The squire set his teeth firmly, his lips were drawn straight and tight, and his eyes snapped and shone with an angry light. Then there was a movement among the men on the platform, and Bradley walked to the front. The clear soft twilight of an English summer fell all over him. It seemed to Annis that his old friend had never before appeared so handsome and so lovable. He looked at him until some unbidden tears quenched the angry flame in his eyes, and he felt almost inclined to mount and ride away.

He was, however, arrested immediately by Bradley's words—"Gentlemen," he said with prompt decision—"I cannot, and will not, accept your flattering invitation. Do any of you think that I would accept a position, that puts me in antagonism to my old and well-loved friend, Antony Annis? Not for all the honor, or power, or gold in England! Annis is your proper and legitimate representative. Can any of you count the generations through which the Annis family has been your friends and helpers? You know all that the present Squire Antony has done, without me saying a word about it; and I could not, and I would not, try to stand in his shoes for anything king or country could give me. This, on my honor, is a definite and positive refusal of your



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intended mark of respect. I accept the respect which prompted the honor gratefully; the honor itself, I positively decline. If I have anything more to say, it is this—send your old representative, Antony Annis, to watch over, and speak outright, for your interests. He is the best man you can get in all England, and be true to him, and proud of him!"

A prolonged cheering followed this speech, and during it Squire Antony made his way through the crowd, and reached the platform. He went straight to Bradley with outstretched hands—"John Thomas!" he said, in a voice full of emotion, "My dear, dear friend! I heard every word!" and the two men clasped hands, and stood a moment looking into each other's love-wet eyes; and knew that every unkind thought, and word, had been forever forgiven.

Then Annis stepped forward, and was met with the heartiest welcome. Never had he looked so handsome and gracious. He appeared to have thrown off all the late sorrowful years, and something of the glory of that authority which springs from love, lent a singular charm to this picturesque appearance.

He stood at the side of Bradley, and still held his hand. "My friends and fellow citizens!" he cried joyfully, giving the last two words such an enthusiastic emphasis, as brought an instant shout of joyful

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triumph. "My friends and fellow citizens! If anything could make it possible for me to go back to the House of Commons, it would be the plea of the man whose hand I have just clasped. As you all know, I hev pledged my word to the men and women of Annis to give them the finest power-loom factory in the West Riding. If I stick to my promise faithfully, I cannot take on any other work or business. You hev hed my promise for some months. I will put nothing before it—or with it. Men of Annis, you are my helpers, do you really think I would go to London, and break my promise? Not you! Not one of you! I shall stay right here, until Annis mill is weaving the varry best broadcloths and woolen goods that can be made. Ask Colonel Frobisher to go to London, and stand for Annis and her wool weavers. He hes little else to do, we all know and love him, and he will be varry glad to go for you. Antony Annis hes been a talking man hitherto, henceforward he will be a working man, but there is a bit of advice I'll give you now and probably niver again. First of all, take care how you vote, and for whom you vote. If your candidate proves unworthy of the confidence you gave him, mebbe you are not quite innocent. Niver sell your vote for any price, nor for any reason. Remember voting is a religious act."

"Nay, nay, squire!" someone in the crowd called

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out, with a dissenting laugh. "There's nothing but jobbery, and robbery, and drinking and quarreling in it. There is no religion about it, squire, that I can see."

"Well, then, Tommy Raikes, thou doesn't see much beyond thysen."

"And, squire, I heard that the Methodist preacher prayed last Sunday in the varry pulpit about the election. Folks doan't like to go to chapel to pray about elections. It isn't right. Mr. Foster oughtn't to do such things. It hurts people's feelings."

"Speak for thysen, Tommy; I'll be bound the people were all of Mr. Foster's opinion. It is a varry important election, the varry first, that a great many of the people iver took a part in. And I do say, that I hev no doubt all of them were thankful for the prayer. There is nothing wrong in praying about elections. It is a religious rite, just the same as saying grace before your food, and thanking God when you hev eaten it. Just the same as putting *Dei gratia* on our money, or taking oaths in court, or when assuming important positions. Tommy, such simple religious services proclaim the sacredness of our daily life; and so the vote at an election, if given conscientiously, is a religious act."

There was much hearty approval of the squire's opinion, and Tommy Raikes was plainly advised in

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various forms of speech to reserve his own. During the altercation the squire turned his happy face to John Thomas Bradley, and they said a few words to each other, which ended in a mutual smile as the squire faced his audience and continued:

"The best thing I hev to say to you this night is, in the days of prosperity fast coming to Annis, stick to your religion. Doan't lose yoursens in the hurry and flurry of the busy life before you all. Any nation to become great must be a religious nation; for nationality is a product of the soul. It is something for which ivery straight-hearted man would die. There are many good things for which a good man would not die, but a good man would willingly die for the good of his country. His hopes for her will not tolerate a probability. They hev to be realized, or he'll die for them.

"If you are good Church of England men you are all right. She is your spiritual mother, do what she tells you to do, and you can't do wrong. If you are a Dissenter from her, then keep a bit of Methodism in your souls. It is kind and personal, and if it gets hold of a man, it does a lot for him. It sits in the center. I am sorry to say there are a great many atheists among weavers. Atheists do nothing. A man steeped in Methodism can do anything! Its love and its honesty lift up them that are cast down; it gives no quarter to the devil, and it hes a heart



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as big as God's mercy. If you hev your share of this kind of Methodist, you will be kind, or at least civil to strangers. You know how you usually treat them. The ither day I was watching the men building, and a stranger passed, and one of the bricklayers said to another near him, 'Who's that?' and the other looked up and answered, 'I doan't know. He's a stranger.' And the advice promptly given was, 'throw a brick at him!' " This incident was so common and so natural, that it was greeted with a roar of laughter, and the squire nodded and laughed also, and so in the midst of the pleasant racket, went away with John Thomas Bradley at his side.

"It's a fine night," said Annis to Bradley. "Walk up the hill and hev a bite of supper with me." The invitation was almost an oath of renewed friendship, and Bradley could on no account refuse it. Then the squire sent his man ahead to notify the household, and the two men took the hill at each other's side, talking eagerly of the election and its probabilities. As they neared the Hall, Bradley was silent and a little troubled. "Antony," he said, "how about the women-folk?"

"I am by thy side. As they treat me they will treat thee. Josepha was allays thy friend. Mistress Annis hed a kind side for thee, so hed my little Kitty. For awhile, they hev been under the influence of a lie set going by thy awn son."

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"By Harry?"

"To be sure. But Harry was misinformed, by that mean little lawyer that lives in Bradley. I hev forgotten the whole story, and I won't hev it brought up again. It was a lie out of the whole cloth, and was varry warmly taken up by Dick, and you know how our women are—they stand by ivery word their men say."

The men entered together. Josepha was not the least astonished. In fact, she was sure this very circumstance would happen. Had she not advised and directed John Thomas that very afternoon what to do, and had he not been only too ready and delighted to follow her advice? When the door opened she rose, and with some enthusiasm met John Thomas, and while she was welcoming him the squire had said the few words that were sufficient to insure Annie's welcome. An act of oblivion was passed without a word, and just where the friendship had been dropped, it was taken up again. Kitty excused herself, giving a headache as her reason, and Dick was in Liverpool with Hartley, looking over a large importation of South American wool.

The event following this rearrangement of life was the return of Josepha to her London home. She said a combination of country life and November fogs was beyond her power of cheerful endurance; and then she begged Katherine to go back to

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London with her. Katherine was delighted to do so. Harry's absence no longer troubled her. She did not even wish to see him and the home circumstances had become stale and wearisome. The coming and going of many strangers and the restlessness and uncertainty of daily life was a great trial to a family that had lived so many years strictly after its own ideals of reposeful, regular rule and order. Annie, very excusably, was in a highly nervous condition, the squire was silent and thoughtful, and in the evenings too tired to talk. Katherine was eager for more company of her own kind, and just a little weary of Dick's and Faith's devotion to each other. "I wish aunt would go to London and take me with her," she said to herself one morning, as she was rather indifferently dressing her own hair.

And so it happened that Josepha that very day found the longing for her own home and life so insistent that she resolved to indulge it. "What am I staying here for?" she asked herself with some impatience. "I am not needed about the business yet to be, and Antony is looking after the preparations for it beyond all I expected. I'm bothering Annie, and varry soon John Thomas will begin bothering me; and poor Kitty hes no lover now, and is a bit tired of Faith's perfections. As for Dick, poor lad! he is kept running between the mill's business, and the preacher's daughter. And Antony

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himsen says things to me, nobody else hes a right to say. I see people iverywhere whom no one can suit, and who can't suit themsens. I'll be off to London in two days—and I'll take Kitty with me."

Josepha's private complaint was not without truth and her resolve was both kind and wise. A good, plain household undertaking was lacking; every room was full of domestic malaria, and the best-hearted person in the world, can neither manage nor yet control this insidious unhappy element. It is then surely the part of prudence, where combat is impossible, to run away.

So Josepha ran away, and she took her niece with her. They reached London in time to see the re-opening of Parliament, and Mrs. Temple's cards for dinner were in the hands of her favorites within two weeks afterwards. Katherine was delighted to be the secretary for such writing, and she entered heartily into her aunt's plans for a busy, social winter. They chose the parties to carry out their pleasant ideas together, and as Kitty was her aunt's secretary, it soon became evident to both that the name of Edward Selby was never omitted. One or other of the ladies always suggested it, and the proposal was readily accepted.

"He is a fine young man," said Josepha, "and their bank hes a sound enviable reputation. I intend, for the future, to deposit largely there, and it



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is mebbe a good plan to keep in social touch with your banker."

"And he is very pleasant to dance with," added Kitty, "he keeps step with you, and a girl looks her best with him; and then he is not always paying you absurd compliments."

"A varry sensible partner."

"I think so."

And during the long pleasant winter this satisfaction with Selby grew to a very sweet and even intense affection. The previous winter Harry Bradley had stood in his way, but the path of love now ran straight and smooth, and no one had any power to trouble it. Selby was so handsome, so deeply in love, so desirable in every way, that Katherine knew herself to be the most fortunate of women. She was now also in love, really in love. Her affection for her child lover had faded even out of her memory. Compared with her passion for Selby, it was indeed a child love, just a sentimental dream, nursed by contiguity, and the tolerance and talk of elder people. Nothing deceives the young like the idea of first love—a conquering idea if a true one, a pretty dangerous mirage, if it is not true.

While this affair was progressing delightfully in London things were not standing still in Annis. The weather had been singularly propitious, and the great, many-windowed building was beginning to

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show the length and breadth of its intentions. Meanwhile Squire Annis was the busiest and happiest man in all Yorkshire, and Annie was rejoicing in the restored peace and order of her household. It did not seem that there could now have been any cause of anxiety in the old Annis home. But there was a little. Dick longed to have a more decided understanding concerning his own marriage, but the squire urged him not to think of marriage until the mill was opened and at work and Dick was a loyal son, as well as a true lover. He knew also that in many important ways he had become a great help to his father, and that if he took the long journey he intended to take with his bride, his absence would be both a trial and a positive loss in more ways than one. The situation was trying to all concerned, but both Faith and her father made it pleasant and hopeful, so that generally speaking his soul walked in a straight way. Sometimes he asked his father with one inquiring look, "How long, father, how long now?" And the squire had hitherto always understood the look, and answered promptly, "Not just yet, dear lad, not just yet!"

Josepha and Katherine had returned from London. So continually the days grew longer, and brighter, and warmer, and the roses came and sent perfume through the whole house, as the small group of women made beautiful garments, and talked and

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wondered, and speculated; and the squire and Dick grew more and more reticent about the mill and its progress, until one night, early in July, they came home together, and the very sound of their footsteps held a happy story. Josepha understood it. She threw down the piece of muslin in her hand and stood up listening. The next moment the squire and his son entered the room together. "What is it, Antony?" she cried eagerly. "*The mill?*"

"The mill is finished! The mill is perfect! We can start work to-morrow morning if we wish. It is thy doing!" Then he turned to his wife, and opened his arms, and whispered his joy to her, and Annie's cheeks were wet when they both turned to Katherine.

And that day the women did not sew another stitch.

The next morning Annis village heard a startling new sound. It was the factory bell calling labor to its duty. And everyone listened to its fateful reverberations traveling over the surrounding hills and telling the villages in their solitary places, "Your day also is coming." The squire sat up in his bed to listen, and his heart swelled to the impetuous summons and he whispered in no careless manner, "*Thank God!*"

## CHAPTER XIII

### MARRIAGE BELLS AND GOOD-BY TO ANNIS

"All will be well, though how or where  
Or when it will we need not care.  
We cannot see, and can't declare:  
'Tis not in vain and not for nought,  
The wind it blows, the ship it goes,  
Though where, or whither, no one knows."

**I**MMEDIATELY after this event preparations for Katherine's marriage were revived with eager haste and diligence, and the ceremony was celebrated in Annis Parish Church. She went there on her father's arm, and surrounded by a great company of the rich and noble relatives of the Annis and Selby families. It was a glorious summer day and the gardens from the Hall to the end of the village were full of flowers. It seemed as if all nature rejoiced with her, as if her good angel loved her so that she had connived with everything to give her love and pleasure. There had been some anxiety about her dress, but it turned out to be a marvel of exquisite beauty. It was, of course, a frock of the richest white satin, but its tunic and train



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and veil were of marvelously fine Spanish lace. There were orange blooms in her hair and myrtle in her hands, and her sweetness, beauty and happiness made everyone instinctively bless her.

Dick's marriage to Faith Foster was much longer delayed; not because his love had lost any of its sweetness and freshness, but because Faith had taught him to cheerfully put himself in his father's place. So without any complaining, or any explanation, he remained at his father's side. Then the Conference of the Methodist Church removed Mr. Foster from Annis to Bradford, and the imperative question was then whether Faith would go with her father or remain in Annis as Dick's wife. Dick was never asked this question. The squire heard the news first and he went directly to his son:—

"Dick, my good son, thou must now get ready to marry Faith, or else thou might lose her. I met Mr. Foster ten minutes ago, and he told me that the Methodist Conference had removed him from Annis to Bradford."

"Whatever have they done that for? The people here asked him to remain, and he wrote the Conference he wished to do so."

"It is just their awful way of doing 'according to rule,' whether the rule fits or not. But that is neither here nor there. Put on thy hat and go and ask Faith how soon she can be ready to marry thee."

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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"Gladly will I do that, father; but where are we to live? Faith would not like to go to the Hall."

"Don't ask her to do such a thing. Sir John Pomfret wants to go to southern France for two or three years to get rid of rheumatism, and his place is for rent. It is a pretty place, and not a mile from the mill. Now get married as quick as iver thou can, and take Faith for a month's holiday to London and Paris and before you get home again I will hev the Pomfret place ready for you to occupy. It is handsomely furnished, and Faith will delight herself in keeping it in fine order."

"What will mother say to that?"

"Just what I say. Not a look or word different. She knows thou has stood faithful and helpful by herself and by me. Thou has earned all we can both do for thee."

These were grand words to carry to his love, and Dick went gladly to her with them. A couple of hours later the squire called on Mr. Foster and had a long and pleasant chat with him. He said he had gone at once to see Sir John Pomfret and found him not only willing, but greatly pleased to rent his house to Mr. Richard Annis and his bride. "I hev made a good bargain," he continued, "and if Dick and Faith like the place, I doan't see why they should not then buy it. Surely if they winter and summer

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a house for three years, they ought to know whether it is worth its price or not."

In this conversation it seemed quite easy for the two men to arrange a simple, quiet marriage to take place in a week or ten days, but when Faith and Mrs. Annis were taken into the consultation, the simple, quiet marriage became a rather difficult problem. Faith said that she would not leave her father until she had packed her father's books and seen all their personal property comfortably arranged in the preacher's house in Bradford. Then some allusion was made to her wardrobe, and the men remembered the wedding dress and other incidentals. Mistress Annis found it hard to believe that the squire really expected such a wedding as he and Mr. Foster actually planned.

"*Why-a, Antony!*" she said, "the dear girl must have a lot to do both for her father and hersen. A marriage within two or three months is quite impossible. Of course she must see Mr. Foster settled in his new home and also find a proper person to look after his comfort. And after that is done, she will have her wedding dress to order and doubtless many other garments. And where will the wedding ceremony take place?"

"In Bradford, I suppose. Usually the bridegroom goes to his bride's home for her. I suppose Dick will want to do so."

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"He cannot do so in this case. The future squire of Annis must be married in Annis church."

"Perhaps Mr. Foster might——"

"Antony Annis! What you are going to say is impossible! Methodist preachers cannot marry anyone legally. I have known that for years."

"I think that law has been abrogated. There was a law spoken of that was to repeal all the disqualifications of Dissenters."

"We cannot have any uncertainties about our son's marriage. Thou knows that well. And as for any hole-in-a-corner ceremony, it is impossible. We gave our daughter Katherine a proper, public wedding; we must do the same for Dick."

It is easy under these circumstances to see how two loving, anxious women could impose on themselves extra responsibilities and thus lengthen out the interval of separation for nearly three months. For Faith, when the decision was finally left to her, refused positively to be married from the Hall. Thanking the squire and his wife for their kind and generous intentions, she said without a moment's hesitation, that "she could not be married to anyone except from her father's home."

"It would be a most unkind slight to the best of fathers," she said. "It would be an insult to the most wise and tender affection any daughter ever received. I am not the least ashamed of my simple



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home and simple living, and neither father nor myself look on marriage as an occasion for mirth and feasting and social visiting."

"How then do you regard it?" asked Mistress Annis, "as a time of solemnity and fear?"

"We regard it as we do other religious rites. We think it a condition to be assumed with religious thought and gravity. Madam Temple is of our opinion. She said dressing and dancing and feasting over a bridal always reminded her of the ancient sacrificial festivals and its garlanded victim."

The squire gave a hearty assent to Faith's opinion. He said it was not only right but humane that most young fellows hated the show, and fuss, and wastry over the usual wedding festival, and would be grateful to escape it. "And I don't mind saying," he added, "that Annie and I did escape it; and I am sure our married life has been as near to a perfectly happy life as mortals can hope for in this world."

"Dick also thinks as we do," said Faith.

"*That*, of course," replied Mistress Annis, just a little offended at the non-acceptance of her social plans.

However, Faith carried out her own wishes in a strict but sweetly considerate way. Towards the end of November, Mr. Foster had been comfortably settled in his new home at Bradford. She had arranged his study and put his books in the alpha-

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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betical order he liked, and every part of the small dwelling was in spotless order and comfort.

In the meantime Annie was preparing with much love and care the Pomfret house for Dick and Dick's wife. It was a work she delighted herself in and she grudged neither money nor yet personal attention to make it a House Beautiful.

She did not, however, go to the wedding. It was November, dripping and dark and cold, and she knew she had done all she could, and that it would be the greatest kindness, at this time, to retire. But she kissed Dick and sent him away with love and good hopes and valuable gifts of lace and gems for his bride. The squire accompanied him to Bradford, and they went together to The Black Swan Inn. A great political meeting was to occur that night in the Town Hall, and the squire went there, while Dick spent a few hours with his bride and her father. As was likely to happen, the squire was immediately recognized by every wool-dealer present and he was hailed with hearty cheers, escorted to the platform, and made what he always considered the finest speech of his life. He was asked to talk of the Reform Bill and he said:

*"Not I! That child was born to England after a hard labor and will hev to go through the natural growth of England, which we all know is a tremendously slow one. But it will go on! It will go on*

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steadily, till it comes of full age. Varry few, if any of us, now present will be in this world at that time; but I am sure wherever we are, the news will find us out and will gladden our hearts even in the happiness of a better world than this, though I'll take it on me to say that this world is a varry good world if we only do our duty in it and to it, and love mercy and show kindness." Then he spoke grandly for labor and the laboring man and woman. He pointed out their fine, though uncultivated intellectual abilities, told of his own weavers, learning to read after they were forty years old, of their unlearning an old trade and learning a new one with so much ease and rapidity, and of their great natural skill in oratory, both as regarded religion and politics. "Working men and working women are *the hands* of the whole world," he said. "With such men as Cartwright and Stevenson among them, I wouldn't dare to say a word lessening the power of their mental abilities. Mebbe it was as great a thing to invent the power loom or conceive of a railroad as to run a newspaper or write a book."

He was vehemently applauded. Some time afterwards, Faith said the Yorkshire roar of approval was many streets away, and that her father went to find out what had caused it. "He was told by the man at the door, 'it's nobbut one o' them Yorkshire squires who hev turned into factory men. A great

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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pity, sir!' he added. 'Old England used to pin her faith on her landed gentry, and now they hev all gone into the money market.' My father then said that they might be just as useful there, and the man answered warmly: 'And thou art the new Methodist preacher, I suppose! I'm ashamed of thee—I am that!' When father tried to explain his meaning, the man said: 'Nay-a! I'm not caring what *tha means*. A man should stand by what he *says*. Folks hev'n't time to find out his meanings. I've about done wi' thee!' Father told him he had not done with him and would see him again in a few days." And then she smiled and added, "Father saw him later, and they are now the best of friends."

The wedding morning was gray and sunless, but its gloom only intensified the white loveliness of the bride. Her perfectly plain, straight skirt of rich, white satin and its high girlish waist looked ethentially white in the November gloom. A wonderful cloak of Russian sable which was Aunt Josepha's gift, covered her when she stepped into the carriage with her father, and then drove with the little wedding party to Bradford parish church. There was no delay of any kind. The service was read by a solemn and gracious clergyman, the records were signed in the vestry, and in less than an hour the party was back at Mr. Foster's house. A simple breakfast for the eight guests present followed, and then Faith, having



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changed her wedding gown for one of light gray broadcloth of such fine texture that it looked like satin, came into the parlor on her father's arm. He took her straight to Dick, and once more gave her to him. The tender little resignation was made with smiles and with those uncalled tears which bless and consecrate happiness that is too great for words.

After Dick's marriage, affairs at Annis went on with the steady regularity of the life they had invited and welcomed. The old church bells still chimed away the hours, but few of the dwellers in Annis paid any attention to their call. The factory bell now measured out the days and the majority lived by its orders. To a few it was good to think of Christmas being so nearly at hand; they hoped that a flavor of the old life might come with Christmas. At Annis Hall they expected a visit from Madam Temple, and it might be that Dick and Faith would remember this great home festival, and come back to join in it. Yet the family were so scattered that such a hope hardly looked for realization. Selby and Katherine were in Naples, and Dick and Faith in Paris and Aunt Josepha in her London home where she hastily went one morning to escape the impertinent clang of the factory bell. At least that was her excuse for a sudden homesickness for her London house. Annie, however, confided to the squire her belief that the rather too serious

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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attentions of John Thomas Bradley were the pre-disposing grievances, rather than the factory bell. So the days slipped by and the squire and Jonathan Hartley were in full charge of the mill.

It did exceedingly well under their care, but soon after Christmas the squire began to look very weary, and Annie wished heartily that Dick would return, and so allow his father to take a little change or rest. For Annie did not know that Dick's father had been constantly adding to Dick's honeymoon holiday. "Take another week, Dick! We can do a bit longer without thee," had been his regular postscript, and the young people, a little thoughtlessly, had just taken another week.

However, towards the end of January, Dick and his wife returned and took possession of their own home in the Pomfret place. The squire had made its tenure secure for three years, and Annie had spared no effort to render it beautiful and full of comfort, and it was in its large sunny parlor she had the welcome home meal spread. It was Annie that met and kissed them on the threshold, but the squire stood beaming at her side, and the evening was not long enough to hear and to tell of all that happened during the weeks in which they had been separated.

Of course they had paid a little visit to Mr. and Mistress Selby and had found them preparing to return by a loitering route to London. "But," said

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Dick, "they are too happy to hurry themselves. Life is yet a delicious dream; they do not wish to awaken just yet."

"They cannot be 'homed' near a factory," said Annie with a little laugh. "Josepha found it intolerable. It made her run home very quickly."

"I thought she liked it. She said to me that it affected her like the marching call of a trumpet, and seemed to say to her, 'Awake, Josepha! There is a charge for thy soul to-day!'"

Hours full of happy desultory conversation passed the joyful evening of reunion, but during them Dick noted the irrepressible evidences of mental weariness in his father's usually alert mind, and as he was bidding him good night, he said as he stood hand-clasped with him: "Father, you must be off to London in two days, and not later. Parliament opens on the twenty-ninth, and you must see the opening of the First Reformed Parliament."

"*Why-a*, Dick! To be sure! I would like to be present. I would like nothing better. The noise of the mill hes got lately on my nerves. I niver knew before I hed nerves. It bothered me above a bit, when that young doctor we hev for our hands told me I was 'intensely nervous.' I hed niver before thought about men and women heving nerves. I told him it was the noise of the machinery and he

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said it was my nerves. I was almost ashamed to tell thy mother such a tale."

And Annie laughed and answered, "Of course it was the noise, Dick, and I told thy father not to mind anything that young fellow said. The idea of Squire Annis heving what they call 'nerves.' I hev heard weakly, sickly women talk of their nerves, but it would be a queer thing if thy father should find any nerves about himsen. Not he! It is just the noise," and she gave Dick's hand a pressure that he thoroughly understood.

"Go to London, father, and see what sort of a job these new men make of a parliamentary opening."

"I suppose Jonathan and thysen could manage for a week without me?"

"We would do our best. Nothing could go far wrong in a week. This is the twenty-fifth of January, father. Parliament opens on the twenty-ninth. London was getting crowded with the new fellows as Faith and I came through it. They were crowding the hotels, and showing themselves off as the 'Reformed Parliament.' I would have enjoyed hearing thee set them down a peg or two."

Then the old fire blazed in the squire's eyes, and he said, "I'll be off to-morrow afternoon, Dick. I'm glad thou told me. If there's anything I hev a contempt for it is a conceited upstart. I'll turn any



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of that crowd down to the bottom of their class;" and the squire who left the Pomfret house that night was a very different man from the squire who entered it that afternoon.

Two days afterwards the squire was off to London. He went first to the Clarendon and sent word to his sister of his arrival. She answered his note in person within an hour. "My dear, dear lad!" she cried. "My carriage is at the door and we will go straight home."

"No, we won't, Josepha. I want a bit of freedom. I want to go and come as I like. I want to stay in the House of Commons all night long, if the new members are passing compliments on each other's records and abilities. I hev come up to London to feel what it's like to do as I please, and above all, not to be watched and cared for."

"I know, Antony! I know! Some men are too happily married. In my opinion, it is the next thing to being varry——"

"I mean nothing wrong, Josepha. I only want to be let alone a bit until I find mysen."

"Find thysen?"

"To be sure. Here's our medical man at the mill telling me 'I hev what he calls nerves.' I hev'n't! Not I! I'm a bit tired of the days being all alike. I'd enjoy a bit of a scolding from Annie now for lying in bed half the morning, and as sure as I hev

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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a varry important engagement at the mill, I hear the hounds, and the *view, holloa!* and it is as much as I can do to hold mysen in my chair. It is *that* thou doesn't understand, I suppose."

"I do understand. I hev the same feeling often. I want to do things I would do if I was only a man. Do exactly as thou feels to do, Antony, while the mill is out of sight and hearing."

"Ay, I will."

"How is our mill doing?"

"If tha calls making money doing well, then the Temple and Annis mill can't be beat, so far."

"I am glad to hear it. Wheniver the notion takes thee, come and see me. I hev a bit of private business that I want to speak to thee about."

"To be sure I'll come and see thee—often."

"Then I'll leave thee to thysen"

"I'll be obliged to thee, Josepha. Thou allays hed more sense than the average woman, who never seems to understand that average men like now and then to be left to their awn will and way."

"I'll go back with thee to Annis and we can do all our talking there."

"That's sensible. We will take the early coach two weeks from to-day. I'll call for thee at eleven o'clock, and we'll stay over at the old inn at Market Harborough."

"That is right. I'll go my ways now. Take care

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of thysen and behave thysen as well as tha can," and then she clasped his hand and went good-naturedly away. But as she rode home, she said to herself—"Poor lad! I'll forgive and help him, whatever he does. I hope Annie will be as loving. I wonder why God made women so varry good. He knew what kind of men they would mebbe hev to live with. Poor Antony! I hope he'll hev a real good time—I do that!" and she smiled and shrugged her shoulders and kept the rest of her speculations to herself.

The two weeks the squire had specified went its daily way, and Josepha received no letter from her brother, but at the time appointed he knocked at her door promptly and decidedly. Josepha had trusted him. She met him in warm traveling clothes, and they went away with a smile and a perfect trust in each other. Josepha knew better than to ask a man questions. She let him talk of what he had seen and heard, she made no inquiries as to what he had *done*, and when they were at Market Harborough he told her he had slept every hour away except those he spent in The House. "I felt as if I niver, niver, could sleep enough, Josepha. It was fair wonderful, and as it happened there were no night sessions I missed nothing I wanted to see or hear. But tha knows I'll hev to tell Annie and mebbe others about The House, so I'll keep that to mysen

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till we get all together. It wouldn't bear two talks over. Would it now?"

"It would be better stuff than usual if it did, Antony. Thou wilt be much missed when it comes to debating."

"I think I shall. I hev my word ready when it is the right time to say it, that is, generally speaking."

Josepha's visit was unexpected but Annie took it with apparent enthusiasm, and the two women together made such a fuss over the improvement in the squire's appearance that Josepha could not help remembering the plaintive remarks of her brother about being too much cared for. However, nothing could really dampen the honest joy in the squire's return, and when the evening meal had been placed upon the table and the fire stirred to a cheering blaze, the room was full of a delightful sense of happiness. A little incident put the finishing touch to Annie's charming preparation. A servant stirred the fire with no apparent effect. Annie then tried to get blaze with no better result. Then the squire with one of his heartiest laughs took the apparently ineffectual poker.

"See here, women!" he cried. "You do iverything about a house better than a man except stirring a fire. Why? Because a woman allays stirs a fire from the top. That's against all reason." Then



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with a very decided hand he attacked the lower strata of coals and they broke up with something like a big laugh, crackling and sputtering flame and sparks, and filling the room with a joyful illumination. And in this happy atmosphere they sat down to eat and to talk together.

Josepha had found a few minutes to wash her face and put her hair straight, the squire had been pottering about his wife and the luggage and the fire and was still in his fine broadcloth traveling suit, which with its big silver buttons, its smart breeches and top boots, its line of scarlet waistcoat and plentiful show of white cambric round the throat, made him an exceedingly handsome figure. And if the husbands who may chance to read of this figure will believe it, this good man, so carefully dressed, had thought as he put on every garment, of the darling wife he wished still to please above all others.

The first thing the squire noticed was the absence of Dick and Faith.

"Where are they?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"Well, Antony," said Josepha, "Annie was just telling me that Dick hed gone to Bradford to buy a lot of woolen yarns; if so be he found they were worth the asking price, and as Faith's father is now in Bradford, it was only natural she should wish to go with him."

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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"Varry natural, but was it wise? I niver could abide a woman traipsing after me when I hed any business on hand."

"There's where you made a mistake, Antony. If Annie hed been a business woman, you would hev built yoursen a mill twenty years ago."

"Ay, I would, if Annie hed asked me. Not without. When is Dick to be home?"

"Some time to-morrow," answered Annie. "He is anxious to see thee. He isn't on any loitering business."

"Well, Josepha, there is no time for loitering. All England is spinning like a whipped top at full speed. In Manchester and Preston the wheels of the looms go merrily round. Oh, there is so much I want to do!"

They had nearly finished a very happy meal when there was a sound of men's voices coming nearer and nearer and the silver and china stopped their tinkling and the happy trio were still a moment as they listened. "It will be Jonathan and a few of the men to get the news from me," said the squire.

"Well, Antony, I thought of that and there is a roaring fire in the ballroom and the chairs are set out, and thou can talk to them from the orchestra." And the look of love that followed this information made Annie's heart feel far too big for everyday comfort.

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There were about fifty men to seat. Jonathan was their leader and spokesman, and he went to the orchestra with the squire and stood by the squire's chair, and when ordinary courtesies had been exchanged, Jonathan said, "Squire, we want thee to tell us about the Reform Parliament. The *Yorkshire Post* says thou were present, and we felt that we might ask thee to tell us about it."

"For sure I will. I was there as soon as the House was opened, and John O'Connell went in with me. He was one of the 'Dan O'Connell household brigade,' which consists of old Dan, his three sons, and two sons-in-law. They were inclined to quarrel with everyone, and impudently took their seats on the front benches as if to awe the Ministerial Whigs who were exactly opposite them. William Cobbett was the most conspicuous man among them. He was poorly dressed in a suit of pepper and salt cloth, made partly like a Quaker's and partly like a farmer's suit, and he hed a white hat on.<sup>1</sup> His head was thrown backward so as to give the fullest view of his shrewd face and his keen, cold eyes. Cobbett had no respect for anyone, and in his first speech a bitter word niver failed him if he was speaking of the landed gentry whom he called 'unfeeling tyrants' and the lords of the loom he called 'rich ruffians.' Even the men pleading for schools

<sup>1</sup> A white hat was the sign of an extreme Radical.

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for the poor man's children were 'education-cantors' to him, and he told them plainly that nothing would be good for the working man that did not increase his victuals, his drink and his clothing.

"Is that so, men?" asked the squire. He was answered by a "*No!*" whose style of affirmation was too emphatic to be represented by written words.

"But the Reform Bill, squire? What was said about the Reform Bill and the many good things it promised us?"

"I niver heard it named, men. And I may as well tell you now that you need expect nothing in a hurry. All that really has been given you is an opportunity to help yoursens. Listen to me. The Reform Bill has taken from sixty boroughs both their members, and forty-seven boroughs hev been reduced to one member. These changes will add at least half a million voters to the list, and this half-million will all come from the sturdy and generally just, great middle class of England. It will mebbe take another generation to include the working class, and a bit longer to hev the laboring class educated sufficiently to vote. That is England's slow, sure way. It doan't say it is the best way, but it is *our* way, and none of us can hinder or hasten it.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup>In 1867, during Lord Derby's administration, it was made to include the artizans and mechanics, and in Gladstone's adminis-



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"In the meantime you have received from your own class of famous inventors a loom that can make every man a master. Power-loom weaving is the most healthy, the best paid, and the pleasantest of all occupations. With the exception of the noise of the machinery, it has nothing disagreeable about it. You that already own your houses take care of them. Every inch of your ground will soon be worth gold. I wouldn't wonder to see you, yoursens, build your awn mills upon it. Oh, there is nothing difficult in that to a man who trusts in God and believes in himsen.

"And men, when you hev grown to be rich men, doan't forget your God and your Country. Stick to your awn dear country. Make your money in it. Be Englishmen until God gives you a better country, which won't be in this world. But whether you go abroad, or whether you stay at home, niver forget the mother that bore you. She'll niver forget you. And if a man hes God and his mother to plead for him, he is well off, both for this world and the next."

"That is true, squire."

"God has put us all in the varry place he thought best for the day's work He wanted from us. It is more than a bit for'ardson in us telling Him we

tration, A. D. 1884, the Reform Bill was made to include agricultural and all day laborers.

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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know better than He does, and go marching off to Australia or New Zealand or Canada. It takes a queer sort of a chap to manage life in a strange country full of a contrary sort of human beings. Yorkshire men are *all* Yorkshire. They hev'n't room in their shape and make-up for new-fangled ways and ideas. You hev a deal to be proud of in England that wouldn't be worth a half-penny anywhere else. It's a varry difficult thing to be an Englishman and a Yorkshireman, which is the best kind of an Englishman, as far as I know, and not brag a bit about it. There's no harm in a bit of honest bragging about being himsen a Roman citizen and I do hope a straight for-ard Englishman may do what St. Paul did—brag a bit about his citizenship. And as I hev just said, I say once more, don't leave England unless you hev a clear call to do so; but if you do, then make up your minds to be a bit more civil to the strange people than you usually are to strangers. It is a common saying in France and Italy that Englishmen will eat no beef but English beef, nor be civil to any God but their awn God. I doan't say try to please iverybody, just do your duty, and do it pleasantly. That's about all we can any of us manage, eh, Jonathan?"

"We are told, sir, to do to others as we would like them to do to us."

"For sure! But a great many Yorkshire people

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translate that precept into this—'Tak' care of Number One.' Let strangers' religion and politics alone. Most—I might as well say *all*—of you men here, take your politics as seriously as you take your religion, and that is saying a great deal. I couldn't put it stronger, could I, Jonathan?"

"No, sir! I doan't think you could. It is a varry true comparison. It is surely."

"Now, lads, in the future, it is to be work and pray, and do the varry best you can with your new looms. It may so happen that in the course of years some nation that hes lost the grip of all its good and prudent senses, will try to invade England. It isn't likely, but it might be. Then I say to each man of you, without an hour's delay, do as I've often heard you sing—

"'Off with your labor cap! rush to the van!  
The sword is your tool, and the height of your plan  
Is to turn yoursen into a fighting man.'

"Lads, I niver was much on poetry but when I was a varry young man, I learned eleven lines that hev helped me in many hours of trial and temptation to remember that I was an English gentleman, and so bound by birth and honor to behave like one."

"Will tha say them eleven lines to us, squire? Happen they might help us a bit, too."

"I am sure of it, Jonathan." With these words,

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## MARRIAGE BELLS

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the kind-hearted, scrupulously honorable gentleman lifted his hat, and as he did so, fifty paper caps were lifted as if by one hand and the men who wore them rose as one man.

"You may keep your standing, lads, the eleven lines are worthy of that honor; and then in a proud, glad enthusiasm, the squire repeated them with such a tone of love and such a grandeur of diction and expression as no words can represent:—

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-Paradise;  
This fortress built by Nature for herself,  
Against infection, and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall—  
Or as a moat defensive to a house—  
Against the envy of less happier lands.  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!"

And the orator and his audience were all nearer crying than they knew, for it was pride and love that made their hearts beat so high and their eyes overflow with happy tears. The room felt as if it was on fire, and every man that hour knew that Patriotism is one of the holiest sentiments of the soul. With lifted caps, they went away in the stillness of that happiness, which the language of earth has not one word to represent.



## CHAPTER XIV

### A RECALL

**A**FTER this event I never saw Squire Antony Annis any more. Within a week, I had left the place, and I was not there again until the year A. D. 1884, a period of fifty-one years. Yet the lovely village was clear enough in my memory. I approached it by one of the railroads boring their way through the hills and valleys surrounding the place, and as I did so, I recalled vividly its pretty primitive cottages—each one set in its own garden of herbs and flowers. I could hear the clattering of the looms in the loom sheds attached to most of these dwellings. I could see the handsome women with their large, rosy families, and the burly men standing in groups discussing some recent sermon, or horse race, or walking with their sweethearts; and perhaps singing “The Lily of the Valley,” or “There is a Land of Pure Delight!” I could hear or see the children laughing or quarreling, or busy with their bobbins at the spinning wheel, and I could even follow every note of the melody the old church chimes were flinging into the clear, sweet atmosphere above me.

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## A RECALL

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In reality, I had no hopes of seeing or hearing any of these things again, and the nearer I approached Annis Railroad Station, the more surely I was aware that my expectation of disappointment was a certain presage. I found the once lovely village a large town, noisy and dirty and full of red mills. There were whole streets of them, their lofty walls pierced with more windows than there are days in a year, and their enormously high chimneys shutting out the horizon as with a wall. The street that had once overlooked the clear fast-running river was jammed with mills, the river had become foul and black with the refuse of dyeing materials and other necessities of mill labor.

The village had totally disappeared. In whatever direction I looked there was nothing but high brick mills, with enormously lofty chimneys lifted up into the smoky atmosphere. However, as my visit was in the winter, I had many opportunities of seeing these hundreds and thousands of mill windows lit up in the early mornings and in the twilight of the autumn evenings. It was a marvelous and unforgettable sight. Nothing could make commonplace this sudden, silent, swift appearance of light from the myriad of windows, up the hills, and down the hills, through the valleys, and following the river, and lighting up the wolds, every morning and every evening, just for the interval of dawning and twi-

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light. As a spectacle it is indescribable; there is no human vocabulary has a word worthy of it.

The operatives were as much changed as the place. All traces of that feudal loyalty which had existed between Squire Annis and his weavers, had gone forever, with home and hand-labor, and individual bargaining. The power-loom weaver was even then the most independent of all workers. And men, women and children were well educated, for among the first bills passed by Parliament after the Reform Bill was one founding National schools over the length and breadth of England; and the third generation since was then entering them. "Now that you have given the people the vote," said Lord Brougham, "you must educate them. The men who say 'yes' or 'no' to England's national problems must be able to read all about them." So National Schools followed The Bill, and I found in Annis a large Public Library, young men's Debating Societies, and courses of lectures, literary and scientific.

On the following Sunday night, I went to the Methodist chapel. The old one had disappeared, but a large handsome building stood on its site. The moment I entered it, I was met by the cheerful Methodist welcome and because I was a stranger I was taken to the Preacher's pew. Someone was playing a voluntary, on an exceptionally fine organ, and in the midst of a pathetic minor passage—which

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## A RECALL

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made me feel as if I had just lost Eden over again—there was a movement, and with transfigured faces the whole congregation rose to its feet and began to sing. The voluntary had slipped into the grand psalm tune called "*Olivet*" and a thousand men and women, a thousand West Riding voices, married the grand old Psalm tune to words equally grand—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain;  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train.  
Halleluiah!  
God appears on the earth to reign.

"Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on Thy eternal throne;  
Savior, take the power and glory!  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.  
Halleluiah!  
Everlasting God come down!"

And at this hour I am right glad, because my memory recalls that wonderful congregational singing; even as I write the words, I hear it. It was not Emotionalism. No, indeed! It was a good habit of the soul.

The next morning I took an early train to the cathedral city of Ripon, and every street I passed through on my way to the North-Western Station was full of mills. You could not escape the rattle



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of their machinery, nor the plunging of the greasy piston rods at every window. It was not yet eight o'clock, but the station was crowded with men carrying samples of every kind of wool or cotton. They were neighbors, and often friends, but they took no notice of each other. They were on business, and their hands were full of bundles. So full that I saw several men who could not manage their railway ticket, and let the conductor take it from their teeth.

Now when I travel, I like to talk with my company, but as I looked around, I could not persuade myself that any of these business-saturated men would condescend to converse with an inquisitive woman. However, a little further on, a very complete clergyman came into my compartment. He looked at me inquiringly, and I felt sure he was speculating about my social position. So I hastened to put him at ease, by some inquiries about the Annis family.

"O dear me!" he replied. "So you remember the old Squire Antony! How Time does fly! The Annis people still love and obey Squire Antony. I suppose he is the only person they do love and obey. How long is it since you were here?"

"Over fifty years. I saw the great Reform Bill passed, just before I left Annis in 1833."

"You mean the first part of it?"

"Well, then, sir, had it more than one part?"

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## A RECALL

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"I should say so. It seemed to need a deal of altering and repairing. The Bill you saw pass was Grey's bill. It cleaned up the Lords and Commons, and landed gentlemen of England. Thirty-five years later, Derby and Disraeli's Reform Bill gave the Franchise to the great middle class, mechanics and artizan classes, and this very year Gladstone extended the Bill to take in more than two millions of agricultural and day laborers. It has made a deal of difference with all classes."

"I think it is quite a coincidence that I should be here at the finish of this long struggle. I have seen the beginning and the end of it. Really quite a coincidence," and I laughed a little foolish laugh, for the clergyman did not laugh with me. On the contrary he said thoughtfully: "Coincidences come from higher intelligences than ourselves. We cannot control them, but they are generally fortunate."

"Higher intelligences than ourselves?" I asked.

"Yes. This world is both the workfield and the battlefield of those sent to minister unto souls who are to be heirs of salvation, and who perhaps, in their turn, become comforting and helpful spirits to the children of men. Yes. A coincidence is generally a fortunate circumstance. Someone higher than ourselves, has to do with it. Are you an American?"

"I have lived in America for half-a-century."

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## THE PAPER CAP

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"In what part of America?"

"In many parts, north and south and west. My life has been full of changes."

"Change is good fortune. Yes, it is. To change is to live, and to have changed often, is to have had a perfect life."

"Do you think the weavers of Annis much improved by all the changes that steam and machinery have brought to them?"

"No. Machinery confers neither moral nor physical perfection, and steam and iron and electricity do not in any way affect the moral nature. Men lived and died before these things were known. They could do so again."

Here the guard came and unlocked our carriage, and my companion gathered his magazines and newspapers together and the train began to slow up. He turned to me with a smile and said, "Good-by, friend. Go on having changes, and fear not."

"But if I *do* fear?"

"Look up, and say:

"O Thou who changest not! Abide with me!"

With these words he went away forever. I had not even asked his name, nor had he asked mine. We were just two wayfarers passing each other on life's highway. He had brought me a message, and then

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## A RECALL

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departed. But there are other worlds beyond this. We had perhaps been introduced for this future. For I do believe that no one touches our life here, who has not some business or right to do so. For our lives before this life and our lives yet to be are all one, separated only by the little sleep we call death.

I reached Ripon just at nightfall, and the quiet of the cathedral city, its closed houses, and peaceful atmosphere, did not please me. After the stress and rush of the West Riding, I thought the place must be asleep. On the third morning I asked myself, "What are you doing here? What has the past to give you? To-day is perhaps yours—Yesterday is as unattainable as To-morrow. Then the thought of New York stirred me, and I hastened and took the fastest train for Liverpool, and in eight days I had crossed the sea, and was in New York and happily and busily at work again.

But I did not dismiss Annis from my memory and when the first mutterings of the present war was heard, I remembered Squire Antony, and his charge to the weavers of Annis—"It may so happen," he said, "that in the course of years, some nation, that has lost the grip of all its good senses, will try to invade England. It isn't likely, but it might be so. Then I say to each of you, and every man of you,



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without one hour's delay, do as I have often heard you sing, and say you would do:—

“ ‘Off with your Labor Cap! rush to the van!  
The sword for your tool, and the height of your plan  
To turn yoursen into a *fighting man*.’

Would they do so?

As I repeated the squire's order, I fell naturally into the Yorkshire form of speech and it warmed my heart and set it beating high and fast.

“Would the ‘Yorkshires’ still honor the charge Squire Annis had given them? Oh, how could I doubt it! England had been in some war or other, nearly ever since the squire's charge, and the ‘Yorkshires’ had always been soon and solid in rushing to her help. It was not likely that in this tremendous struggle, they would either be too slow, or too cold. Not they! Not they! They were early at the van, and doubly welcome; and they are helping at this hour to fight a good fight for all humanity; and learning the while, how to become of the highest type of manhood that can be fashioned in this world. Not by alphabets and books, but by the crucial living experiences that spring only from the courses of Life and Death—divine monitions, high hopes and plans, that enlarge the judgment, and the sympathies, the heart and the intellect, and that with such swift and mysterious perfection, as can only be imparted

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## A RECALL

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while the mortal stands on the very verge of Immortality.

Very soon, now, they will come home bringing a perfect peace with them, *then!* how good will be their quiet, simple lives, and their daily labor, and their Paper Cap!

(1)

THE END













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The paper cap

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